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FERDINAND DE LESSEPS AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

"J'AI pour principe de commencer par avoir la confiance," said M. de Lesseps recently to an English engineer, who was complimenting him on the almost insuperable difficulties he had overcome in the prosecution of his great enterprise, which is to be completed on the first of October, 1869.

And in this speech we find the keynote, at once to the character and the success of the man, who has made that great work not only a possibility, but an actuality; who has reopened the communication between East and West, by cutting the Siamese ligature of the Isthmus of Suez, excelling the work of the Pharaohs in the sixth century B. C., and of Amrou the Arab conqueror in the seventh century after.

"My principle, from the commencement, was to have confidence," truly says M. de Lesseps; for unless he had been animated by an unconquerable enthusiasm, and belief in himself and his project, it would have been abandoned during the first five weary years, which intervened between his obtaining the concession from Saïd Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, in November, 1854, until 1859, when the Company was constituted, and the work actually commenced.

A resident on the spot, and personal-

ly intimate with M. de Lesseps during the whole of that period, the writer of this article has taken the deepest interest in, and carefully watched the progress of, the affair, from its first conception to its successful development into a *fait accompli*.

No student of history, or of human nature, can doubt that the personal qualities of men enter largely into the enterprises in which they succeed or fail; and that the personality of successful ones well repays a study. The inquiry then naturally arises, What manner of man is he who has done this marvellous thing, and who, unlike most great projectors, lives to reap the rewards, and enjoy the fruits of his perfected plans?

Though now past middle age, M. de Lesseps is still a very handsome man, in fine preservation both as to face and figure: his gray hair only contrasting the youthful effect of his fresh complexion, clear, bright eye, and winning smile. He is a man of medium height, his figure slight and active, with an erect carriage of the head, and great rapidity of movement and animation of manner.

His manner is very winning, his voice clear and sweet, and to friends seeming almost to carry a caress with

it. In fact, he is one calculated to inspire affection both in the men and women with whom he is brought into familiar contact. This may seem an exaggerated description, but all who know M. de Lesseps will admit that it is not over-colored. He combines softness of manner and speech, with strength of will and inflexible purpose; practically exemplifying Napoleon's maxim, "hand of steel in glove of velvet." Ambition he has largely, but the noble ambition to do something the world "will not willingly let die." Pride too, he has, but the lofty one of being known to posterity in connection with a great work. Firmness, which in one less successful would be termed obstinacy, also characterizes him; for nothing could succeed in shaking his faith in himself and in his project, when the whole civilized world was either sneering at him as a wild speculator, or laughing at him as a visionary; and from the heavy guns of the *Times*, down to the sharpshooters of *Punch*, the whole artillery of the English press was levelled against him, to demolish the project and the projector.

He bore these assaults, as well as the misapprehensions as to his own character and motives, with a grim patience that was wonderful, during those long, weary years of waiting, lengthened by "hope deferred," until even hope seemed visionary.

But never did he utter or pen a word which indicated any failing or faltering in his belief or his purposes. He had the rare faculty of having learned "to labor and to wait,"—that combination which is part of faith, and which, like faith, can remove mountains. But one parallel to this self-confidence occurs to us in our time—that of the present Emperor of France, whose faith in his own destiny brought him, like M. de Lesseps, triumphantly to his goal at last. Nor is the comparison so incongruous as it may appear at first sight. The Empire of Napoleon III. is a great prize to have fought for and have won; and his name must ever stand high on the roll of those who have conquered

fortune, and engraved their names on the tablets of history. But the control of human interests, far more varied and more vast than the mere change of a dynasty, or the destiny of any one empire, are involved in the commercial revolution the cutting of this Canal across the Isthmus is intended to effect; and whether the audacious enterprise be or be not successful, the name of *Ferdinand de Lesseps* is assured of an immortality.

M. *Ferdinand de Lesseps* (like the French Empress, whose near kinsman he is) has Spanish blood in his veins, and partakes in character and disposition of many of the higher traits of that race, which ignorant persons consider inferior to the Anglo-Saxon in genuine manhood.

The dignity of demeanor repelling vulgar familiarity, the deep earnestness of nature, the chivalrous respect for plighted word, and the self-respect which holds ever the *puntador*, or point of honor, as dearer than life, all these he has inherited; blending with them the more yielding graces of the French gentleman. And it is probably owing to the superior tenacity of his Spanish blood, that his success is due; for the dogged Anglo-Saxon stock do not take a more bull-dog hold on any thing than the Iberian. He shows his origin, not only in the calm, grave face, and glowing Spanish eye, but in his moral traits; chief among which is his fidelity to friend or foe, or to any fixed purpose he deems worthy of persistence in.

The Empress, with her warm heart and strong impulses, is also a staunch friend or foe; and doubtless has done all she could to aid her cousin in his enterprise, though if her influence were invoked by him, it was unsuccessful for the first four years after the concession was obtained. For during the whole of that period the French Representative in Egypt was not lukewarm, but openly hostile to M. de Lesseps and his enterprise; siding with the Viceroy and the Porte in all controversies which arose afterwards among the high-contracting parties.

The career of M. de Lesseps has been a varied and a romantic one. Early in life he commenced a diplomatic career; was attached to the French Consulate-General in Egypt, and acted as *Gerant* in the absence of his chief, in the time of Mehemet Ali, with whose young son, Said Pacha, Viceroy twenty years later, he became very intimate.

For Said Pacha, who was trained by a French tutor, and was an educated and accomplished as well as a warm-hearted man, contracted quite an affection for the brilliant young Frenchman, who could ride like a Bedouin—was a proficient in all manly sports—and a most genial companion. M. de Lesseps left Egypt after a short stay, having been preferred to other posts.

At the critical period of 1848, he represented France at Rome, under the Provisional Government. For though an aristocrat born and bred, he ever was a Liberal in his politics, if not quite a Republican; being full of generous ardor, and belief in human progress and the rights of man. He remonstrated against the French occupation of Rome, and after protesting publicly against General Oudinot's bombardment of that city and its military occupation, resigned his office and retired from the diplomatic career, in which his advancement was so sure; thus sacrificing his whole future for principle. But he was not a man to remain long idle; both his mind and body were too active to rust in repose. While in Egypt, his imagination had been excited by the traces still remaining of the old Pharaonic canal across the Isthmus; and the idea had occurred to him, of the fame to be acquired by the revival and completion of that mighty work, which would reunite the two seas, and the two continents, so long divided by a narrow strip of sand. He had read and meditated much upon this attractive idea, and devoted much of the leisure he had now obtained, in carefully studying the subject.

He returned to Egypt early in 1854, and was received with enthusiastic affection by his former companion,

Said, who had ascended the throne on the murder of his nephew, Abbas Pacha, a few months before. He was treated as the guest of the Viceroy—a palace assigned to his use, as well as a retinue of servants; in all respects treated more like a prince of the blood, than a private individual. He sounded carefully those representatives of the foreign powers in Egypt who had diplomatic functions, but met with no encouragement, except from two of their number; M. Ruyssenaers, the Dutch, and Mr. De Leon, the American, Consuls-General.

These two were much struck by the boldness and apparent feasibility of the plan, and the great advantages which would accrue to the commerce of the world, in breaking up the English monopoly. The English Consul-General, Hon. Frederick Bruce (afterwards Sir Frederick Bruce, British Ambassador to this country), the French Consul-General, M. Sabatier, and the representatives of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all ridiculed the idea as utterly wild and visionary.

But M. de Lesseps had made up his mind, and was not discouraged by the unfavorable reception given his project. He enlisted the aid of the two leading engineers of the Viceroy, who were Frenchmen also—M. Mongel Bey and Linant Bey—and obtained from them accurate estimates and plans, as far as such were procurable, and interested them in the scheme, both on personal and national grounds. Having thus prepared the ground, and secured the influence of the two foreign agents who approved of his enterprise—both of whom were favorites also of the Viceroy—he boldly proposed to Said Pacha to patronize the undertaking, and obtained from him the concession required, empowering him to form an International Company for piercing the Canal to connect the two seas. This was in November, 1854.

The Viceroy's imagination was fired, equally with that of the bold projector, by the idea of rivalling the great work of the Pharaonic kings, the ruins of

whose cities and temples so far surpass any structures which his predecessors or himself had erected; and he felt also the natural pride of sending down his name to posterity, linked with so mighty an enterprise.

But no sooner had the concession been granted, than the Viceroy was assailed on all sides by interested parties, and a chorus of protests and warnings against the scheme and the projector sounded in his ears night and day, in public and private, from formal despatches from diplomats, down to whispered innuendoes and falsehoods from the swarm of speculators and speculators, ever buzzing round the "flesh-pots of Egypt," at the Viceregal Court.

On the day the concession was granted, Saïd Pacha was in high good humor, and talked freely on the subject, congratulating himself on having had such a chance for illustrating the history of his dynasty, and securing lasting fame for himself. The Dutch and American Consuls-General, with whom he conversed an hour after, were struck with his enthusiasm, and the enlarged views he entertained and expressed. When they next saw him, however, on the ensuing week, his mood had changed; he was puzzled and perplexed, and seemed more than dubious as to the wisdom of the step he had taken. But he said he had pledged his word to his friend de Lesseps, and his word was sacred. But in spite of this resolve, a storm of expostulations and of warning from all sides fell on the Viceroy's ear, which disturbed his mind and irritated his temper, though it could not shake his resolve.

The ever-selfish but unerring instincts of British diplomacy snuffed out at once this danger, that menaced not only her supremacy in Egypt, but the security of her Indian possessions, insured by her virtual monopoly of the transit by the overland route; and her diplomatic agents acted with their usual promptitude and energy. Mr. Bruce, finding he could not shake the Viceroy's determination, nor induce him to withdraw the concession, in-

voked the powerful aid of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, whose influence and arrogance had earned him the title of "Sultan Stratford;" and he immediately bullied the imbecile Sultan, Abdul Medjid, into putting his veto on the project.

The English Press, too, promptly informed of the threatened French intervention in the transit, and influenced both by the rival interest of that giant monopoly, the Peninsular and Oriental Co., as well as the great railway building interest, with Robert Stephenson at its head, and suspecting a French political intrigue to restore its lost power and prestige in India, destroyed by Clive and Hastings, as related in the pictorial prose of Macaulay, fiercely assailed M. de Lesseps with indecent personalities and scornful scoffs. Even English statesmen in Parliament did not disdain to deal in similar insinuations, and provoked in several instances, from M. de Lesseps, responses through the press, in which he retorted with equal dignity and severity upon his assailants; demanding, at the same time, personal satisfaction, or apology from them; which latter alternative was, in several instances, promptly accepted by high-minded men, who felt they had committed an injustice. Lord Palmerston was one of the most pertinacious assailants of the concession; and in his usual off-hand style, he "pooh-poohed" it, to the very day of his death, and never could be brought to believe there was any thing in it. As no Englishman, since the Duke of Wellington, ever wielded so absolute a power over public opinion at home, so his denunciation of the project prevented English capital from being contributed to it; and M. de Lesseps found himself, at first, much in the same position as that unfortunate individual who won an elephant in a raffle. And the testimony of another name, even more potential in business circles, "on 'Change," and where speculators most do congregate—that of the famous engineer Robert Stephenson—was thrown in the balance against it.

He knew Egypt well, and was even then completing his contract to construct the line of railway from Alexandria to Suez, two hundred and twenty-two miles in length, over which the passengers and traffic of the overland route were conveyed. He, too, derided the project as an engineering impossibility, accepting as true the idea, as old as King Necho, as to the difference of level between the two seas, and treating the proposed canal as "a ditch to be dug through the shifting sands of the Desert, which would fill up as fast as dug; and through which the water, when there was any in it, would run down an inclined plane, from the Red to the Mediterranean Sea, faster than it could be supplied"!

Robert Stephenson was a bold, frank man, though a very prejudiced one: and would not have risked his professional reputation, had he entertained any misgivings as to the correctness of his views. But he prejudged the question, and accepted as true the erroneous statements as to the insuperable difficulties of the enterprise, without taking the trouble to verify them by actual survey. This he could without difficulty have done, as he had under his control a large corps of engineers in Egypt. These engineers also, to a man, shared the same prejudices and the same belief, although there were several exceedingly clever men among them, some of whom have since held important positions in India and England; a few remaining permanently in the Egyptian service.

Mr. Stephenson had been summoned to Egypt by Abbas Pacha, who had given him the contract for constructing the railway from Alexandria to Cairo first, and afterwards to Suez, with several long branch-lines penetrating the Delta and interior of the country. The large staff of engineers and English "*navvies*" imported for this work, which extended over a period of several years, had done much to increase English influence in Egypt: since these men colonized there, bringing their wives and families with them, and es-

tablishing a little Britain—beer and all—wherever they were settled.

To Englishmen were given both the building and the management of the road, as well as the posts of engineers, stokers, &c., &c., to the great dissatisfaction of the other nationalities, especially of the French; and Robert Stephenson, "the Chief," as his staff called him, was quite a potentate in consequence, and felt his importance most sensibly. Naturally he had great belief in railway communication as superior to any other in Egypt, and did not hesitate to express his unfavorable judgment on the rival project of M. de Lesseps: laying himself open to the sarcastic commentary of the American Consul-General on one occasion, at the hotel table at Cairo, when both in manner and language he had shown undue temper, and been coarse in his denunciation of his rival, and all who countenanced him.

The Consul-General, adopting "the soft answer that turneth away wrath," smilingly warned Mr. Stephenson, that unless he were more guarded in his expression of feeling, some malicious person might apply to him the old story of the council of war among the Dutch burgomasters, of which he doubtless had heard!

"No," responded "the Chief" gruffly; "I don't understand you! What is it?"

"Only this," was the reply: "The council demanded in turn the opinion of each of its members, as to the best material to be used for building the fortifications of the city; and a tanner among them gave it as his opinion, 'There was nothing like leather!' " A suppressed titter ran round the whole table at this answer, while Mr. Stephenson, turning very red in the face and looking very angry, rose, pushed back his chair, and abruptly left the table.

The lesson only made him more guarded in his utterances in public places thereafter, but he never forgot nor forgave it. His opposition to the scheme endured to the day of his death: aggravated by the soreness he felt at

the great mistake he had made in accepting and reasoning upon the false statement, as to the great difference of level between the two seas—an error as old as the time of the Pharaohs—which was the most serious blunder ever made by this most eminent of modern engineers. The supposed difference of level between the two seas, insisted upon by Mr. Stephenson and the English Press, was placed at thirty feet; the real difference, as afterwards ascertained by careful survey, did not exceed the same number of inches!

This proves that even modern engineers, who claim mathematical certainty in their calculations, may sometimes "nod," as well as poets are said to do.

So both political and professional jealousy, national prejudice, and pecuniary interests combined to throw stumbling-blocks in the path of the bold projector, from the hour he obtained his concession from the Viceroy, and thwarted him at every turn for four years, during which time he received no aid or comfort either from the French Government or French capitalists; the British heart and pocket being, of course, carefully closed against him whose gain would be their loss. Indomitable as Anteus, however, after each successive fall he seemed to rise up fresher and more vigorous than ever, and won at last.

No appreciable advantage or assistance was derived by M. de Lesseps from any remains of the ancient canal, or any records or experiences of it. Indeed, its relics are hardly discoverable: and it connected the two seas by a route different from the present one, communicating with the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and thus only indirectly with the Mediterranean. As to the history of this ancient canal, it need only be observed that its first conception dates back to a period before Herodotus, who says it was begun by Necho, the son of Psammaticus, and continued by Darius, king of Persia. It was completed either by Darius or by one of the Ptolemies, and was in actual use during

the Greek and Roman dominion in Egypt.

M. de Lesseps trod in the footsteps of Napoleon I., and availed himself of the light of his researches, when he commenced his investigations into this subject. That great ruler, as is well known, at one time indulged in the dream of abandoning the West, and founding another Eastern Empire, in emulation of Alexander, his model hero in history, and whom in character and capacity he much resembled, without the drawback of his debaucheries.

When sent by the Directory to Egypt, in 1798, Napoleon was the first to discover and bring to notice the traces of the old canal near Suez, and immediately named a Commission to examine and report on cutting a new one across the Isthmus. The disturbed state of the country, swarming with cut-throats of every nationality, who made this strip of desert between Syria and Egypt a favorite haunt, made the work of the Commission a pursuit of information under difficulties: and they evidently drew on their imaginations for their facts, instead of making an actual survey. The report was made by M. la Père, who was at its head, and is an able though utterly incorrect one. He theorizes largely on the peculiar formation of the Isthmus, and insists it was formerly a part of the bed of the sea, which had gradually been reclaimed from it by natural causes; citing many curious facts in support of his theory.

But when it came to the practical engineering details, he is all wrong; for he declared the level of the Red Sea to be *thirty feet* above the level of the Mediterranean. Subsequent research has proved the real difference to be not so many inches actually. Yet the blunder of M. la Père was accepted by all the leading engineers of Europe until 1846. Bonaparte was dissatisfied with this Report, and not deterred by it from prosecuting the matter; but he was summoned to another sphere, to commence his great career in Europe, before the full report of the Commission could be given, or further researches made.

Before he left Egypt he summoned M. la Père, and urged him to continue his researches, in these memorable words: "*Eh bien! la chose est grande. Publiez une mémoire, et forcez la Gouvernement Turque à trouver dans l'exécution de ce projet, et son intérêt et sa gloire.*" But his voice died away without any echo in the selfish soul of the *savant* he addressed; and among his other and vaster projects of universal empire, this scheme was lost sight of and forgotten by the modern Alexander himself.

After this brief revival of interest in the Isthmus route, the whole matter was again forgotten, until an Englishman again called attention to it; and, more successful than Napoleon, accomplished his object. This was Lieutenant Waghorn, who achieved the first step towards restoring the Mediterranean route to India, by means of the overland transit through Egypt, of which he was the pioneer.

Poor Waghorn! his labors and his life were wasted, in so far as any benefit either in fame or fortune resulted to him or his; but the work he did lived after him, and has vigorous life still, as the strongest rival to the Suez Canal project. The labors of Waghorn and M. de Lesseps are intended to reverse those of Vasco de Gama, and roll back the tide through Egypt and the Mediterranean, diverted by the Portuguese to his Cape route. This was only partially done by Waghorn's overland route, but the bolder effort of M. de Lesseps is intended to do so entirely.

Mehemet Ali, in whose time the overland transit was first established, caused the Mahmondieh Canal, forty miles long, to be dug, to facilitate the intercourse between Alexandria and the Nile, and thus shorten the transit through Egypt. This transit between Alexandria and Suez, before the railway was established, was by means of Dahabieh's, towed along the banks of the Canal forty miles to Atfé, on the Nile, whence steamers took the passengers and cargo to Cairo. From Cairo they were transported across the desert to Suez, a distance of ninety-two miles, the former in

vans drawn by mules, the freight and specie on the backs of camels. Under this system it took a week or ten days to transport the cargo from Alexandria to Suez, and another week to tranship it.

In the time of Abbas Pacha, in 1852, the trip was accelerated by the substitution of the railway for the boats as far as Cairo; and in the time of Saïd Pacha, as early as 1857, the whole transit by railway could be made in twelve hours.

The tide both of travel and of trade was enormously swollen by this increased facility of transport: and the income arising from that source to the Egyptian Exchequer, constituted no small item in the annual budget.

The Peninsular and Oriental Co. (commonly called the P. and O.) became a gigantic corporation, owned a fleet of ships both on the European and Indian side, with Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, and Calcutta as their ports—and bade fair to rival the old East India Company in making millionaires of its stockholders, who banked so liberally on poor Waghorn's brains! The wrath and indignation of this monster monopoly at the attempt of the audacious Frenchman to compete with them on their own ground, may be imagined, but cannot be described.

Its only parallel is to be found in the historic scene of Columbus presenting the plan of his new route to the assembled wisdom of the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, when he was snubbed by the savants, scoffed at by the sensible men, and almost excommunicated by the priests, while the grinning courtiers cut their jokes upon him!

But, like the Genoese, the Frenchman persisted, and bids fair now to fulfil his promise, so often made while sitting on the Ezbekieh at Cairo. Pointing to the train of transit-vans and the long lines of laden camels, which would go creaking and grunting by, on the days of the "P. and O." passage through Cairo, he would exclaim, "*Mon ami! I intend to put a stop to all this! In six years, they shall all go by my line, and never touch at Alexandria or Cairo!*"

Then, the English engineers sitting by would nudge each other, and "confound the conceit of that Frenchman"!

One of the reasons which tempted the Viceroy, not only into granting the original concession, but into subsidizing the scheme most liberally afterwards, was his belief in the effect it would produce, in freeing himself and his successors from European interference. He saw, that just so long as Egypt continued to be the highway from West to East, would the perpetual conflict for its control go on among the ambitious and grasping powers of the West. He was wearied of seeing his Principality made the football of England and France alternately; and apprehended, in the event of a war, the consequences which might accrue to this much-coveted passage to India. In the project of M. de Lesseps he saw the means of limiting this interest to a narrow strip of Isthmus, and at once and forever releasing the rest of his kingdom from European interference. Doubtless the thought was a sagacious one; even should the remedy prove worse than the disease. As to the annual income derived from the transit, the scheme of M. de Lesseps provided a substitute out of the profits of the Canal; but this was a secondary object with Saïd Pacha, who never weighed money against ambition, pride, or power. In the latter part of Saïd Pacha's life, when his reckless expenditures had caused him to contract loans for large amounts, and to burden the Egyptian treasury with debt, for the first time in the history of his dynasty, he grew impatient of the cost of the enterprise, which he despaired of living to see completed, and controversies arose between himself and the Direction of the Canal. He was badgered, too, by the Sultan, who made it a pretext for fresh exactions, and sent *Nubar Bey* to Paris, to lighten for him, if possible, the weight of his obligations. This mission was partially successful, and resulted finally in the reference of the whole matter to the arbitration of the French Emperor, which relieved him from all

personal responsibility. His personal relations with M. de Lesseps, however, never varied, and the friendship between them continued unbroken until the day of his death. Both these natures were too noble to allow any mercenary motives to affect the friendship which years had only strengthened. Part of the Viceroy's aspiration was fulfilled; his name will go down to posterity, linked with the chief port of the great Canal, which owes its existence to his will and enlightened support.

As before stated, the original concession was accorded in November, 1854; but it was not until the autumn of 1855 that a new survey was made by Mongel Bey and Linant Bey, in the joint interest of the Viceroy and of M. de Lesseps. As early as 1846, two French engineers, M. Talabot and M. Bourdaloue, had denied the difference of level between the seas, having made rough surveys, with a view to the establishment of a canal from Suez to Cairo, and thence to Alexandria; but their report was not credited.

Mongel and Linant Beys were both Frenchmen, who had entered the Egyptian service in the later days of Mehemet Ali, and were at that time in the service of his son. The former, especially, was an engineer of great genius, and thorough knowledge of his profession, and was the planner and builder of the Barrage, that great bridge and breakwater over the Nile, which attracts the admiration of the engineer and the traveller visiting Egypt. He had commenced life in France as a St. Simonian, and had left his country to figure largely in the development of Egyptian improvement; and with his colleague, Linant Bey, was still at heart a Frenchman, even quarter of a century after his voluntary expatriation. Their survey was a careful and a correct one, and very favorable to the facility of accomplishing the new enterprise. M. de Lesseps was now more sanguine than ever, and his enthusiasm was infectious. His next step was to invite the assembling

of an International Commission, nominated by leading Powers of Europe, and in which American engineers were also invited to take part. Such commission was named, and held its first sessions at Paris. It decided on sending five of its members to Egypt, to examine and report on the spot. The engineers thus named, with several amateur members, came to Egypt, were treated with great consideration by the Viceroy, who made them his guests during their whole stay, and in a body went over the whole ground. Their report was favorable, confirming the statements and estimates made by Mongel and Linant Beys. But the exultation of M. de Lesseps was premature, for diplomacy stepped in to thwart science. Sir Stratford Redcliffe induced the Sultan to refuse his assent to the scheme, and after much fruitless negotiation, both the Viceroy and M. de Lesseps, growing impatient, concluded to try the experiment of disregarding the Sultan's veto, as it was very doubtful indeed whether he had the right to interfere in a matter of internal improvement. So, in January, 1856, a second and fuller concession was granted to M. de Lesseps by Saïd Pacha, and the intention of at once organizing a great International Company for cutting the Canal was publicly announced: and the Company, very shortly thereafter, actually formed, with M. de Lesseps at its head. The Sultan took no steps to enforce his orders on his powerful vassal, or the contumacious Frenchman, for he was, in fact, powerless to do so; and was propitiated by a handsome present from the liberal Egyptian. But the ingenuity of the English agents detected a weak spot in the concession, viz., that which provided, that "in all cases at least four-fifths of the workmen should be Egyptians;" a clause inserted through the jealousy of the Egyptian Government, to prevent too large an introduction of European laborers into the country. This labor was to be procured, as all Egyptian labor ever was, and is to this day, both for private agriculture and public works,

by the system of "*corvée*," that is, conscription for compulsory labor for a limited period (one month), at a fixed rate of recompense. No sooner, therefore, had the new Company, under the active superintendence of M. de Lesseps, collected twenty thousand Fellahs as laborers, giving them much higher pay than ever was promised by the Egyptian Government—lodging, food, and medical attendance, and half-pay when sick—than a howl went up from England and Exeter Hall, whose echoes reached the East, that the horrors of the slave-trade were being revived by the French in Egypt! Lord Stratford, therefore, demanded of the Sultan to stop this scandal; and a peremptory order from him, backed by the voice of England, came to Saïd Pacha, to stop the work at once, and dismiss the Fellahs. The combination was too strong and the pressure too heavy for Saïd, bold as he was, to disobey. He summoned to his councils the Consuls-General of the other Powers, and demanded of them, if they would sustain him in resisting this order. None would promise him any thing more than moral support; and turning to the American, he impatiently asked:

"Your Government is not afraid of the English! Would they support me with ships, in case I should resist?" "Certainly not, Your Highness!" was the prompt reply; "Suez and India are very far from America, and her interests there are very small indeed!"

"Well, then," responded the Viceroy, "poor Lesseps must go to the wall; but it is a great shame. *Mais que voulez vous?* Egypt is a little place, and I am a little monarch!"

But the indomitable de Lesseps did not despair, although he saw his encampment of twenty thousand laborers broken up and dispersed in a day, leaving only a quantity of tools and tents behind them, as evidences of their having been at work in tracing out his canal. He summoned laborers from Europe, and they came after months of delay; but no sooner had they come in sufficient numbers—been organized—

and the work recommenced—than the evil genius of England again interposed; the imbecile Sultan's firman, this time, denying the right of the Viceroy to cede the lands through which the Canal was to be dug. This was apparently a fatal obstacle, for Saïd dared not disobey, and a stoppage of two years in the works took place, while M. de Lesseps vainly sought to enlist influences powerful enough to resist those brought against him.

His patience and energy were crowned with success at last. The Emperor, who had long turned a deaf ear to the project, was seemingly stung into enlisting his influence, by the insolent expression of English triumph, through their Press, over the failure of what they persisted in calling the "French intrigue in Egypt." The French Consul-General, who had enforced the Sultan's order by commanding obedience to it, and who was known to be unfriendly to the enterprise, was recalled from Egypt, and instructions given to his successor to favor the project, which was, for the first time, thus taken under French protection; and the French Minister at Constantinople, M. Thouvenel, requested to enlighten the mind of the Sublime Porte as to the views and wishes of France!

"Sultan Stratford" had, for once, more than met his match; and his authority waned from that hour. At a hint from a high quarter, Saïd Pacha submitted the whole matter in controversy between M. de Lesseps and himself, to the French Emperor; and neither Turkey nor England dared to interpose any objection, though both felt themselves checkmated by this adroit move of the diplomatic cutter-of-canals.

The Emperor's decision was given in July, 1864, for this last intervention of his in the affair was five years later than his first, which settled the preliminary points, and was given after the death of Saïd, who died in January, 1863.

The steps taken by the Emperor in the earlier stages, were simply giving the Suez Canal project the moral aid of the support and sanction of France;

and allowing a subscription to be raised in France by popular contribution, under the patronage of the authorities. From the hour of the Emperor's intervention the diplomatic interference of England ceased openly; but no opportunity ever was lost, indirectly, to thwart or cripple the enterprise in all its stages.

And this aid of the Emperor's came in good time, firstly, to save the scheme in infancy from being swamped by England; and secondly, to save it at a maturer period, from the hostility or indifference of Saïd's successor, Ismail Pacha, who did not wish to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor in any thing; and against whom this appeal to the Emperor was taken, which resulted in his judgment rendered in 1864, above referred to.

The plan adopted by M. de Lesseps to frustrate the difficulties raised by the two firmans, forbidding the compulsory labors of the Fellahs under the *corvée* system, and refusing also the cession of the lands on each bank of the Canal, sufficient for the purpose of the enterprise, was as ingenious as it was successful. He succeeded in substituting steam-power for manual labor in a great measure: supplying what was actually needed by importing foreigners, and tempting voluntary native labor by higher prices and better treatment than they were accustomed to. The latter point was smoothed over, through the aid of the new French Consul-General and the Viceroy, and by the tacit consent of the Porte, under the skilful manipulation of M. Thouvenel. And so, at last, the great work was placed on a firm footing, and from 1859 to the present hour has steadily progressed, until now approaching its successful conclusion. During all these years, the indefatigable activity, both of mind and body, of this remarkable man, has manifested itself in so many ways, as to keep his name perpetually before the public; and the rapidity of his movements seemed to make him almost omnipresent. One day in Egypt, a few days after heard of in Constantinople, a

week later making an elaborate report to his stockholders at Paris, and correcting some false statement simultaneously through the London *Times*, and the *Journal de St. Petersburg*. Then addressing the solid men of Holland, and enlightening the lively Viennese, before the other echoes had died away, he seemed a revival of the Wandering Jew. Comprehending the power of the Press, he established at Paris the journal "*Isthme de Suez*," specially devoted to this topic, which has been of infinite service, and circulated most extensively. The popularity as well as the fortunes of the Company have successively waned and brightened, and its stock has been made the football of the Bourse; but he has ever contrived to raise it from its depression, and to obtain new loans when needed.

Of the immense labor of the excavations and dredgings made in this work, chiefly by machines invented by M. Lavallay, one of the contractors, all visitors speak with admiring wonder. This, and the erection of the moles, or sea-walls, were the two great difficulties of the task accomplished by M. de Lesseps; for the mere cutting a ditch through the narrow neck of the level Isthmus was a small job; and the difficulties of the drifting sand, so much discussed, were as imaginary as those of the difference of level of the two seas. For the Isthmus is not composed of shifting sands at all; much of it is a hard, gritty, rocky soil, through which the cuttings are very laborious. Much of the Canal passes through large lakes, and only at two points is there any apprehension about sand at all.

But to make a port on the shifting sandbank, in shoal water liable to overflow by the sea, where Port Saïd now stands, as well as to keep open the mouth of the Canal—"hie labor, hoc opus est." When the twenty thousand laborers, promised and given by Saïd Pacha, were taken away by the two Sultans, Turkish and English, at Constantinople, human ingenuity, aided by steam, came to the rescue of M. de Lesseps, and M. Lavallay's iron giants have

done well the work of many thousands of men.

M. de Lesseps has described this more graphically than any other could, when lecturing at Paris the other day, on his return from a visit he had just made to his Canal. Referring to the results of one month's work, from the 15th July to 15th August last, he says: "I dare say few among you will realize what is represented by this enormous quantity of excavation. Were this placed in the Place Vendôme, it would fill the whole square, and be five times the height of the houses. Or laid out between the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de la Concorde, it would cover the entire length and breadth of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, while reaching to the height of the trees on either side, a distance equal to a mile and a quarter. In dredging the Clyde, it took *twenty-one years* to execute *three and a half times* the amount the Company does in *one month*; and at Toulon the same results as on the Clyde were obtained in *nine years*."

With this general information, let the reader take the map and accompany us on a rapid run from Port Saïd, the Mediterranean port, to Ismaïlia, the intermediate port, and thence to Suez, the Red Sea terminus of the Canal—stopping *en route* for a rapid survey of the things to be seen.

The trace of the Canal which accompanies this description is one of the official maps of the Company's engineers, recently made. It may, therefore, be relied upon as accurate. The direct line from the ancient Pelusium (Tineh), $31^{\circ} 3' 37''$, to Suez in $29^{\circ} 58' 37''$, would be seventy miles. The actual distance traversed by the Canal, from Port Saïd, on the Mediterranean, to a point a little southeast of Suez, is actually a hundred miles; about sixty miles of which runs through the beds of the lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes. Embankments are required on Menzaleh and Ballah, but not upon the others named. The average width of the whole Canal is three hundred and twenty-eight feet, on a low level, and

have invented this ingenious substitute for stone. Blocks weighing twenty-two tons, twelve cubic yards in dimension, are composed of two thirds sand, taken from harbor dredgings, and one third hydraulic lime, imported from Theil, in France. These materials are mixed by machinery, a little salt-water being added from time to time, and this process completed, the liquid mass is made to fall into trucks running on tram-rails. These are taken over the moulds, into which the concrete is dropped. In these it is left two months to consolidate, when the block is ready for immersion. They become harder after being submerged some time. A hydraulic lift places the block on another truck, and it is run down to the wharf, where another lift places it on a barge, where it rests on a platform with a machine of twenty degrees, and is towed by a steam-tug to the mole.

Three of these huge masses of concrete, weighing sixty-five tons each, and valued at fifty pounds a-piece, are thus carried out and slid simultaneously into the sea, just over the spot meant for them. The interspaces soon fill up with the sand which drifts into them.

Leaving Port Said, the Canal passes through Lake Menzaleh—the “Dismal Swamp” of the Isthmus—for twenty-five miles, a labor which those who have traversed over our southern swamp can comprehend. Menzaleh was a shallow, muddy lake, and the embankments of the Canal had to be made out of its dredgings on each side. At Kantara, on the Desert (formerly a station for the transit vans), the line leaves the lake, and passes over two miles of sand-hills to Lake Ballah, through which it again cuts in the same way for eight miles.

Then comes the first deep land cutting, from Ferdane to Lake Timsah (crocodile-water), the deepest of which is near El Guisr, and from sixty to seventy feet. The labor of twenty thousand Fellahs, in two years, cut a channel to the Mediterranean to float the steam dredges, and fill the shallow basin of Timsah, formerly fed by the Nile inundation only.

ISMAILIA.

The Lake Timsah, now converted into a “French,” or Mediterranean lake, is the central point of the work; and here now stands the new town of *Ismailia* (named after the present Viceroy), the present headquarters of the Company and of M. de Lesseps, who as well as the Viceroy has his chateau here, surrounded by flower-gardens and a colony of Frenchmen. This, like Port Said, is a creation of the Canal Company, and may be termed the inland port of the Canal; for it connects, by fresh-water canal, with Zagazig in the interior, fifty miles distant: and thus opens a transit for the rich agricultural products of that region, the centre of the cotton culture, which has of late years so largely developed itself in Egypt. For the last two years, the traffic has been actively going on from Port Said to Suez, passengers embarking on small steamers at the former point, and following the Canal sixteen miles, are there transferred to a barge on the fresh-water canal, towed by a small steam-tug. To avoid washing the banks, the tug travels on a chain in the centre of the channel. The transit from Port Said to Ismailia is eleven hours, from Ismailia to Suez sixteen hours.

This fresh-water canal, vitally necessary to the prosecution of the work through the Desert, the Egyptian Government undertook to make in 1856, but the Company had finally to do it, employing in the interval three thousand camels and donkeys to transport water from the Nile for the use of the laborers.

When finished, the Government bought it for four hundred thousand pounds sterling, as it was useful for irrigation: any portion of the Desert being cultivable when water can be brought to irrigate it.

This canal runs a distance of fifty miles from Ismailia to the Nile, at right angles to the maritime Canal; its width twenty-six feet, average depth four feet.

Resuming our journey, the course skirts along the eastern shore of the Lake of Crocodiles (Timsah) then enters

the cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum, which go about half the entire distance to Suez, from this point. Thence the trace passes for twenty-four miles more through the Bitter Lakes, into the last cuttings at Cheloup, debouching twelve miles further south into the Red Sea, a mile southeast of Suez.

There are but two points along the route where much trouble is anticipated, or precautions have to be taken, against filling up from the drifting sand; viz., at El Guiser and Serapeum. At the latter point, it is proposed to irrigate the banks, and plant trees upon them, as the best protection. It is estimated that the annual expense of dredging out the drifts from this source, at these two places, may amount to £40,000 per annum; in quantity six hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards, or one quarter of the actual work now done per month by their engineers. The last cuttings are what the French engineers term "*à sec*;" that is, conducted on dry land.

SUEZ.

The works at Suez are not on so large a scale as on the Mediterranean side; as no new Venice had to be made there on mud or sand instead of piles; Suez having long been used as the Red Sea port of the "P. and O." steamers, and the fleet of their steamers always anchoring a short distance below it.

Still a sea-wall had to be built there, to protect the mouth of the Canal, as at Port Said, though on a smaller scale, and great workshops erected.

From a small Arab village in the time of Mehemet Ali, Suez had grown into a town of three thousand inhabitants, chiefly Arabs, six or seven years ago, under the influence of the "P. and O." transit. But it has been galvanized into new life by the new Canal works, and numbers now twenty-five thousand inhabitants, being quite a busy and flourishing place, with brighter prospects for the future.

Of the present population, more than four thousand are Europeans. From

the new palace of the Viceroy to the north of the town, the eye embraces a magnificent series of panoramic views.

At the feet of the gazer lie stretched out the town of Suez, the port, and the roadstead. On his right hand tower up the lofty mountains of Attaka, which frown on the Red Sea. To the left, high in the heavens, rises the hoary head of Mt. Sinai, between sea and desert. In front, far as the eye can reach, toss and sparkle the bright blue waves of the Red Sea—more azure in hue than those of the Mediterranean. Turning from this refreshing prospect, and looking behind him, he sees stretched in all its sombre simplicity, in great sandy waves, the bare, bleak expanse of the Desert, without tree, shrub, or blade of grass, to break its barren and dreary monotony.

The roadstead of Suez and its port are very large and very secure. More than five hundred vessels can find place there at a time. Much of M. de Lesseps' work had already been done here for him by his rivals of the "P. and O." Company.

At the risk of being tedious, the whole history of this great enterprise has been given, perhaps with too much minuteness, because the writer, revisiting his country after long absence, has been surprised to find how little really was known here about this great work, or of *the man*, whose name is now a synonym for it, and whose leading traits are such as peculiarly to strike the American mind. Now that the necessity of performing a similar work on our Isthmus has become apparent, both to our Government and our people, and the last act of Mr. Seward's busy administration of the State Department has been to secure that transit by treaty;—this history becomes still more important, in the peaceful rivalry for Eastern trade which it foreshadows. For just at the moment of his triumph over his English rivals, M. de Lesseps finds another lion in his path, ready to dispute the monopoly of Eastern trade he is about to wrest from the "P. and O." Company.

Already our pioneer steamers from California have bridged the Pacific Ocean, and tapped China and Japan on their eastern side; and we need only the Canal across our Isthmus to compete successfully with this Eastern route, commenced by Waghorn and completed by M. de Lesseps.

Yet are we not so much nearer to "remote Ind" and "ancient Cathay" as is generally supposed; nor is our triumph so easy or assured, when we have opened our Pacific route. For from

London to Canton via Suez it is.....	10,000 miles
From N. Y. to Canton via Panama.....	11,500 "
" " " Pacific Railroad.....	10,500 "
London to Canton via " " "	13,500 "
New York to Canton via Suez Canal.....	11,500 "

Or, taking time as the test for the transit from London, it will compare as follows, by their route and ours:

*By Marseilles By New York and
and Bombay. San Francisco.*

London to Hong Kong.....	39 days	47 days
London to Shanghai.....	43 "	43 "
London to Yokohama.....	48 "	38 "

In view of these facts, the London *Economist*, the great organ of British commerce, "is not so sure, as the Americans seem to be, that the through traffic between Europe and Eastern Asia will be diverted."

Thus, strange as it may seem, the distance between New York and Canton via Panama will be as great as via Suez; and American control of Eastern trade is thus made dependent on that communication, which cannot compete by railroad routes with the cheaper and more convenient transit by water. For as matters stand to-day, the shortest and cheapest route from our Atlantic ports for Indian and Chinese trade is via Suez Canal; taking into consideration the three thousand miles of transportation by Pacific Railroad, with two reshipments. The difference of cost has been calculated as three to one in favor of the former.

The Canal across the Isthmus of Darien, once established as a rival to the Suez, would be a formidable one; for it would be available for sailing vessels, while the latter is not; and the

dangers of the navigation of the Red Sea would be avoided, and the passages shorter in point of time.

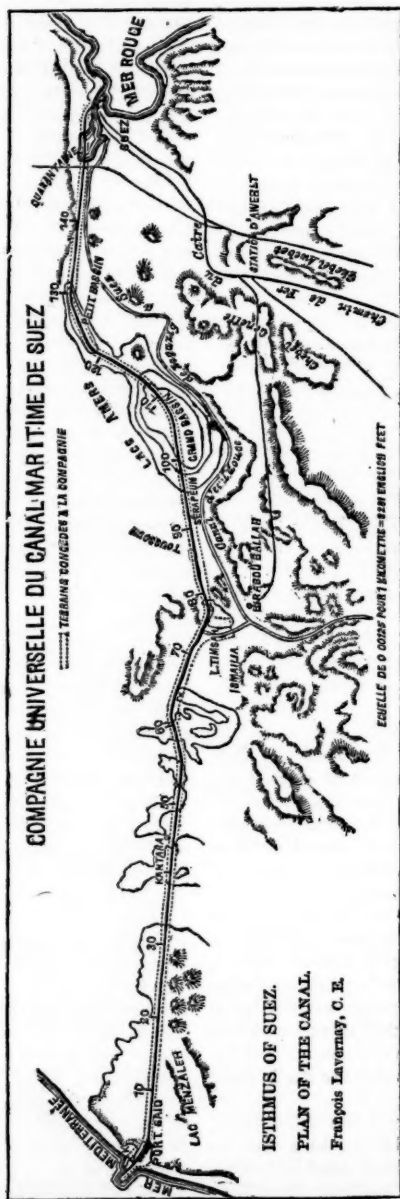
The amount of capital required and expended for the perfection of the enterprise has reached the high figure of about £16,000,000 sterling; and it is stated that there is just about sufficient balance in hand to complete the work by the first of October, 1869.

A Commission of leading engineers and others connected with the Canal, has lately been in session at Paris, to regulate the conditions for navigating the Canal. Both paddle and screw steamers will be allowed to steam through, at a maximum rate of six miles per hour; thus making the passage in seventeen hours, allowing for detentions *en route*. Sailing vessels exceeding fifty tons' register to be towed through by steam-tugs; those under that tonnage allowed to sail through if they can.

By the terms of the concession from the Egyptian Government an identical transit due is to be levied equally, and without any favor or distinction as to nationality. 2dly. Publication of rates of toll-duties to be made in all places interested, three months prior to opening the Canal to general navigation, after completion. 3dly. In no case is the maximum of ten francs per ton on merchandise, or ten francs per passenger, to be exceeded.

M. de Lesseps originally calculated, that three million tons of shipping would pass annually through his Canal. But while retaining this estimate for the first year after it has been opened, he now *doubles* it for successive ones; owing to the immense development of commerce he thinks he sees looming in the distance. He said the other day, in one of his Reports, with pardonable exultation at the expense of his old enemy, now forced to pay him unwilling tribute: "Thus France will have subscribed the greater portion of your capital, but England will pay you the largest proportion of your dividends:" which was at once gratifying to the pride and pockets of his stockholders.

But then, the question of questions to



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED FOR PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.

the practical American mind arises, after fully admitting the magnitude of the work achieved, and of the obstacles vanquished in its successful prosecution and triumphant conclusion. That question is, *Will it pay?*

M. de Lesseps and his Company assert and believe it will. John Bull stubbornly shakes his head, and keeps his breeches-pocket still tightly buttoned up—takes no shares or stock in it, and firmly believes, even if he does not desire, that the whole thing will “come to grief,” and be only a repetition of his own experiments of travelling under the Thames and building Great Easterns. Whether John Bull or M. de Lesseps be correct, the test of actual experiment soon will prove, more conclusively than arguments.

Experience has proved that the earliest objections urged against the feasibility of the project, such as difference of level, silting of sand, instability of material, enormous cost, filling up of mouths, &c., &c., have all finally turned out to be groundless. But there are

drawbacks, in the shape of the difficult navigation of the Red Sea, owing to its coral reefs, and the winds which blow steadily one way for months together, rendering sailing vessels impossible for that work: and steam-tugs are indispensable adjuncts, should they attempt it. But the sailing vessel, without assistant screw, is growing as rare a sight on the watery highway, as stage-coaches on the roads; so that this is, probably, not a very strong objection.

Whether the course of Eastern trade can be diverted from the Cape route, and whether the Canal of Suez, or the Canal of Darien, is to be the favorite route, are questions which will be decided in the course of this generation. But whatever fate may await the enterprise, whose inception, origin and history have been given in this sketch, one thing is certain: that among the representative men of this century there is none, whose name is more sure of a conspicuous and enduring place on the roll of honor, than that of Ferdinand de Lesseps, founder of the Canal of Suez.

UPON THE BEACH.

THE stars above are bright,
The sea beyond is white,
And between sea and stars strides the windy Night!

He flings his banners out,
And tramples with a shout
Across the surge which roars and flashes all about.

O Night! whose haughty breath
To lagging breakers saith,
“Sweep on, although the sand may seek your death!”

O Night, to thee I call!
Blow through each storm-swept hall
Within my soul, and cause each fear to fall!

Break up and hurl aside
Those wishes, still denied,
Which follow after thoughts of self and pride.

And though the billows rise,
And though the storm-bird cries;
Above them all disclose the quiet of the skies.

A STRANDED SHIP.

PART FOURTH.—CONCLUSION.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

THE wind that had been gradually rising since noon had grown into a storm before evening, and the hurtled mists came driving in from the sea dense and spectral, hiding the fields and woods and river; but no rain fell, and above there was a clear, star-lit sky, under which floated the compact mists and torn, scudding clouds, each in its way heralding the coming tempest. All night long the wind thundered through the trees, the ospreys in their rudely shaken nests kept up their wild, unearthly cry, the surf beat and hammered on the shore; but through and above it all still shone the clear, steady light of the stars, while below them floated in upon the winds the mists and clouds.

It was at the breaking of the day that the guests at the old farmhouse were awakened from sleep by the discharge of a solitary gun; it sounded so near and distinct that it startled the sleepers from their beds. It was presently followed by a second report and at intervals by others. Then there was hurried dressing, and a quick tramp to the sea by all who lived either in farmhouse or cabin, for the slow-booming guns told of another wreck; of life to be saved, to some; of plunder and salvage, to others.

Professor Daunton had already left the house, when he heard Margaret's voice calling to him.

"Will you let me go with you?" she asked, as if fearing a refusal.

"Yes, my girl, and thank you for the good company. See the people there, hurrying across the marshes; there cannot be a man, woman, or child left in the village. These people can scent a wreck in the air, I think."

They hurried on with the rest, the girl holding the Professor's arm, and occasionally casting quick, timid glances

behind her, evidently looking for some one whom she had not seen among the other guests going down to the sea.

They got down in time to see the men and horses thundering along the hard beach, with the lifeboats on their rough carriages, surrounded by the yelling wreckers, mad with the excitement of perilous adventure. They trotted alongside, their hands upon the gunwales of the boats, grim and alert, like artillerymen hurrying to the front, full of the fire and bravery of the battle. The horses flew along, untouched by whip or goad, as if they knew the value of the freight they bore and the necessity for speed. But when the wreckers arrived opposite to the stranded ship, against which the waves thumped mercilessly, there fell a dead silence among them all, wreckers, fishermen, and villagers alike, and they looked toward the monster wreck and then into each other's faces, hopeless, dismayed. It was no use, they said, one to the other; no boat could live in such a sea.

It was an emigrant ship, from Liverpool; and about her decks and lower rigging, which the sea almost constantly washed, clung her helpless, doomed passengers and crew, as thick as bees about the hive. She had come on broadside to the bar, at that treacherous, dark hour before the dawn, and was strained badly; yet she still held together above-decks, but at low-water line showing an ugly break in her hull amidship.

The people of the village had built a fire of the ocean-wreck gathered from alongshore, for the wind, blowing a hurricane directly on land, chilled them to their bones. They stood or sat huddled about it in picturesque groups, generally silent, looking off to where the ship lay hard and fast on the bar; wondering in their stolid fashion how

long she could hold together, with the sea thumping her sides in that way, and often making clear breaches over her from stem to stern. The women who had husbands in the wrecking service stood about the boats on which the men sat, entreating and forbidding them to venture out. They needed little entreaty, yet, somehow, they felt that out there, with those despairing wretches, and not idly here on shore, laid their duty; and in more than one breast among those rough fellows the sense of duty was stronger than sense of fear, or love of wife and child. It only needed the magnetic example of one man, more daring than the rest, to hurry them all into the boats, and once there, to risk all for humanity and duty.

Captain Brown, the master, stood apart from his men, talking to the Professor and Margaret.

"Is there no hope for those poor people, Captain Brown?" she asked. "Surely, with these brave men, who know the sea and shore, you can do something. Help them, Captain; they are so many; there are women and children among them, such as your wife and children are. Try to help them. Do not let them go down into the sea before our eyes without making a single effort, Captain."

The girl's hand had caught his own, and her wet, passionate eyes looked right into his, pleading with him for the women and children, who had their counterparts in his own home and heart.

"It's no use, Marg'ret. She's doomed, that ship is, an' she'll go down afore our eyes, an' we *can't* help it. I'm main sorry, but we can't help 'em."

"I am not a strong man, Captain Brown," said the Professor slowly, "but I was accounted a good stroke once in the Cambridge crew, and I would like to make one of a party to attempt the rescue of those people there."

"You would—you? Then by the good Lord, Professor, I'll make another. Hello, men! I daren't force one of you into that boat while the sea pitches like that, though it's your duty, you know, men; but who'll volunteer to go out

there with a line to that ship. It's a desp'r't service, but Professor Dauntou is going an' I'm going; and now, who else'll go? Good for you, Bill Shadrack, good for you, Tom Hemphill, you're men, you are. Now some more of you, as hasn't got any body at home. Who's the next man to go in this boat?"

Two others instantly volunteered, and despite the cries of children and wives the men leaped into the boat, and each one, with a last look shoreward, quietly poised his oar in the air, stiffened himself in his place, and sat solemnly watching the mountainous wave over which he was to be hurled. Half a hundred brawny hands seized the boat and tried to launch her, unsuccessfully at first, but on the fourth trial she plunged into the breakers, and in the next moment she was thrown high and dry upon the beach, smashed like an eggshell; her crew of six all safe, but all a good deal bruised and hurt.

The old Captain gathered himself up with the rest. "I told you it was no use, Professor," he said. "I know a sea when I see it, and I knowed no boat could live a minute out there."

"I see it is no use, Captain. God help them all, for only He can now," and the Professor turned away sick at heart, not noticing the blood dripping freely from his fingers.

But Margaret was in a moment at his side, tying her handkerchief about his bleeding hand. When it was done she went up to the fire where poor Tom Hemphill had been carried, his face gashed and bloody. Margaret stooped down by him, took the rough, unkempt head on her knees, while she stanchd the blood and bound up the wounds. Tom was only a fisherman, with no wife nor child to care for his coming or going; but as the beautiful lady put her arm about his neck to raise his battered head to her lap, he closed his eyes suddenly, as if he had no right to look at her then.

"You have done a brave thing, Mr. Hemphill," she said, as she arranged some blankets under him.

"I'd do it agen, Miss, only to have your little finger touch me, I would," rejoined honest Tom.

"It was better," she said, not displeased, "to have done it for those poor people there."

"What chance, Captain?"

It was a pleasant voice that had asked the question, the old wrecker thought, before he looked up at the gigantic figure of the speaker on horseback; a little too cheery and careless, though, he thought again, as he looked into the cool, gray eye, and saw a bright, easy smile on Luke Connor's face. Then he said,

"Capt'en Connor, I shouldn't be obleeged to tell a man like you, as knows the sea, that there is *no* chance for them poor souls on that wrack. Only God and a miracle will ever let them see home agen."

"Only God and a miracle?" the man asked, a doubtful smile on his face.

"Yes—jest that, Capt'en Connor."

The Professor stood by, jealously watching and noting every expression of the man who had robbed him of his wife and home and love, and remarking his light, incredulous tone, his careless bearing in the face of such calamity as there was before him in the stranded ship, he turned suddenly away, afraid of himself; afraid lest his anger and contempt should make him drag the cool, indifferent devil from his saddle, and beat the life out of him. He thought of Margaret as this man's wife, and his heart grew sick within him.

"Have you tried the boat, Captain Brown?" Luke Connor asked.

"Does that look as if we had tried the boat, young man?" and the old wrecker pointed sternly to where the shattered fragments lay strewn about the beach.

"Very much like it, Captain Brown; but are there no more volunteers?"

Luke Connor did not wait for the savage answer of the wrecking master, but rode down to the wreckers and their wives; a gallant, noble figure, straight as a maple, and as shapely,

holding his impatient horse in hand as easily as a child holds a kitten; a powerful figure, robust, hardy, wearing easily and gracefully the strength and nerve of a dozen common men.

The men's faces lighted up pleasantly as they touched their hats to the gallant sailor, who had defied the dangers of their inlet, as he swept into the river one day. They had been witnesses to his bravery, his skill they could understand, and his strength they envied.

"My men," he said, as he drew rein among them, "you know me. You know that I can make my offer good. I will give a thousand dollars to every man who lends a hand to carry a line to that ship?"

A dead silence among the men, flashing eyes and dark scowls among the women, followed the offer of the speaker.

"What, no answer?" he said. "You want more. Well, you shall have it. Any six of you stand out there, and name your price. Don't be afraid, I'll pay it down on the nail."

He paused, but no man stirred; the women crept closer to their husbands, holding their arms and glaring savagely at Connor.

"You won't go? Then let one man among you swim to that ship, and he shall be the owner of Captain Brown's sea-farm. You all know it—you all know that it will be a fortune to any one who owns it when your railroad comes down here. I will give it out and out, to the man who swims to that ship. Still no answer? Why, you cowards, are you afraid of a bit of dirty water or of some salt spray washing over you? Will nothing tempt you, you miserable devils?"

"We are no cowards, Captain Connor, but no boat can live out there; it has been tried, and no man among us can swim there," a wrecker said doggedly.

"Try it again, you cowards. Oh my God," he exclaimed, "for one hour's life of the old Argo, and I would show you what a single man could do. I would sail her out there, if the waves of hell washed her sides; you have been upon

the sea all your miserable lives, and yet not a man of you will stir."

The bitter words were scarcely uttered, when a gaunt old fish-wife, a woman tall and muscular, apparently, as himself, her arms bared to the shoulders, her face as brown as the dead kelp, her sharp features watched over by gray, hawkish eyes, her voice shriller, more piercing than the wind, seized his bridle, and with a quick jerk threw Luke Connor's horse back on his haunches.

"Cowards, are we?" she cried. "Then what are you? What are you, coming here to tempt to their certain death these men with children and wives? Why don't you go yourself? What makes you tempt other men with fortunes greater than they ever dreamed of, to do a thing your own cowardly heart will not let you do? What is your dirty money to you? You never worked for it; no, not a penny of it. You don't know the value of money; these men do. You never worked with the nets, wet to the armpits, from sunset till morning for a poor mess of fish to keep starvation from your door! You never worked in storm, in sleet and hail and snow for a dollar a-day, at wrecking, and saving human lives. These men have done it hundreds of times, and will do nothing else as long as they live; and the like of you comes here tempting them with more money than they could count over. Go carry a line to the ship yourself, save your filthy bribes, you murderer, and earn the right to call our sons and husbands cowards. Go yourself!"

During the delivery of this fierce tirade, Luke Connor sat back on his horse, more amused than vexed at the earnestness of the old fish-wife, until the single word *murderer* escaped her lips, and then his cheeks blanched, and he grew dizzy for a moment, but recovering himself, he leaned forward in his saddle and gravely addressed the wreckers one and all.

"My friends," he said, "I am sorry. I was wrong and this good wife is right. I will carry a line to the ship."

The old woman let go the bridle, stared hard into the man's face, full of unbelief, and for a moment her blanched countenance expressing it, but something she saw in the calm, solemn eyes of Luke Connor told her that he meant to do it, and it chilled the blood in her heart. Her voice was not shrill now, but husky and full of pain. "*You,*" she said, "you, carry a line to yon poor wretches? It can't be done, Capt'en Luke—it can't be done, I tell you. I'm only a miserable old woman, but I know. I lived on this coast before you was born, Master Luke, and I have seen the sea since I was a baby, and I know it, I do. I'm hurt that I vexed you. I didn't mean to call you a murderer, I didn't mean to be rough and to make you do a mad thing like that, but you drove my man bitter hard with your piles of money and your hard words. You can't save 'em, Capt'en Luke; only God can do that." The woman clung to his arm at last, as if by her simple strength she would hold him back.

"Then under God," he said solemnly, "I will do it."

She turned fiercely upon the gaping wreckers, who stood in little groups, shaking their heads in stolid protest and excitedly discussing this new danger. They readily forgave Luke Connor his hard words. They had seen him do a braver thing than they had ever done, when before them all he had lashed his mainsheet to the deck in a fierce storm, at the moment when his crew would no longer aid him; they had seen him sail his toy-ship through the hungry mouth of hell, as it were, into their river. They liked this young fellow, who threw his money around among them so lavishly, who had helped them at their nets, sat on their hearths, shared their luck in deep-sea fishing, and who was a hail-fellow well met with the humblest of them all. They knew him to be so reckless of personal danger that he would certainly risk a passage to the wreck, and they did not like it.

"Will you let him do it, men?" she asked, looking into their faces for help. "Will you let him go out there into

that boiling hell-broth? He's been like a brother to you men, he has. You've eaten of his salt ever since he came among us. Do you mean to let him throw his life away before your eyes? If you do, you're greater cowards and meaner men than he called you just now. You speak to him, Captain Brown, he'll mind you."

"What is the young one going to do now, friend Wagner?" the Captain inquired.

The young fellow leaped from his horse, drew his arm through the bridle, and taking the old wrecking-master by both shoulders, looked down in his face, with a grave, tender smile in his eyes. "Captain Brown," he said, "I propose to carry a line to yonder ship. You said, awhile ago, that only God and a miracle could save those poor people there—"

"Yes, I did say that," the Captain answered, looking blankly amazed at the other's earnestness.

"Well, Captain, is not your God as alive to-day as he was eighteen hundred years ago? Is He not as strong and able to help His people now as then? Can He not do a miracle to-day as easily as then? You, Captain Brown, are a prayerful, God-fearing man—a good man, I call you—will you help me?"

The old wrecker's eyes measured and weighed the sturdy giant looking down upon him, before he spoke. He had seen in his active life so many things done which men had not called miracles, but which had been pronounced impossible, that he was not prepared to say what might or might not be done by a man strong, resolute, and daring as this young fellow.

"This aren't the time of miracles, Cap'en Luke, but you're a strong man and you know the sea; now look for yourself: can you carry a line out yonder—can any man do it?"

Luke Connor deliberately surveyed the prospect before him, before he answered; he saw all the danger, all the necessity, too, and felt how desperate the chances really were. No other man

than he would have tried it, after so fully weighing its impossibilities; but no other man would have had his motive, nor been guided to it by the same curious fancy. But to the morbid soul of Luke Connor, it was no fancy; rather a solemn message to him from his God, which he would blindly and implicitly obey.

"I can try, Captain Brown," he said. "I am not a boaster, I think you know, but I have lived upon the water a long while; there are few men who can swim as I can; there are but few men with half my strength or endurance. The most of the danger lies there in that first breaker; there is some in the second, and less in the third. I don't mind that swashing sea beyond, for if I could pass the three lines of breakers, the tide would favor me, and I could feel almost certain of success. Will you help me?"

The Captain turned to his men for counsel. The young fellow was calm and earnest about this matter, though his eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy, and his face was pale as if death had already marked him out from among living men. The wreckers looked at the master, and shook their heads.

"It's no use, Cap'en Luke. The men are all agen your doing it. We like you, Cap'en Connor, and we know you've got the pluck, but it aren't in mortal power to do it, an' we aren't going to stand by an' see you dashed to pieces on this shore."

"I am only one man, Captain Brown," he urged, "and there are at least a hundred men, women, and children on that ship. She cannot last many hours longer with that sea hammering the life out of her at every stroke. She will go to pieces before night. Will you help me—or am I to try it without your help?"

While he paused, waiting for the Captain's answer, an awful, piercing cry went up from the wreck, drowning for a moment the beat of the waves and the roar of the wind. The men turned to the vessel and saw that she had parted amidships, and that men and women

were struggling in the sea, clinging desperately to fragments of the wreck.

The old wrecking-master gave but a single glance at this new and imminent danger, and then said,

"Yes, Cap'en Luke, I'll help you; there's not a man here as won't help you. But have you squared accounts up there? Is it all right with you, Cap'en?"

"It will be all right, if I don't come back. I will have squared all accounts then, Captain Brown," the man said, grasping the other's hand; "for then I shall have given a life for a life."

"I don't exactly know what you mean by a life for a life, though I've been taught that works aren't nothing without faith and repentance; but if you don't come back—an' God help you will—I'd like to stand near you up there; I'd be satisfied with your chances." There was some salt water in the old fellow's eyes, and his voice trembled a bit as he released Luke Connor's hand. "And now when will you be ready?" he asked.

"In a few minutes, Captain Brown; when I have said good-by to my friends there. Get out the lines at once, and let the first one be light and strong as possible; have ropes fastened above and run down on either side of the lines, a few feet apart. The men can hold on by them close to the breakers, and may be save me from being dashed ashore in case I make a mistake. Let the strongest and coolest men go to the end; there are none of them, I think, who will mind a knock down or two from the sea on my account? He looked down among them, shaking hands with one and all, smiling his grand, brave smile, his eyes wondrously bright and tender.

"All right, Captain Luke. There's none here as will shirk any danger to help you."

Luke walked up the beach to the fire, where the Professor and Margaret were still busy in nursing poor Hemphill. When yet several yards distant he called to the Professor, who looked annoyed for a moment, but got up and went

to him. The two men had not spoken together a dozen times during the summer, and then only when it was unavoidable.

The younger man was the first to speak, as they now stood face to face. His usual habit of restraint in presence of the Professor was gone, and as he spoke the simple, earnest manner of the old, boyish time was upon him, which was curiously puzzling to the other.

"I think that you know me, Professor Dauntton, despite your affected ignorance?"

"Yes, Mr. Connor, I do know you. At college I knew you for a brilliant, passionate boy, and I know you now as a brilliant, reckless, and dangerous man."

"Hard words, Professor Dauntton, and you are a brave man to say them in my teeth in this way, but I won't quarrel with you now. One question, if you please. Have you told Miss Dauntton all you know of me? Understand me, I don't dispute your right to have done it—"

The Professor interrupted him, speaking with his usual grave, controlled manner. "No, I have told her nothing. If I had such a right, I have never used it."

"Professor Dauntton," Luke Connor said, "you are a braver man than I thought—a braver and a better man than I could ever be, sir."

"I have been an honorable man, I trust, if that is what you mean. Having answered your question, may I consider our interview at an end?" the Professor asked, touching his hat and moving away.

"One moment more, if you please, Professor Dauntton. I would have liked, even at college, to have made such a man as you, my friend; but that was not possible; you never liked me,—and then my trouble came." Luke Connor spoke hurriedly, as if the moments of his life were numbered. "But that is nothing now to either of us. I am going to carry a line to yonder ship; and before I go I am glad to have learnt that your sister does not know my

story. It will be easier to die thinking that she will never know it; that she can always think of me as she knows me now—at my best."

When Luke Connor announced so quietly his resolution to the Professor, the grave scholar, whose sympathies with brave deeds lay very near the surface, but had deep roots in his nature, came closer to the speaker, his face lighting up with instinctive recognition of the greatness of the man before him.

"You must never attempt that, Mr. Connor," he said earnestly. "All that men can do has been tried here to-day already. But I know you better now than I ever knew you before; and I promise you that Margaret shall never know your old, sad secret, if I can keep it from her. But you must not make this hopeless attempt. You will? Are you sure there is nothing that I can say or do that will cause you to abandon it? Trust me, there is nothing that I will not do."

"You can do or say nothing, Professor Dauntton. It is my one chance. I have not lived a good, true life since we last parted. I have lived to myself and for myself, abusing and degrading what was best in me. I have read somewhere, that God grants it to but few men to carry a line to a stranded ship. I have a fancy that He will grant it to me. If he does, I shall take it as a token that my sin is forgiven me. But if it be His will that I shall perish in the trial, it will be best so, for the weight of my crime has been heavy on me these many years, and I am tired. You once refused to take my hand, Professor, will you take it now? I somehow feel already as if the miserable, unclean past was dead forever, as if I was again the equal of honorable men."

The Professor took the proffered hand and held it, while he said, "Forgive me, Mr. Connor, that I did not understand you sooner. It has been my loss. I can understand, I think, that you feel as if God had called you to do this thing; but think again, and

let me and Margaret dissuade you from it."

"You could not dissuade me; I even think *she* would not try to do it. Let us say good-by here. The men will be ready before me."

They held each other's hand for a long while, as it seemed to those who saw them, and then said, good-by; but Luke Connor did not go; he stood irresolute for an instant, an unuttered question on his lips.

The Professor, seeing something in the man's glowing eyes as yet unexpressed, asked him what it was.

"If I should come back, Professor Dauntton?" Connor asked.

"If you should come back to us, Mr. Connor, there is no man living to whom I would rather give my sister than yourself," the Professor answered heartily.

"Thank you, and good-by again."

"Good-by," said the Professor. Then he stood looking after the man, going so bravely to his death, with already the glow of immortality in his eyes, yet with the springy, buoyant step of youth; and the loyal gentleman had only sorrow for the brilliant fellow, harboring not a thought of how Luke Connor's death would affect his own future. He was a brave, true man.

It had already spread around among the people on the beach, that Captain Connor intended carrying a line to the wreck; and when they heard the story, and seeing by the wreckers' hurried preparations that it was true, they gathered about him, tearful and quiet, silently taking the proffered hand, the women sobbing over, or showering kisses upon it, saying under their breath, "God bless you."

Directly he stood before Margaret. Her face had grown pallid and haggard since she had heard the story.

"I am going now, Margaret," he said. "Let us say good-by, quickly. The curious kindness of these people is taking the strength and nerve out of me. I must go at once."

She put out her hand uncertainly, like one gone suddenly blind, and grop-

ing in the dark. She only said, "Is it right for you to go?"

"Yes, it is right," he answered.

"Then go, Luke—and God bless you, and bring you back to me."

"In the olden time, Margaret," he said, "the Roman mothers—not braver nor nobler than you—when they sent their sons to the battle, they sanctified them for death by a kiss; I have thought in this last minute that death waits for me out there; will you kiss me now?"

She bent forward and kissed his forehead, bared reverentially for her lips to touch and anoint for death. Then all the fierce, hungry passion surging in her woman's heart mastered her, and she threw her arms about him and held him close to her breast. "Oh God!" she cried; "I daren't do what is right. I cannot let you go, Luke; I cannot let you go." But her hold about him relaxed, and she sank down motionless upon the sands.

"Will you take her up and be kind to her?" Luke said to the old wife, whose arms were already about her.

"Yes, I will—for her own sake, as well as yours," she answered.

He entered the bathing-house then, and when he came out again a fisherman's great coat, reaching to his feet, covered him. He walked out among the crowd of villagers, who formed a line on either side of him, through which he might pass, as they would have done for a great conqueror, and then stood watching him as he passed on to his certain grave.

The wreckers had the lines quite ready, and waited for him. The ship lay a quarter of a mile off shore, the sea thundering against her broadside, every tenth wave making a clean breach over her; her passengers and crew huddled together on the forward deck, clinging to the rigging, the gunwales, or any possible object of protection.

"Are you quite ready, Cap'en Connor?" the wrecking-master asked, wiping great beads of sweat from his face.

"All ready, Captain." The voice in which the answer was given was blithe

and cheery; the man's step was free and assured. "One moment, Captain Brown. My horse there. He has never felt any other legs than mine across him; promise me that no other than yourself shall ever use him?"

"I promise, Captain Luke."

The men gathered around and hid him from the villagers above. The old wrecking-master securely fastened the thin, strong cord about his shoulders, and under his arms. That in turn was made fast to a thicker, stronger cord, and that in its turn to a cable of sufficient strength to sustain the weight of the life-car. Then the wreckers manned the ropes stretching down to the surf.

The time had come. The naked figure of the man gleamed white and solid as ivory; the knotted muscles stood up about the arms and thighs and breasts in hard, steely bunches. The Hercules scarcely stood stronger, fairer to the sight. He looked death in the face squarely, and did not falter. He looked out to the far sea-line, to the wreck crowded with its living freight, then he looked back over his old, foul life; back to the time when it was pure and true. Forgive the man his one moment of weakness, for it was his last; but he thought for a single instant of the beautiful world he was giving up forever, of the women who had laid in his bosom, of the children who had loved him, of Margaret; and as the mountainous wave rolled in, foaming and hungry, he closed his eyes, saying farewell and farewell to them all, adding only, "God have mercy on me, a sinner!"

"Wait for the next, Cap'en—not that one—the next," shouted the old wrecker.

"I will wait 'till you tell me to go," he said. "Keep the line slack, but under ready control; and in no case are you to draw it in until an hour has gone by. If you have to draw it in then, first send the women and children away. Shall I try this breaker, Captain?"

"Yes. God bless you, Cap'en—God bless you—God forever——"

The man was gone. He had waited

until the instant that the thundering wave reared its awful crest and poised itself for the break upon the shore; then he sprang forward, plunging headlong under it. Then the men about the ropes stood ready to receive back again his body with life or without it. But it did not return to them on that wave, and with a simultaneous yell of delight, they turned to watch the line that slowly began to uncoil itself, and to glide through the master's fingers.

For a moment, while they all stood gravely watching coil after coil glide away, no man spoke,—then the master looked up, his lips white, his hands trembling, "Thank God, mates, he has passed the first breaker."

He had, and was thus far safe. Diving under, instead of into the wave, it had swept harmlessly over him, and he knew he would have a second's breathing space to prepare himself for the next one. He saw it, as he emerged into the trough of the sea, sweeping down upon him with a mighty surge and roar, but before it could reach him he was down again, beneath it and in the undertow of the first breaker, going rapidly out and out to sea.

The villagers and guests of the farm came down to the shore, and stood where the spray dashed over them, looking out among the waves with anxious, hopeless eyes, but nowhere could they distinguish the head of the swimmer; and they thought sorrowfully of him, as one over whom the deep waters had closed, leaving his place vacant among living men forever.

The line stood still, or swayed from side to side, and then ran out rapidly and tightened in the Captain's fingers; again it slackened, and yard after yard of it was flung back to shore on the crest of a wave; but as hope seemed certainly to die in the hearts of the watchers there, the line would gather up and tighten, giving assurance that Luke Connor was still alive.

He was alive, and having treated the third breaker as he did the former ones, it passed as harmlessly over him, and by no power of theirs would he ever

touch the shore again. Between him and the ship there was yet nearly a quarter of a mile of mad, turbulent sea, rolling and heaving before the wind, on which he was tossed like a cork—forward sometimes, sometimes backward. But all that was nothing to the really skillful swimmer, who had learned his art in the ocean. If his strength endured, the man was certain to win. So on each wave he rose and fell, now going ahead, now losing in one moment more than he had gained in three, yet on the whole surely lessening the distance between him and the ship.

By the side of the old Captain, stood Margaret Dauntion, very quiet, pale and tearless. She touched the old wrecker's arm, and he looked up.

"I would like to hold that cord, if you will let me," she said. "My hand is even steadier than your own. I know what is to be done. I have stood here, watching you from the first. Will you let me take the cord now? Do not fear; no harm shall come to him through these hands. Will you trust me with it?"

"Yes, I will, Miss Marg'ret—I'll trust you; but remember, he's past the breakers now, and its only a question of main strength with him. There are a thousand chances that the sea will wear him out before he can reach that ship; and if, when every breath was precious as life to him, that cord tightened in your hands, it might drag him down never to come up again. I've told you now, Miss Marg'ret, will you take it?"

"Yes, Captain Brown, and it shall not be tightened or loosened in my hands wrongly. I know what is to be done. There is no one here that has my right to hold that cord."

He handed it to her, and she stood over it in his place and felt, as it glided through her fingers, that Luke Connor was yet safe, and directly came to know by its decreasing coils that either he had drifted far away from it, or that he was near the ship.

She held it until the minutes seemed to have crept into hours, hours into

days, and it yet glided away, or stood still, or was washed shoreward while other hours and days seem to evolve themselves out of its coils, until all sense of time and scene was lost to her. But as certainly as hope seemed to die out in their hearts, causing them to look blankly into each other's faces, so surely would the line tighten again and fling back assurance that Luke Connor was still among living men.

But in the moment that the smile was brightest in their faces, and hope greatest in their hearts, yards and yards of the slender cord glided swift as lightning, or a fish's flight, through the girl's hands, and the Captain sprang toward her, dragged it from her grasp, and hauled it fiercely in.

"What is it, Captain Brown?" she cried piteously. "What is it that I have done wrong?"

"Nothin' wrong with you, Miss Marg'ret," he answered gruffly. "Nothin' wrong with you, but more nor an hour is gone, Miss Marg'ret, and we should adrawed in afore now."

A frightened whisper, which she eagerly caught at, went through the crowd, and killed every particle of hope within them. What she heard was this:

"There be a dead man and a shark at t'other end of that line."

She started up from among them, her hand tossing back from her eyes the golden splendor of her hair, her right arm stretched straight out before her, her voice ringing, resonant, "No, no, no, you mistake. See there! see there! Look at the ship, and thank God. Oh thank God, all of you!"

They turned their eyes to where the white arm pointed, and they saw a man naked, dragged up from among the jib chains of the wrecked ship, they saw him mount to the deck, and heard the passengers and crew shout out their joyful cry of deliverance.

"Now, then, some of you women take care of that girl, can't you?" the old Captain yelled. "And men, can't you raise a single cheer for the brave fellow as saved a hundred lives? Can't you yell, you devils you?"

No, they could not. The old Captain could not do it himself. "I can't help blubbering a bit, Tom Hemphill, for I was mortal fond of that young fellow, I was," the Captain said. For awhile they were all dumb; their sudden gladness, after the sharp pain, was cracking their heartstrings, choking them. But the moment gone, they shouted till they were hoarse, and then all of them went to work like men who had just waked up and were beginning a new day, fresh and hearty, every one of them working like six.

Then away spun the line, through nobody's hands now, away and away until the last strong cable of all was made fast to the ship, drawn taut, and then along spun the life-car, with a couple of brave fellows in it, to the wreck.

In five minutes it was back again on shore, full of women, with their babies on their breasts, and a hundred women more, fish-wives and farmer's wives, with their babies snug at home, all crowding about the poor, delivered people, trying to show them, by all the kind ways they knew, how they rejoiced over the rescue. But there was one little baby in the car with no mother's breast to lie on now, for she had gone down into the cruel foam of the sea when the ship parted; and Margaret Dauntton took it reverently in her arms, saying that God had sent it to her, and calling it Theodora, and she calls it that to this day.

The sturdy wreckers worked with a will; but somehow, they were silent and awed over this deliverance, for the curious fancy of Luke Connor had got abroad among them; and rough and coarse as many of them were, they believed in his fancy; and as they dragged the life-car to and from the ship, until every man and woman and child, except the ship's officers, were landed, they were strangely impressed with the belief that God had wrought as great a miracle that day among them, as He had done long ago, when he bade other fishermen, humble as themselves, "launch out into the deep and let down their nets."

Dressed in a suit of the Commander's clothes, Luke Connor stood with the officers of the wreck around the life-car ready to embark, when the steward called to them from the after-cabin. "Hold on there," he said. "A passenger has been left in his berth, too ill to leave it without help. He was left in the cabin when the ship parted, and I have not seen him since. It is the young India Ensign, Abel Dunlethe."

"Let me go for him, Captain Stevens," Connor said. "I am the strongest and freshest man among you all. I would like to give this sick man his first sight of land and safety."

"Very well, Mr. Connor, you shall have your wish. There is nothing that I could deny you to-day. I will show you his quarters."

Connor darted past the Captain, caught up a plank, bridging over the chasm in the ship's deck, crossed to the other side, and the next moment stood in the after-cabin; the only other occupant of which was George Lawrence, the man Luke Connor had flung off of the wharf, that commencement night long ago.

The two men for a moment faced each other,—unutterable amazement stamped on their features.

"Thank God,—thank God for this," Luke Connor said, under his breath, awed, and feeling as if God himself stood somewhere near.

The gaunt, emaciated face of the sick man grew whiter and thinner as he stared blankly into Connor's eyes. He tried to raise himself upon his elbow, but was too weak. "Have you come again to kill me?" he asked, his voice husky and weak. "I am less able to cope with you now than when you thought you had murdered me, but I will not ask my life at your hands. I deserved that you should kill me, yet now that I have seen you again, I would like to live. I laid here waiting for death with the breaking up of the wreck, when I heard your step upon the deck, and then I thought of rescue, and a chance for a longer life over there in England. I was coming home here

only to clear your name. To show myself among those who thought that you had murdered me. Have you come to save or to kill me, Luke Connor?"

"I came to save you. Tell me how it is that I see you alive?" asked Connor, still speaking in an awed whisper.

"I was picked up from the side of the wharf where you threw me, by a boat that had already started for the landing to take me on board the steamer for California. I was carried aboard of her, my wound dressed, and I arrived safely in San Francisco. Then I went to India."

The light of the recognition of a brave man shone in Luke Connor's eyes. "Are you the soldier," he asked, "that they call Abel Dunlethe? The man who won the Victoria Cross, for planting the standard on the ramparts at Lucknow?"

"Yes, I am," George Lawrence said, a momentary glow of pride in his tone, his fingers touching the ribbon of the cross laid under his pillow. "I first tried to get shot, and then I tried to live a better, truer life than I had ever known. I started home to tell you that the man you thought dead by your hand yet lived, and to ask you in your mercy to forgive him."

What were the words of Kingsley's legend? Luke Connor asked himself. Presently, recollecting them, he said, "Lawrence, I have read that God grants it to but few men to carry a line to a stranded ship, or to plant the standard on the enemy's ramparts. To me He has granted the first, and to you the other. I accept it as a token that He has forgiven us both; and as He hears me now, so do I forgive you."

"God bless you, Connor. Will you carry me out now. I am not a heavy weight," the Ensign said.

Luke Connor wrapped the sick man in a blanket, placed him in the life-car carefully, as mothers that day had placed their little children there, and then the car was hauled away, bearing the last living soul from the wreck.

A curious, motley crowd of human beings, wreckers and wrecked, fisher-

men and their wives, and guests from the old farmhouse by the river, stood massed upon the shore, as near to the sea as they could get, waiting to welcome their hero among them again. When he landed, the shout they sent up was meant not only for him, but as a defiance to the defeated winds and waves. He, the man who had brightened their homes, had conquered sea and storm, delivering from the jaws of death a hundred lives. The rescued alone could not join in the shout, but they drew near to him, craving only to touch the man who at the moment when they had looked into each other's eyes, mutely asking how soon their watery graves would open, had turned the hand of death aside and made home and happiness possible realities to all of them.

Higher up the shore Margaret Dauntton stood alone, waiting for him. Seeing her there, they released him, and he went to her.

He put out both his hands to meet her's. "Margaret," he said, "I have come back to you."

"Yes," she answered. "God has given you back to me."

They walked up the beach to where the Professor stood apart, looking out at the old hulk. He went down to meet them, and, I think, that in the brief moment in which they stood with hand clasped in hand, there came to both of these men thorough recognition of the other.

"It was curious," the Professor said, "that the Captain's last act aboard should be to set his flag at the peak. Now, we would naturally suppose that his mind would be set on graver things?"

"I don't know about that, Professor," Luke answered. "The flag will still wave and keep guard over the old hulk after her decks have gone under; and passing sailors seeing it, will know that her Captain was the last man to leave his ship. But, Professor Dauntton, there is a sick man yonder whom you once knew. Wherever the story of Lucknow is repeated, he will be known as Abel

Dunlethe, but we, Professor, know him as George Lawrence. I would be glad if you could be kind to the man. He means to show himself among the people who once knew him and me, and then to return to England, where he has friends, and where he hopes to find health again. Yes! it is true, the dead has returned to life, and I would like Margaret to hear the story now; but I would like you to tell her, Professor."

"Captain Connor, you'll excuse me breaking in here, where I'm most likely not wanted," said the old wretching-master; "but Miss Marg'ret here, who's by sights the most onreasonable young woman I know, obleeged me to give her that line to hold, because you was strung onto the other end of it." As the old fellow fired this tremendous shot, his face, which had been grave as an owl's, suddenly relaxed into a broad smile, and there was a jolly gurgle of laughter in his throat.

"So you held the line, Margaret?"

"Yes, Luke."

"See, Margaret," he said, taking her hand in his, "see how the old fables repeat themselves! An Argonaut sails into your inlet one day, and as he steps ashore the sun is shining on the tawny masses of your hair, and he knows that he has found the golden fleece he sought, and that it waves alone for him, a symbol of eternal happiness."

Starlight has fallen on field and sea and river, and Margaret Dauntton's shining hair is lying on her mother's breast; she has told her secret to the only woman who has a right to know it.

"Bring Luke Connor here, Margaret," her mother said. "But listen to me first; when I took you across the threshold of your deserted home (and you were only a little child then, with your head upon my breast, as it now is), I made a solemn vow to God for you, which I am trying hard to keep. I hope God hears and sees me now, when I give you to this man, and so keep the oath I made; for it should count in His

eyes against a multitude of sins. That is all, Margaret; bring him here."

Starlight on field and sea and river,
and the stars looking down saw some
wreckers grouped about a fire on the
shore, like jackals waiting for their
prey, patiently watching an old hulk
stranded on the bar, battered and ham-
mered at by the sea, with the red cross
of St. George flaunting bravely at her

peak. They saw her, as she was slowly
beaten to death on the shoals, lurch
suddenly to leeward and go down for-
ever into the unknown depths.

The stars looking down saw Margaret
Daunton and Luke Connor standing to-
gether by the gate, looking seaward,
quiet and happy in their triumph of
love. They saw before them no more
rough seas or stranded ships.

"God is good, and all is well," said
Margaret.

SUMMER PICTURES.

I.

THE ORCHARD.

THEY shall not pass, the blossoms of sweet May,
Till I have sung how sweet they were to me;
Their gentle breath perfumed the buoyant day,
And lured me like an odor-loving bee.

We turned aside and climbed the orchard-wall,
And passed beneath the wide-armed apple trees,
Where every bough and bloom was musical
With the deep murmur of rejoicing bees.

We climbed the rock, the orchard trees above,
Below us breathed one snowy bank of bloom,
One soft, low hum of industry and love,
One large, embracing air of rich perfume.

The bustle of that insect multitude
Harmed not the issue of the perfect flower;
But here was room for all, and all was good,
Even the calm musings of that idle hour.

And ever as the fragrance floated up,
And ever as the blossoms scattered down,
We, like the bees, drank from Spring's brimming cup,
And hived a honey which was all our own.

For budding May to us a blossom is,
Where we can gather food for future hours,
Storing our hearts with those dear memories,
That far out-last the time of bees and flowers.

II.

EARLY MORNING.

THROUGH half-closed blinds a glint of pale gray light—
An odor of the dawn just touched with breath
Of rose and honey-suckle, that all night
Mingled with new-mown grass.—The lowing kine—
The cock's reverberant crow from hill to hill—
The incessant, tremulous rapture of the birds,
Through singing lands of endless, leafy green.—
The calm broad river, scarce awake from bands
Of sleepy mists and softly rippling dreams.—
The spreading splendors caught from cloud to cloud,
Far up the fiery East, till miles away
The sunrise crimson all the mountain-tops,
And windows flash like stars—and gliding sails
Redden with joy to greet the risen Day.

III.

THE BIRDS.

ONE day in the bluest of summer weather,
Sketching under a whispering oak,
I heard five bobolinks laughing together
Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover,—
Language of birds is a riddle on earth :
What could they find in white-weed and clover
To split their sides with such musical mirth ?

Was it some prank of the prodigal summer—
Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
Querulous cat-bird—woodpecker drummer—
Cawing of crows high over the trees ?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel
Under the stone wall stealthy and sly ?—
Or was the joke about me at my easel,
Trying to catch the tints of the sky ?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
While I sat listening deep in the clover
Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest
That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills ;
'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—
Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,
Only by tones can we follow the tune ;
In the full heart of the summer fields ringing,
Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June !

IV.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

AH! fleeting year, that wilt not pause a day,
To leave a picture of thy changeful moods!
Glories scarce shown and seen, and snatched away,
Of sunsets, flushing roses, fields, and woods.

The early blossoms leave the rugged thorn,
The purple lilacs wither in the lanes,
The violet's breath, sweet for one April morn,
Is stifled in dead leaves and drowning rains.

The chrome-gold dandelion stars of spring
Burn out in ashy globes ere June is passed;
Too soon the hidden thrushes cease to sing—
Too soon the summer leaves hear autumn's blast.

And ere we know, the locust's long drawn trill
Swells in the August noon—and nights grow cool—
And see-saw Katydid's foretell the chill
Of leafless forest and of icy pool.

And flaunting golden-rods and cardinal flowers,
And drooping golden-helmets skirt the streams—
And sighing winds give warning, and the hours
Of sunshine waste in cloudy twilight gleams.

Yet paint thy pictures, Time, and sing thy songs!
Thy pictures fade—thy songs die on the air;
Thou canst not take what to the soul belongs—
Beauty's immortal essence everywhere.

The summer goes—brown autumn treads behind,
White winter scowls afar upon my rhyme;
I feel a Presence that is unconfined—
I hear a Voice whose music fills all time.

MY BRASS VALISE.

It was not a brass valise, of course, but the name was first given to it by Ambrose, *garçon* at the M— hotel, Calais, and the name has since stuck to it. It was a good, strong valise, certainly large enough, and it is not to be denied, that in the way of bands, studs, locks, and patent covers for key-holes, it had a somewhat unusual quantity of brass about it.

I was standing on the deck of the steamer, which was just about to leave for Dover, talking to my friend Jean Caboulet, and my valise, which had successfully and easily passed the once difficult barrier of the custom-house, was lying at my feet.

My friend Jean Caboulet, whom I had known in New York, had been of great service to me during my short sojourn in France. I had spent a few days with him at his residence in Calais when I first arrived on the Gallic shores, and I would have been at his house the preceding night, had I not feared inconveniencing his wife, who was a good woman with a large family, and not much room for them all. So I had gone to the M— hotel, when I reached Calais the evening before, but Jean and I had been together most of the day, and he was now sending affectionate remembrances to a number of our mutual American friends. While we were talking (Jean was in a hurry, for the boat would soon start), a man in a blue cap, and with a great strap round his waist, came up to me, and politely offered to remove my valise, and deposit it with the rest of the baggage.

"No," said I, "I wish to take care of it, myself. Leave it where it is."

"But, Monsieur," said the man, "it is in the way. Baggage is not allowed here. I will just move it to a place of safety." And, so saying, he took it up, and carried it to the other side of the boat.

I was too much engaged in my last
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adieux to my friend to instantly resent this liberty, but I was very angry, and the moment Jean Caboulet had left me the second time (he had run back to give me the address of a French lodging-house in London—he was always giving me good ideas), I went to regain my valise, and to abuse the man who took it. I did not immediately see him, but happening, while crossing the deck, to look landwards, I perceived the rascal in a blue cap, and with a strap around his waist, standing at the other end of the pier, earnestly talking to a woman in wooden shoes, and at his feet was my valise! I instantly rushed off the boat, although some people shouted to me, and was at his side in a moment. Without breath to speak, I made a snatch at my property, but he had his hand on it the instant I touched it, and turning, and recognizing me, he bowed, and said,

"Ah! it is Monsieur! But no! I will carry it for him. I" —

"Scoundrel!" I gasped. "Give it here! The boat is off!"

"By no means—it is my place. I will dart!" And he jerked it up by the handles.

"But, Monsieur," said he, with an air of profound dejection, as he turned towards the pier, "the boat has gone!"

Sure enough, it had gone, and, had I been on the end of the pier, nothing but a spring of fifty feet would have taken me on board.

"Beast! Wretch!" I cried. "How dared you to carry this off the boat? Scoundrel! I am left! But you shall pay dearly for this."

"The skies!" he ejaculated. "The boat is gone, and I too am left! I did not know the time. What shall I do? I would not let Monsieur's valise go out of my hands—Oh, pardon! pardon, Monsieur! but here is a lady! Monsieur will not use such language—"

I was about to use still stronger lan-

guage, notwithstanding the presence of the woman in the wooden shoes, who stood listening attentively to my earnest words, but at that moment up came my friend, Jean Caboulet. He had not gone far, and had happened to see me run off the boat. I hurriedly told him of my misery, and of the heartless conduct of the villain before us—who still stood, with an expression of deep concern on his face, and his eyes on the valise, as though he would be glad to swim with me, and it, to the now fast retreating steamboat. Caboulet instantly suggested the police, but, hot as I was, I whispered to him, that he should remember that I could not call up the police.

"No, no! It is true—you have reason. Come! This man is a wretch, but I shall have my eye on him. He shall lose his place. Get away, *coquin*! and thank your stars that Monsieur is so merciful—I shall remember you! Come, my friend. Ah! you will carry it yourself. Then we will go to my house—No? Then to the hotel. The skies! but that wretched man has done me a good turn. This night we shall pass together."

So together we returned to the M— hotel. Had the situation been different, I would have been ready enough to give this man in charge of the police, but, under the circumstances in which I was placed, I did not wish the smallest finger of the most unimportant hand of Imperial justice to touch my valise, for the bottom of it was nearly full of little red pamphlets, bearing "*La Lanterne*," very conspicuously on their covers. I had copies of nearly all the numbers, and placed particular value on those which had just been put under ban. It was by the merest good luck that I had been able to buy them, and I had set my heart on getting them safely over the channel. So the impertinence of a man in a blue cap was not to be allowed to interfere with an enterprise like this.

"Ah?" said Ambrose, the *garçon*, smiling. "I am glad to see it again—this good valise of brass!" And he

carried it up into the room I had had since my arrival the night before.

My friend and myself walked, and smoked, and talked until I was cooled down to about my usual temperature, and then we dined. We had an excellent dinner in a cool, little room overlooking the street. The lamps had just been lighted below, and I was biting the end off a cigar, when, glancing down on the opposite side of the street, who should I see picking his way over some rough stones, but the fellow with the blue cap, and in his hand—my valise!

"Look there!" I shouted, springing to my feet, and Jean Caboulet's head was out of the window in an instant. The man had just passed under a lamp, and we both saw the valise as plainly as could be.

"'Tis yours!" cried Jean, and we rushed down stairs. Further than that Jean, who was fat, could not keep up with me, and without my hat, and alone, I pursued the disturber of my peace, and my valise. He was turning a corner a little above the hotel, and, when I had reached it, he was gone! I stood gazing wildly about me, and directly Jean Caboulet came up, and brought me my hat. He shared in my amazement, and, together, we questioned some boys—

"With a blue cap, and a brass valise?" said they.

"No," I cried, "a leather valise, bound with brass."

"Oh, my friend," said Jean Caboulet, putting his hand on my arm "let them call it a brass valise if they will, so that they tell us what has become of it."

They had seen such a man, carrying such a valise, turn into that big house where the porter smokes by the door. We went there.

"It is Pierre Blatte that you wish," said the porter. He has just gone in, but you should not come here for him, and at this hour—but he is there. See him, and hear him speak for himself. The *troisième*, first door to the left."

We hurried up the stairs, and, without knocking, pushed open the door to which we had been directed, and, in

the middle of the floor of a large room, plainly furnished, we saw, in the act of taking off his coat, the man who had given me all this trouble. He looked utterly astounded at the first sight of us, but he put on his penitential countenance immediately, and only grimaced a little, when I took him by his collar, and shook him in my rage.

"Your property, Monsieur!" he said in answer to our objurgations. "What property does Monsieur mean? I am not a thief."

Enraged beyond measure, I seized him by the collar, and shouted at him: "My valise, you scoundrel! Give it up this instant, or into the hands of the police you go!"

At this my friend, Jean Caboulet, made with his eyes, shoulders, and mouth a gesture of surprise, but I cried, "Yes, the police. I know what you mean, Caboulet, but I don't care now. I shall have my satisfaction out of this fellow if I never see the contents of the valise again."

"Valise!" said the man. "I gave Monsieur his valise in the street."

"You need not pretend ignorance," I said. "We both saw you walking off with my brass-bound valise. Caboulet, will you call to the porter to fetch a policeman?"

"Ah!" said the man, "Monsieur charges me with stealing his valise. Let it be so. I wish for the arrest. I am content."

He stood very quiet while Jean Caboulet was gone (for it appeared he had to go after the policeman himself), but directly he said to me, still with the same humble air; "As I am to be arrested, perhaps Monsieur will allow me to take leave of my wife?"

"You will not leave this room alone," I said. "Let her come in, or I will go with you to her."

"But no," he replied, "my good wife is not of good health. She is in bed. Monsieur would not wish that he should go into her room."

Just then my friend, and the policeman arrived, and I gave the man Pierre Blatte in charge. I wished to have the

room searched for my property, but the officer said he had no right to do that without a warrant. On my testimony, and that of my friend, the magistrate would doubtless direct the premises to be searched. In the meantime, his companion, pointing to a second policeman, standing at the door, would see that nothing was removed.

So Pierre Blatte put on his coat, and shoes, and, while he was so doing, he called out to his wife in the adjoining room: "Adieu, my good wife. I go to the office of the police. Monsieur tears me from you, but I will return. I am not a thief."

Then came a female voice from the other room: "Heaven bless thee, my friend! I know thou art innocent. Adieu!"

"Adieu, good heart!" said Pierre Blatte, and we all went off to the police station, leaving the officer who had stood at the door, on guard at the culprit's establishment.

Making my charge against Blatte to those representatives of the system of Justice, whom I found at the police office, I was very politely treated, and was, in the first place, requested to describe my valise. I did so. Then I was asked regarding its contents.

"Monsieur need not be particular. Something, for example which will prove it to be his valise, if it is found."

"Well," said I, and I could see by Caboulet's face, that he encouraged me in the resolution I had taken to say no more than I could help about the contents. "I have therein four shirts, some collars, and wrist-bands, some brushes, combs, &c., the Emperor's Life of Julius Cæsar, and some other books."

"Just so," said the official. "Monsieur's valise will be easy to identify. What was the number of Monsieur's room at the hotel, where his valise was deposited by the waiter Ambrose?"

I gave him the number, but protested that it was of no use to waste time in sending to the hotel, for both myself and my friend had seen the man, Blatte, with the valise in his hand, go up the street.

"We always begin at the beginning," said the polite official, and accordingly he sent two men to my room at the hotel.

In about fifteen minutes they returned, and with them they brought my valise! I started with surprise when I saw it, and was still more astonished when I heard that they had found it in my room at the hotel!

"Does Monsieur recognize the valise, and will he open it himself, and verify the articles by showing us some of the contents he mentioned?" said the official.

I unlocked it, and glad to have the opportunity of manipulating its contents myself, I took out the few clothes I had brought over from London, the hair-brushes, the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and one or two pamphlets, and guide-books, but, if I had been intending to deceive the authorities in regard to the rest of the contents, my conscience need not have been troubled, for there was nothing else in it!

"Monsieur is correct. Those are the articles he mentioned. But Monsieur does not seem satisfied. This is certainly his valise, is it not—and its contents?"

I asked permission to consult with my friend Caboulet, and having consulted with him, I came to the conclusion to be satisfied, and say no more.

I was now certain that the whole thing was a police-job to relieve me of my "*Lanternes*," as easily as possible. We left the office with my valise (all the lighter for the want of lanterns), and without a look or word for M. Pierre Blatte, who overtook, and passed us, on his way to his home and his invalid wife. We went to the hotel, and finished our wine and cigar. My friend Jean Caboulet and myself both agreed that this matter of the contents of my valise must have become known to the authorities too late for them to take any but the rather extraordinary steps that had so surprised and enraged me.

"That rascal had probably just succeeded in tracking me when he accosted

me," said I. "Had he been ten minutes later I should have had my "*Lanternes*" in England by this time."

"Yes," said Jean Caboulet, "but then we should not have had this pleasant evening!"

The evening had not compensated me for the loss of my "*Lanternes*," but I was glad that my good friend had enjoyed it.

The next day, as, carrying my valise in my hand, and with plenty of time before me, I was just stepping on to the pier of the Dover boat, I saw a policeman standing in the very small amount of shade afforded by a tall, but slim post. I walked up to him, and as he touched his hat to me, and seemed about to put on the penitential countenance he had worn yesterday with his blue cap, and big strap, I said, "Never mind an apology, but tell me all about the matter. There can be no harm in explaining to me how you managed to find out that I carried "*La Lanterne*" in my valise. I am an American, as you see, I am going away, and I shall not tell your superiors any thing that you may say to me."

"Ah, I do not believe that Monsieur would injure me, for all that he is a little violent sometimes," said the man, bowing, "but there is nothing to tell. We knew that Monsieur was carrying away prohibited matter, and these means were taken to relieve him of it, without making a disturbance. I was sorry (with a bow), to make Monsieur miss the boat, but there was so little time, for we were only informed a few minutes before the time for you to leave. I had no idea Monsieur would be so sharp as to discover me when I removed the valise from the hotel, but it was taken back to his room before I left my house, where Monsieur surprised me so much."

"But how did you people discover that I had those pamphlets?" said I, dropping my cane, and leaving a five-franc piece in the shadow of Pierre Blatte's foot, as I picked it up.

"Oh!" said he, with a smile, "M. Jean Caboulet gave the information."

THE EUROCLYDON.

"—, *it's hot!*" said my fair cousin, in a hoarse whisper, as she snatched her hand nervously from the floor, to which she had bent a moment before, and she looked in my face as she said it, with terror marked in every line of her own.

For some moments before, those of the audience near us had ceased to pay the slightest attention to the performances, and were looking from one to another with questioning, wondering expressions of countenance, and a certain undefined terror lurked in their furtive glances. Looks which seemed to question, yet dread the answer already half-divined. Looks which indicated a dread of some impending horror, and made others tremble as they caught the glances.

The atmosphere had become hazy and warm; oppressively, unnaturally so, a dry, acrid heat. The lights seemed to burn dimly, with an unsteady, flickering motion, so that when the poor girl snatched her hand from the floor, grasped my arm and whispered hoarsely in my ear, "*—, it's hot,*" I felt a pang of actual pain shoot through my heart, as if a knife-blade had been thrust into it, for her action and words gave consistency to the dreadful thought from which I had been shrinking for some moments. I knew that the house was on fire under us.

The lower floor was used as a warehouse, and packed full of merchandise; closed, too, for the most part, day and night; so that fire, I was well aware, either from spontaneous combustion or the match of the incendiary, might smoulder and burn there for hours unknown to any one, save the Almighty and the fiend who had lighted it.

At the main entrance were three doors, opening on the hall and staircase, leading to a long passage-way, and thence to the street. This staircase was the only exit for the immense hall and

its galleries, where thousands assembled; while it was suitable, perhaps, for the safe escape of as many hundreds in case of fire or sudden fear. After it had stood the test of the opening night, however, and the weight of four thousand human beings, I entered it also, still not fully at ease when I looked at the vast roof, thought of the thin walls which supported it, and speculated on the danger of a conflagration, or the best way to escape the havoc and carnage which Death would revel in, if it came. I had also hinted generally to friends, with whom I visited the Hall, especially ladies, to remain perfectly still in case of alarm, or in a rush to use all their force to resist going with the crowd. In case of a rush, preferring to trust their lives and my own to the artists' stairway, on the one hand, or to the ladders which might be placed at the windows on the other, to the almost certain death that would follow the attempt to escape through the narrow passage-way of the main entrance. *That* entrance would probably be choked up with human beings before a hundred had gained the street. Yet with all this preparation, when the fatal moment *did* come, I was tried in the balances and found wanting.

The temptation was so strong, it seemed to me that I was the only one who had a clearly defined idea of our danger; no word had been uttered aloud, no scream, no one had even moved or arisen; all was so still, so hushed. There were the doors but fifty yards away, the passage clear; *could* we gain the door before the rush came? The fiend whispered we could, the temptation was too powerful, I yielded, we were lost.

"—, *it's HOT!*" said my cousin; and what I have written flashed through my mind in an instant.

"Hush, or you are dead!" I whispered, placing my hand on her mouth, and

clutching her arm. "Rise! go down the left hand aisle; have your wraps, everything, pretend you are sick! quick for your life." She rose before the words had all passed my lips, let her arms fall at her side, and leaned her head back on my shoulder, as if she were fainting. I put my arm round her body, and we glided forward rapidly. The *ruse* for a moment was successful. The audience about us thought my cousin *had* fainted, and their attention was drawn from their fears to her; only, however, for a moment.

In the meantime something suspicious had been discovered from the outside of the building. One of the warehouses had been opened, a current of air, of course, introduced, and consequently, at the very instant, I left my seat, smoke began to creep freely up from between the cracks of the flooring. Another misfortune occurred at this moment, when life itself hung on a few seconds of time, the last and fatalest, snatching from us, as it did, the only hope or possibility of escape. The artists had discovered the fire in the rear, and without giving the alarm to the audience, were crowding down their narrow staircase. All but two, one a large man, whom terror had made wild; and they, entering from the side door of the retiring room, ran across the stage or platform, and sprang down from it to the floor, a distance of some four feet, just as I had reached a half dozen paces down the aisle; indeed, I had caught a glimpse of them as I turned to escape with my cousin. The stout man came down with such weight and force upon the floor, that one of his feet crushed through the charred and smouldering boards, and as with a scream of horror he jerked it out, a light, bright jet of flame shot up from the hole. Awful moments that followed,—can the crash of Doom itself out-horror them! The audience rose as one man. For an instant there was an unearthly silence, as if Belief itself shrank from Truth, as if Hope sought life in the heart of Despair. "Fire! fire! fire!" resounded from all sides, and

there went up from that stricken congregation the most awful shriek of horror and desperation I ever heard; as if Hades itself were opening beneath them, and they thought that the fiend could be frightened off by the terror of their cries. Then on it came, rushing, breaking, crushing, with the madness of despair, the fury of frenzy, the cruelty of vengeance, the desperation of fear, crushing benches and chairs to splinters, throwing down the weak, remorselessly trampling lower the fallen—a huge avalanche of human flesh.

Alas, for my rash, fatal folly. The moment I heard the cry of fire, the moment I saw the flash of flame, I cried to my cousin, "Back again, or we are lost," turned my back towards the rushing crowd, placed her hands on my breast, and said, "Push, push with all your might, for your dear life, Fanny." A fearful effort, a fierce struggle, an instant of time, and forward into that awful mass we were crushed, powerless as snowflakes before the hurricane, and separated.

Brave girl, she had uttered no word until now, but *alone* in that world of frenzy, of idiotic terror—her shrieks, as she called me, chilled my very soul, and made me wish that death itself might close my ears.

My struggles were now frantic, furious, absolutely ferocious, clutching and tearing at everything about me, while the pressure was so great, I thought every instant that my ribs would be crushed in. Suddenly the movement forward was checked, the screaming, struggling, fiercer than ever, went on. A small part of the audience had escaped; but the sliding door of one entrance was shut, and could not be opened, and at the other two the crush and trampling had gone on until they were choked up with human beings, dead and dying; and as the mass swayed and the massacre went on, far in the rear of all this I felt the forward movement checked. Still I heard my cousin's screams, and still I struggled.

There appeared to be a superhuman force in every muscle, but the mass

about me seemed to be iron; I could not move, except *upwards*. Little by little, inch by inch, I grasped and struggled and tore, without regard to what was about me; unconscious of it. Infancy or age, child or parent, male or female, it was all one. Now my shoulders nearly stripped of clothing were above the crowd. Higher, higher, I forced my way, put my hands on the heads of those about me, from some of whom the breath of life was already crushed, drew up a bootless leg, which had seemed almost wedged in adamant, placed my knee on the shoulder of a form who's head sank back, apparently lifeless, drew up the other leg, bootless and bare also, and sprang forward on the *floor of heads* toward the shriek which still echoed my name. A moment I saw my cousin's face turned toward me marked with anguish, agony, despair, her long, white, naked arm, from which the sleeve had been torn, stretched up towards me, another, and she was crushed from my sight, beneath the brute force about her, and I fell prostrate upon the sea of heads, amid the infernal death chorus of groans and screams and yells of anguish, with the feeling that there was nothing to struggle for more. A clutch at my hair from beneath brought me to my senses again; I rolled over and over upon the hats, bonnets, and heads, and thence to the floor between the crowd and the fire, where there was room for breathing, action, thought.

The stage by this time was enveloped in flames, and they had extended thence across the entire floor, and hissing, crackling, roaring, were blazing up to the ceiling itself. On the street side of the building were three windows and three blank windows, or blinds, sunk in the wall, and below, some twenty feet down, was the area and the railing, a row of sharp iron spikes. Through the three windows the flames were already issuing. At that instant a long, heavy fireman's ladder was soaring up, and falling against the upper part of the window nearest the crowd, crushed and tore down the whole length of the sash

and blinds, striking on the window-sill and protruding into the fire. The heat had already driven back the doomed crowd from the window. I snatched up some clothes, which had been torn from the audience, and holding them up between myself and the flames, took a few impulsive steps towards the forsaken window, through which the ladder protruded, its end already on fire. With a spring and a daring leap through the flame I might have reached it, at least with life. I even saw a fireman's face for a moment above the window-sill, then shrink away from the overwhelming heat; but I stopped and looked at the ladder and open window. For a moment there was a possible, even probable way of escape. My heart swelled within me nigh to bursting, a sigh like a groan escaped me, and I turned back towards the crowd. No! Her fate must be my fate. Leave her perhaps still alive? Face the parents who had entrusted to my care their only child, the solace of their gray hairs? No; I could not do it; and although my heart swelled nigh to bursting, I shrank back to the dying crowd, and looked the Destroying Angel in the face.

Those about me, who were not wedged in, ran frantically from place to place, climbed up upon the people's heads, and up the columns to try and reach the galleries; but the overhanging cornice prevented it. Those in the galleries mounted to the little oriole windows, where ladders could not reach, and screamed to the shuddering throng below, while in the body of the hall the crackling platform-stage fell in, the hissing flames quivered, the rolling smoke rose, and all that awful hell of fire glared in my sight, until my eyes became like convex lens, seeming to dilate with tenfold power, until each particular horror, each flame, nay, the very sparks themselves, swelled on my sight into measureless masses of fire. As my eyes glared back at the approaching flame, the rags left on me began to smoke, and my hair to curl and crisp, sharp throbbing pains darted

into my heated flesh, and I cowered and shrank with fear; if fear it could be called. I had deliberately turned from the window and life to brave this; deliberately went back rather than leave her to perish alone; left the only outlet from this pandemonium to return and die, rather than face the stricken parents without their child; yet even at that moment I had probably in my heart of hearts some shadow of a hope, to find the possible in the impossible, in death itself to find life; to find her, and a way of escape in that cemetery of fire. Now, even that hope-shadow had gone. No, it was not fear; down, down deeper than that, it was despair itself, and I shrank covering back upon the crowd to die. The crowd itself was still screaming, still struggling, still there went up to heaven, and echoed back from the hard walls, the shrieks of agony and anguish. Men, women, and children called upon their God, upon fathers, brothers; others cursed and swore, and sprang frantically as the fire reached and burned them. On the other side of the hall, where the current of air drove the flames over the poor wretches, Moloch was already feasting on the horrid sacrifice, that the fire-fiends were offering at his shrine.

As I held up what I could catch hold of between myself and the fire, it blazed in my hand. The flesh on my knees, hands, face, began to quiver and scorch; I could not bear the agony so, but sprang about wildly with the rest. All thought, all memory, all reflection gone, lost, swallowed up in the measureless, maddening pain. A body fell dead; I snatched it up and held it before me; and there near it knelt a little boy, almost a child, facing the fire, still as a statue, with his hands clasped and held up towards heaven, while his face was scorching and his hair in a blaze. I could not stand that, big tears gushed from my eyes, I threw down my screen of human flesh, snatched up the boy, and with the strength of a madman threw him through the hissing flames towards the window, through which they were issuing. He struck on the

sill and fell outwards towards the street, while the flame flashed about myself, and I drew it in with my breath. The agony of the doomed coursed through my throat, veins, nerves. I sprang up to throw myself into the fire, and end it all with one great pang, and—opened my eyes. For an instant, I thought that I had died and awakened in Hell, the next moment I became conscious of all. The candle had burned down to the loose leaves of the large quarto at my bedside, and they were in a light blaze. My left hand lay upon the book, and in the midst of the flames. I sprang from the bed, overturning the table, candle, and blazing volume. My hand and wrist were burned over their entire surface, and in places into the flesh. In springing from the bed I had jarred or shook it, and the shrivelled skin hung loose where it had not been entirely burned. The astonishment and glow of thankfulness to find myself in my own bed-chamber was quickly ended by the acute and intense pain the mangled hand gave me. I bore it as I could, plunged it into the ewer of water, and sat there waiting for daylight; as the movements of the household I did not care to disturb.

"That's all, gentlemen," said the Doctor, as he ended his dream-story. Now, General, it is your turn."

"My turn," said the General, lighting a fresh cigar; "your horrible dream has almost made me sick. I have been wondering these ten minutes how you would get out of your Hades. I shall think twice, before I go into some New York halls hereafter."

The little Dutchman, who had been sitting on the bulwarks between the shrouds and making tea in a tin cup, with the help of a nursery spirit-lamp, had scalded himself several times while attempting to drink, as he became excited by listening to the Doctor's dream.

"Your horrible dream," said the General, as he looked at the scars still slightly visible on the Doctor's hand, "reminds me of one of the horrors of

the war. A mansion in Alabama was deserted on the approach of our troops, a mere handful, and they again withdrew on the approach of the rebels, who had been driven from their entrenchments and lost a powder-mill. In several wagons, however, and of course at great risk, they had carried away most of their precious powder in flour barrels. It was stored in the cellar of this very mansion, with the intention of making a powder-house of the stateley old building. The rebels were, however, hurriedly called away, to do battle for their idea of a slave empire, and left their powder behind. The din of war rolled off further and further, and no one was left to make the inhabitants afraid. The family and its friends returned, and gayety and good humor were once more the lares of that hearthstone. They got up a dance, and sent down an old contraband, still "faithful found among the faithless," *because* he was old, to look up the good things hidden away when grim war was knocking at their doors. The violent notes, the dance, the merry laugh, went on above, the "ever faithful" went down below; and candle in hand, seeing a heap of *black sand*, he stuck the candle into it, to have his hands more free for the search, when a spark fell from the wick into the gunpowder—it was all burned up before they could put it out.

As the laugh went round, the General said, "Now, Fathom, it is your turn, a story or a song."

Fathom, who was attempting to boil a piece of beef, with the help of a little fire, in a box that stood for a caboose, with its bottom covered with nothing but ashes and sand, to keep it from taking fire, said, "I have neither tale nor solo; I am busy cooking and measuring the world."

"How do you do the latter," said the Dominic, "by rule, divining rod, or pan?"

"Judge ye! We are going to the Antipodes, to the farthest, extreme point from New York, that the world contains,

"Why," said the Dominic, "because we are bound for the *Holy Land*?"

"Not a bad hit," said Fathom; "but my answer is, that 'the other side of Jordan' is in Palestine, and New York is next to 'Hell Gate.'"

"What does he mean," said the little Dutchman?

Fathom was excused from both story and song, and went on with his cooking.

"I made a narrow escape," said 'Our Own,' "of going to the other side of Jordan last year, in a much less agreeable manner than our present cruise promises. It was hushed up, of course, at the time, in one of those 'moving accidents' called an American steamer. I was *en route* to St. Thomas, which the Secretary of State is trying to add as a planet to our fixed star; with its earthquakes, cyclones, Santa Anna's house for his fourteen wives, and other 'delicacies of the season.' I was sitting alone in the middle of the cabin when I heard the shuffling of feet overhead, and that jolly, fascinating cry when one is at sea, of 'Fire! fire!' I was cured of my sea-sickness at once. Mem.—sure cure for sea-sickness, set the ship on fire. I walked towards the companion-way, but hurried my movements slightly as I approached; for as I escaped up the steps and through the right-hand entrance, a volume of flame flashed in at the other.

"*Le diner est servi*," cried Fathom, with a low bow, holding a plate of beef in his hand, and with his mouth half full of a piece, he had in vain been trying to masticate, said, that animal was brought up on mineral lands.

"Why so, Fathom?"

"Alas! the ox-ide has gone all the way through."

With a laugh at the pun, the conversation was broken up, and, seated on the bulwarks, the combings of the hatchway, and the deck itself, we began opening the bags, sacks, and parcels, which we had hurriedly filled at the quays, stalls, and shops of Syra, and mostly without an interpreter; so that we secured rather what we could see than what we wanted.

With the cover of a little companion-way for a table, and wrapping paper for table cloth, our dinner was spread. There were pickles and poundcake, sardines and grapes, champagne and eggs, sponge-cake and the aforesaid beef, red wine and ground coffee, but, alas! no utensils to make it in. But we laughed at our housekeeping, called it a picnic as we were to 'rough it' in a sea voyage of only one night, and had the best of all condiments, hunger. Besides, it was a dinner in state, after all. Every isle we passed was a little cyclopedia of history, the glittering waves flashed about us, sparkling and gay, as if they were in their teens, without a tinge of the classic or antique. The myths of the Iliad were above us, and no point of the compass, but whence memories crowded, mythical and historic, sacred and profane.

Then, too, we had cheated the quarantine out of its victims, and we had a fair wind. With glorious appetite, with ten hungry travellers, to say nothing of liberal donations to the crew, the ship's cat and Cerberus, its dog, our little mounds of provisions vanished rapidly.

The Doctor opened the Heidseck, and as he poured it out, said, "I wish we could have a little foam on the Egean, as well as on this nectar. I have made seven sea voyages during the past ten years, and have had nothing but calms, or at most a stiff breeze. The ocean's a humbug, or very coy at showing herself to me in her sublime moods. I drink—

"Old Boreas in the imperative."

"Have a care, have a care," said Fathom. "Three wise men of old Gotham went to sea in a bowl, but I think that act did not prove their wisdom, and here are we nine, perhaps wise men of modern Gotham, at sea in a tub, but the nine had not the wisdom, nor the eyesight, to see, when chattering it, that there was no covering to the hatchway."

A little startled, they looked round, crying, "Nonsense!"

"Sense or nonsense," continued Fathom, "I have looked about the vessel

and pantomimed the captain; but "No!" is the answer. We are at sea in an open tub. However, a fair wind and snug run to-morrow, the outlook is not very frightful; and as the wine went round, the hatchway was soon forgotten.

The dinner went on, and ended gayly; we were all in good spirits; for were we not running the blockade, cheating the quarantine of its victims, saving four whole days to see Ephesus, look for the Temple of Diana, and the sites of some of the Seven Churches, to say nothing of other sights, where generations almost forgotten have left their marble and granite shadows to tell that they once were?

The sun went down as we ended our repast. The graver ones of our little band chatted of the strange phantasmagoria with which memory filled our surroundings, from Xerxes to the Knights of St. John, from St. Paul to Navarino, as they sailed over the waves which had borne the one, and witnessed the carnage of the other. While the younger and gayer surrounded "Our Own," who brought out his travelling companion in the form of a pretty mahogany accordion with keys, and the Egean was soon echoing back the college songs of Yale and Harvard. So passed the minutes, and gayly enough until bedtime. Bedtime, alas! Broken stone and sand in the hold, and planks in all other localities, were the beds which awaited our coming. Some crept down into the hold, where one could not stand upright, some into the triangular little hole, by courtesy called cabin, the rest on deck or in the long-boat; and so with shawls, stiff sail-cloth, and coats, each one his own chambermaid, we made such apologies for beds as we could devise.

The last lingering tinge of twilight had long since faded from the heavens. The echo of the last college song had died away over the classic sea. The crescent rose above the horizon, and with the stars was reflected and sparkled in the little waves. We were bound for the Holy Land, and the cres-

cent and the stars seemed to beckon us on, and say, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." And so the hours were away, some of us sleeping, some with wide open eyes gazing up to where those stars made the veiled mysteries of the heavens only more mystic with their light. And all thought or dreamed of our progress towards that land of promise, now lying like a corpse wrapped in the shroud—desolation which has come upon it, as well as of our progress from the West, and the loved ones to whom we might never return; or if we did, perhaps find flowers looking up from the covering of their bodies towards that heaven where their souls had been taken to everlasting rest.

How curiously Fate turns the kaleidoscope of humanity, while we the pieces, fixed in between the glasses called accident and circumstance, are tossed about, and meet in odd or beautiful contrasts of size and color, and so form the sometimes graceful, sometimes angular figures, from which Time weaves the world's human tapestry called social life.

In the *Prater*, where the noble and the wealthy of Vienna sun themselves behind their graceful steeds, where the humbler and the little one, of that gay city sport and drink, or perform equestrian feats on wooden horses, and witness the dramatic wonders of Punch and Judy, under the Gothic arches of old St. Stephen's, where for centuries grace has been invoked on the wicked capital, in the Imperial jewel office, where the great diamond of the world sheds its light, and sets the nations longing, and in gardens where lager and music give gross and godlike stimulus to the brain, a new turn of the kaleidoscope was made, and pieces from the far-away West were jostled together, to make a new social figure.

One was a correspondent from California, that *jeunesse dorée* of our social gathering of States. Another was from the young Giant City of the West, worn down with the hard, hard work

of holding the lines, and a curb-bit of piety in the mouth of a huge congregation, to keep it from bounding off recklessly to the Evil One and Hades. Others, of mercantile and engineering functions, were from the metropolis itself, where Belial's elect sit in the high places, and hardly attempt to put on even the garments of the children of light, to screen themselves while they serve their Master. Others were students from Yale and Harvard, and were looking with wide open and fresh eyes at the Eastern world, before making their more serious life ventures. Another was a war-stained General, tired of inaction and peace, and looking for fresh excitement. While last and least was the little Dutchman, who had made a little money in a little hotel, in an odd corner of Pennsylvania, and as he said, was making a little trip to see the Holy Land; why or wherefore, or for what object, we never could discover.—Nine Americans and the little Dutchman.—In the highways and byways of Vienna we had met, and discovering that each had the same object, that each had come untrammelled with feminine responsibilities, without mother or daughter, wife or sweetheart, and with but little baggage, ready to go smoothly, if the ways were smooth, or to "rough it" if they were not, we joined together in our journey towards the resting-place of the Ark of the Covenant, to where the burning bush grew and budded, to where the ladder rested whose top was above the clouds, toward that High Place of the earth's broad surface, where light celestial burst from its fountain-head, and illuminated a world.

We struck our tents in Vienna, and were soon whirling over the iron road to Basiasch and the Danube, then down that noble river, between the graceful hills and mountains which skirt its banks, and past the openings in the solid rock, which ages on ages ago the old Romans made to hold the ends of timber as supports for a river-side bridge round the perpendicular spurs of the mountains. Then were jolted hurriedly

round the rapids of the Danube in awkward little vehicles, in which our heads and the carriage-tops were boxing at every jolt. Then on in another steamer, passing the vessels of the Hungarian Danube, which looked mediæval with their high poops and bows and amidship almost at the waters' edge. Hence on to Rustchuk, and the single railway of Turkey, and through the green desolation of that country, where no house nor husbandman graces the bush-forest which covers the land, and so we reach Varna, the Black Sea, the steamship, and our first glimpse of Oriental life.

Oriental life! what a curious, strange, odd scene the deck of that steamer was to our unaccustomed eyes. A wooden paling cut off half of the quarter-deck, and there the women were penned away from contact with wicked men, their faces veiled, like vestals, from the vulgar gaze. On the main deck were piled boxes, bundles, beds, and crowded on them, and over every foot of the deck, were turbaned Mussulmans, those curious human compass-needles of the East, with Mecca for a North Pole, Dervishes in white robes, and hats like inverted flower-pots. Greek priests in black, lazy, languid, and grave. Soldiers in belts well studded with weapons. Traders of the East. Black, flat-nosed Nubians. "Parthians and Medes, Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia."

But we must hasten on and leave all that to dreams and memories. The Bosphorus is before us, and now we pass through that beautiful outlet, with its graceful fringes of palaces, harems, mosques, and mountains, to Para and Stamboul itself.

Ten days surrounded by its strange life, under its wonderful domes, in its picturesque bazaars, through its crowded cemeteries, with its spinning Dervishes, and amongst its harmless curs and sacred pigeons, we were amused, instructed, interested, and cheated, or had it attempted at every turn.

Again we turned our faces towards the South, passing through the Dar-

danelles, the Archipelago, and "those Isles of Greece" to the Piræus and Athens, and stood in the Parthenon and upon the Acropolis overlooking the fountain-head whence sprang the world's intellect, with marble memories about us, and the dust of ages at our feet. Marble memories? Yes. Graceful tombstones, too, over a dead nation, which being dead yet speaketh. She has left her legacy to a world which is enriched by it for all time; her testament is read of all men, and here is her sign manual in marble—Greece, her mark.

We know it was very naughty, improper and unclassic, but we went down from those shadows of the dead ages to the schools and shelters where thousands of the Cretans, old men and maidens, mothers and little ones, chased from their homes, were fed and cared for, and listened to the histories of their sufferings and the Greek songs of the bright-eyed school children with a profound and human interest, that the classic marble failed to create or bring from its depths. Heaven's blessing rest on every Western heart, for every holy offering it sent to this exiled, heroic, suffering people, as well as on those in the sunshine of whose tenderness they are dwelling for the time.

A fly in our pot of ointment. A cloud on our horizon much bigger than a man's hand. The clearer our sunshine the more certainly is there a shadow on the other side and touching us. All which means that the Austrian steamer from Trieste was to call for us *en route* to Smyrna, where we meant to remain five days to see Ephesus, and then take the steamer from Constantinople to the Holy Land, which stopped at Smyrna. All admirably arranged, *but*, the cholera was at Trieste, the steamer would be Quarantined at Smyrna, and we be locked up, or kept on board, until the other steamer had gone on without our contaminating presence, and we forced to linger behind for the better part of a month, waiting for another boat, to say nothing of the fact that the rainy season was approaching rapidly. Now any

good American will risk his life to catch a train or a boat, when the loss of only half an hour is the stake. Of course our sacred nine determined not to be kept back in that way; but in spite of Consuls, dragomans and line agents there was no help near. At last, and as a step in the right direction, we took a steamer to Syra, a commercial town and island in the Egean Sea, some sixty miles in the direction of Smyrna, hoping that something would turn up there, as we could be no worse off on the island. On a bright Sabbath morning, we were landed at Syra, upon its noisy quay, full of Greeks in their graceful costumes, becaped, betasselled, and with flowing trousers buttoning above, and falling double over the knee, crying their wares of luscious grapes, red pomegranates, and sweet melons. We rushed to the Consul, that helping hand abroad in time of trouble, but there was no help nor deliverance from the cholera steamer. No other passage boat, unless we returned to Constantinople, and went down the coast of Asia Minor, which we were pleasantly informed would take us longer still. So with one consent, but with much head-shaking on the part of the clericals, who were perhaps thinking of St. Paul's disastrous voyage, we appointed a committee of two to find out and charter a wind vessel for the voyage. Among all the hundreds which lined the wharf, and lay in the offing, one only was found which could be obtained, but that and its captain were endorsed by our Consul and our host. The captain, a Greek, through our dragoman, explained that the trip, with a strong, fair wind, would take some sixteen hours; or if the wind were more moderate, twenty-four. The charter was made out at twenty pounds sterling for the voyage, and the papers attested and signed. It was Sunday, however, and the clerical element in our party decidedly voted down any proposition to start on that day, so we passed the hours in becoming familiar with the manners and customs of the place, and, in the glorious twilight of

that favored clime, walked with the élite of the town, on its little promenade or park of three or four acres. Monday came at last, glorious as an army with banners, a day which seemed to be hardly made for sinners, unless sent to show them how perfect Heaven's work could be; and each of us took his sack, bag, or basket, and rambled as he pleased, in search for what he might desire to eat, or use on our little voyage. We were all in the highest spirits, having at last found a way to outwit the quarantine, and gain a fortunate four or five days to do Smyrna, and see the ruins of Ephesus. The hours rolled on, the wind continued fair, and we laughed at the dragomans' hints to take plenty of provisions. Reassembling, we bade good-by to our kind Consul and host, finally bought, (ominous purchase,) ten tumblers, and in a body went down to our "ship." Poor, tiny little ship, whatever there might be of future growth for it, at that moment it was but a babe in marine society. Forty-five feet keel, and twelve feet beam; why, without its masts it would stand in an ordinary New York parlor, and leave room for fair girls and frisky men to dance a German round it. Forty-five tons burthen; large enough to take a load across the Hudson river, if the wind were moderate. Less than one quarter the size of the yachts which made the Ocean race.

There were serious faces as we stepped on board, and more serious feelings underlying them. Suicide is an amusement much patronized by some, but even the worst will hardly argue for the right or propriety of committing it. Then if that be so heinous a crime, all deliberate putting of one's self in danger, without adequate moral cause, is of course in its degree wicked, and more than one of us looked doubtfully at our new home on the ocean wave. Having noted, however, the higher law of all good Americans, and having taken *le premier pas que coûte* by coming on board, those who doubted threw their doubts to the winds, or kept them locked up in their skeleton closets.

The ropes were loosened, the sails hoisted, the short, dumpy "long-boat" placed amidships, and we bounded by the lighthouse and the point, away from Syra and the Cyclades into the open sea.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Fathom, as he sat up in his long-boat bed, "I have bed *and* board here, and am a good deal bored by the bed. Why is our helmsman like the roots of a tree? It is not worth guessing, however, because he is furthest from the bows. I have been gazing for half of the long night at that beautiful crescent, which like an eider duck——"

"Eider duck! eider duck?" said the General, interrupting him. "Why is the moon like an eider duck?"

"Ah!" said Fathom, "you have spoiled all my poetry—like an eider duck, why, because it sheds light down, of course."

"For heaven's sake, Fathom," cried the General, "have pity on the dictionary."

"And on us too," said the Dominie, smiling gravely. "You are like some huntsmen, you mangle your word-game for mere sport."

"Don't get up a fourth Pun-ic war, gentlemen, on my account," said Fathom. "How did you sleep, Yale?"

"Sleep! *not* like a watch-dog, for I had both eyes open, and gazed at the stars until they winked and made faces at me. Slept? I have been shivering all night long, finally borrowed the captain's coat, but though he was out of it, his friends were not; and they were legion, ugh! I threw it off, and shivered all night in preference to wearing that. Roughing it is all very pretty to read about, but it don't pay."

Each one making such a breakfast as he chose or could, the hours were passed until dinner-time in chatting, hiding ourselves from the sunshine in the shadow of the sails or long-boat, and in looking eagerly for a glimpse of Asia Minor. At dinner-time we were decidedly less reckless and free with our provisions; all our champagne, too, had

gone; and on opening the red wine, we found that the Greeks of the lower empire had cheated us; it was all sour; so we gave the classic fishes of the Egean a treat, as Fathom said, a scaly one and suitable.

The dinner was again spread upon the companion-way, and taken from sacks and parcels much less plethoric than on the preceding day. We made a fair meal, however, as well as Puss and Cerberus, and were soon grouped about the deck, watching the setting sun and inhaling the twilight, as if it were a perfume or an ethereal essence. The atmosphere so clear, the lines on the horizon where the sun had gone down so delicately colored, that it seemed as if a presence were about us apart from ourselves, and communing with us of home and the land of promise here—of home and the land of promise there, where the stars were beginning to show themselves, and beckon us away, or impart the influence of their calm to the raging passions of a world upon which they were looking down, seemingly with pity, and yet with hope.

An hour passed so, when the accordion was brought out again, and college songs awakened the echoes, until we sought our downy couches. This night Fathom lay across the poop, behind the tiller, covered all over with a piece of stiff sail-cloth, when Cerberus in his mighty rounds, ran over him and startled F—— from his first doze. He sprang up uttering an anathema, snatched at the poor dog, caught that half of his tail which was not, and so our canine friend, by losing half of it in his youth, avoided being cut off in the midst of his days; for had all his tail been there he would on that fatal night have been ferried over the Styx, to join his namesake at the mouth of Hades. The hours passed on, and silence broken only by the ripple of the waves at the bows enveloped us, while we all dreamed of the luxury of a bath and a breakfast at Smyrna, and a sight of the shipping and mosques, with the morning light.

The third day dawned, the third without undressing, bath, or razor. We did not feel at all "nice;" worse still, the sails were hanging loose and without motion, the tiller was out of the Captain's hands, and still as death, the crew were idle or eating black bread; the boat stood as if set in adamant, we were in a dead calm. Lesbos, famed for its music, wine, and poetry, was far away on our left, Chios, which boasts of Homer's birth, far away on our right, and before us, just visible on the far horizon, like a mist, are the mountains of Asia Minor.

The outlook was disheartening enough. Blue, disappointed, gloomy, silent, we sat about the deck and bulwarks with the shrewd suspicion, that we should not be added to the number of those who "turned the world upside down" in going to the Temple of Diana. The glad air, the joyous sunshine, the clear atmosphere, the land in sight, were about and before us, but we took no note of any of them. Again the hours passed on like a fate, unhindered by man or demon, principality or power; but fortunately, as they passed, they brought with them the wind, and a fair one. We went on again towards the coast, which gradually loomed out of its misty shape into shore and rock and mountain, but no inkling of a city, with eye or glass, could we discover. And so the sun approached the horizon, and we the coast of Asia Minor; and though the sun sank in its crystalline effulgence, no eye was turned towards it. Lighthouses, minarets, and black hulls were what we longed for, as they that watch for the morning. Nearer and nearer we approached the beach, alas! it was only a beach; but even in our doubt, we laughed to see the Captain ascend our petty shrouds as a lookout for a city of two hundred thousand souls. Though less than a mile from the beach, we were still sailing on, but not a house nor a cottage was visible. A small boat was coming up behind us, our Captain hailed her. She came across our bows, a few Greek sentences passed between them, when our sailors

sprang to the halyards and sheets, drew in the mainsail, swung round the square sails, and in a few minutes we had turned and were scudding back the way we had come. On putting down an oar by the side of the vessel, bottom was touched; in five minutes more we should have been aground. We gazed at each other with the blankest of blank looks. A parcel of children of a larger growth lost in the Egean, lost in the labyrinth of the Grecian Archipelago! We had previously, with the help of intense pantomime, learned that the Captain had never been at Smyrna in his life. All our maps, charts, and guide-books were brought out and intensely examined, and the conclusion was that the distant hills were the site of the ancient Pergamos; evidently we had come to the wrong church. And if we were right, the blunder was that we had run up the north side of the long, long promontory which forms the gulf of Smyrna, while the gulf, with Smyrna at its extreme head, lies on the south side. Another night on the Egean. The accordion was brought out, but its music sounded like the marriage services, when the groom has fled. A hymn was proposed, "Where shall we go to seek and find." It broke down, however, at the end of the first stanza. Again the attempt was made with a new spiritual melody, "'Twas on that dark, that doleful night." The sounds floated gloomily away, the cat and dog slept, and the sailors looked blank and listless. Then we tried one less solemn, "Tell us wanderer, wildly roving." That might have been addressed to the Captain, but he made no sign, and we crept off to our holes and our boards, helpless, hungry, disheartened, and glum. The wind being ahead, the anchor was cast, and we lay under the shadow of the church which dwelt "even where Satan's seat is," wearily waiting for the morning light.

The wind veered during the night, and blew freshly from the east a "stiff breeze." The anchor was taken up, all sail set to the last inch, and before daylight we were dashing along at a fine

pace back over our wake of the preceding day. One after another, the forlorn-looking passenger list made its appearance on deck, having been roused about daylight by the unusual motion, and the careening of the vessel.

Fathom's head appeared above the long-boat, and he said "How are you?"

Morning is like marriage, it generally makes the sun apparent, but this one is barren. The clouds indeed covered the sky, and a mist was rising, shadows of the coming rainy season. Most of the company, between hard fare and a pitching boat, were not a little sick. So they stood gazing into the waste of waters silent and helpless, when quick as thought, like the bursting of a mine, or the flash of a gem, we were struck by a squall, which threw the vessel on its beam ends, and nearly careened her over. The sailors sprang to the peak and throat-halyards, loosened them, and down came the mainsail by the run, the foretop-sail, and top-gallant were loosened, and were fluttering and snapping in the wind. The ballast was shifted in the hold, and a coil of small chain cable rolled down against the Doctor's legs, who was lying on his board half-sick, and fastened him down by his coat-tail. The long-boat was shifted, and the lashings of the water-cask broken, and it was dashed against the bulwarks. Those who were near sprang after that, and saved a few gallons of its contents, the rest with a single turn having been dashed over the deck, and those who were near, as well as on the dog, who was asleep in a coil of rope. Cerberus bounded up; for a moment he looked round, then seemed to take in the situation at a glance. His mutilated tail stood erect, his eye seemed to say, I have a duty to perform, and am ready, and he sprang forward towards the bowsprit, with a deep growl in his throat. The waves had increased, and were dashing at the bows. He sprang at the bulwarks with a loud bark, when the foam of a great wave came over, choked down the bark, and knocked Cerberus back against the "traveller," along which he slid, and brought up

against the jib sheet. Again he sprang up, his soul in arms, and eager for the fray, to be knocked down again by the next wave; then sprang up, put his paws on the bulwarks, and barked defiance to Neptune, until the next wave came and choked his utterance. After a few minutes he came back, wagged his half tail, looked as if he would say, "Be men, see what a dog can do," and lay down as one who had done his duty and leaves the rest to heaven.

The affair in itself would have been serious and startling under any circumstances; but with an open hatchway, there was danger of our going under at any moment. The shifting of the ballast, too, and chain cable had made the vessel "crank." The mainsail was drawn in with difficulty, the fore-top-sail and top-gallant were lowered, and the gale increased every minute as we scudded along under foresail, jib, and flying-jib, on, on into the open sea. The Doctor, finally extricating himself from the cable, crawled up sick and suffering, and throwing his shawl on the wet deck, lay helplessly upon it, as the spray blew over him, bracing himself with his back against a trunk and his knees against the bulwarks. The others were holding by the shrouds, halyards, anything which would keep them from being thrown about; all but the General and "Our Own," who were reported "horribly sea-sick" below.

The gale increased, no covering to the hatchway, and a Captain who did not know his route. We watched the swelling waves with beating hearts, as each one struck and lifted the vessel on high, and we watched the Captain with keen, doubting glances, to see his handling of the boat, in fear that he was no seaman, as well as ignorant of the way. We drove on and on before the wind. The little Dutchman cried, "Oh! that I had never left my wife and baby," and hid himself in the hold, pale and frightened, and made tea, as he held the apparatus in his hand, to keep it from being thrown down by the pitching boat, and scalded his mouth as he tried to allay his fear by drinking it

hotter than ever. The air had become filled with watery mist, blown about by the wind, now lifting and showing us a rockbound island mountain in the distance, then coming down again and shutting out all things from view. Our tiny bark drove on—suddenly, as before, a more tremendous gust came down upon us, and, with a report like a pistol shot, our canvas was torn to pieces, and we were in the trough of the sea, while sounds very like curses came from between the Captain's clenched teeth.

"But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind against it, called Euroclydon.

And when the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive."

"In those regions unknown o'er that desert of air,
Down that desert of water, tremendous in wrath,
The storm-wind Euroclydon leaps from his lair,
And cleaves through the waves of the ocean his path."

The storm king was upon us. Our little nest of beams and planks, in which we were helpless birds of passage, rolled and tossed, pitched and danced on the mad ocean. It was thrown about like a child's plaything, and staggered like a drunken man. The topmasts above us flashed about as if they were playing at swordfence with some one in the clouds. The sea was white with foam, the waves dashed at the bows, and the foam ran down the deck. The spray and the mist filled the air, the wind howled and screamed, while the curious cross seas met and sputtered and hissed, as if they were fighting. If we shipped a sea, if our little shrouds or smaller forechains gave way, if we went on the lee shore, now rapidly approaching, we were doomed. If, if—we are surrounded by them, at every step of our little lives; but here they were so real, so probable, so imminent. Again, should the gale turn to a hurricane, which from its fierce, vicious, gusty character, seemed probable every moment, we should not be able to wear ship on a lee shore, but would lose our sails, and be dashed to pieces on the rock-

bound Lesbos island. By good management at the helm, we had so far saved our foresail, closely reefed, and flying-jib, the latter not reefed, as any attempt to go out on the bobstay for that purpose would have been a madness that was not attempted. We wore ship without splitting our canvas, fortunately, for there was a momentary lull, then the gale came down again, as furious as ever.

At first we had but little time to think, we were watching the Captain, or lending a helping hand in hauling, or securing the long-boat and water-cask. Now we held to the shrouds, gazing at the great waves as they came rolling in on us; and as every now and then a greater one came, clutched more tightly at the ropes, and drew a quick inspiration as it struck us, careening us over, and lifting the vessel on its huge crest.

The "bitterness of death" is probably seldom felt in the fact of dying, but comes in the earlier stages of disease, when the faculties are strong, and have not lost their vitality nor sensitiveness to suffering, when the moral eye sees as through a convex lens, how much is left in leaving, how vast the unknown mystery into which we are about to plunge. So, too, when death comes in the midst of life, by fire, steam, or wreck, when Life and Death have their hand to hand grapple. The real bitterness is probably neither in the dying nor in the struggle with the pump, the hose, the hatchet, the raft, amid the screams, the shrieks, and the tumult. As long as there is something to be done, it takes away from the bitterness of death, for the struggle is hope, or we should not struggle. That effort occupying the mind, as well as the danger, but after all has been done, no hope left, and death looms upon us inevitable, inexorable, then the heart's treasures become refined gold, then the Lares and Penates are worshipped, then the loved ones are clung to, or remembered, with a yearning that passes the love of woman, and the bitterness comes in all its agony, before the final struggle, or the last gasp.

So, too, with the bitterness of danger. If there be occupation, if we can fight the approach of a possible doom, it is a notable relief; for we shrink from measuring the height and depth and breadth of our clinging to life, and to our heart's treasures. When that is over, however, and we can do nothing but wait with our anxious hearts, to see if it be annihilation, that heaven has commanded, and helplessly watch the approach of the destroyer, then comes the bitterness of danger in its profounder scope.

Wearry, seasick, heartsick, with feelings akin to remorse at our foolish recklessness, with silence like an atmosphere or a garment about us; for even the Captain, by a nervous gesture, ordered his crew without an uttered word, we drove on into the chaos of mist. And were there no wet eyes, as the little bark labored on in that maelstrom, where the spray and the clouds and the mist shut out all things but themselves? Possibly! If they were, they were not probably born of timidity nor fear, they were rather the plummets which show how unfathomable are the "lower depths" which are covered by the wavelets of our ordinary life.

The sites of the Seven Churches were behind us, hot, cold, or lukewarm, we cared but little. The Dervishes were on our right, turning to the glory of Allah, but they made none of our thoughts. Before us were the marbles of Athens, engraved with the memories of ages, how little and far away they seemed. The air was full of the phantoms of past myths, but they were less than naught. While on our left was the wake of St. Paul's much tossed ship. Ah! there was a point on which the wind could dwell, and cling to, until it seemed to the imagination almost a white light at our side, in which we tried to read the Apostle's prophecy again, "There shall be no loss of any man's life among you."

The change in Fathom was more marked than in any of us. He stood in the spray or lay on the deck, all his elasticity gone, his humor vanished, his

gayety turned to a blank, silent seriousness. The change in any one, whose manner is very pronounced, always has its effect on those he associates with, and our depression was not lessened by the change in him. He lay across the poop bracing himself, as well as he could, to keep from being thrown from his place, and at intervals symptoms of the approaching paroxysm of seasickness were visible. We had been driving on in the gale some six weary hours, when turning his head, Fathom said in a slow, solemn manner, "Men and brethren!" They were the first words which had been spoken for hours, and we looked round with a feeling of pity. "Men and brethren, at any moment we may have all the links broken, which bind us to the earth, and have to say or sigh a sad farewell to all we cherish. It is strange that over this possible and unstable graveyard, with waves for mounds, where no monument would stand long enough to read the first word of its inscription, that the subject of monumental marbles should so take possession of my mind. Hints, too, about marbles may seem foolish, when we would be only too glad to put our feet in a quarry of sand, still you may live to profit by it, and I will speak." We looked at him again, somewhat puzzled. He continued. "Do any of you drink costly wine? I would put over them a monument of auriferous quartz. Are any of you Methodists? I would plant a soapstone monument about them, for Wesley says, cleanliness is akin to godliness, and Heaven knows in that way we are great sinners. If any of you be lovers, then sienites should tombstone your resting-place. And if any of you should lose a little one, oh then gneiss rock should tenderly rest over it. But how they crowd upon me, the air seems full of monuments. When I was made, a merchant of some marble yard was ruined. See; for a pugilist I would put up pumice stone, for a water-cure patient, whetstone, for a shoemaker cobble-stone, for a horse curb-stone, for a professor of

the sword, stone-fence, for a prude, 'dressed' stone of any kind."

It became more and more an effort for Fathom to speak; a lurch of the vessel brought his head over the rail, and the next few moments of his life are illustrated by Byron's odd rhyme to the Euxine.

The laugh which this absurd burst brought from us did us good, at least those who were well enough to heed, and we felt more indifferent, especially as the boat had proved herself to be a strong one, and the Captain was evidently a good and never-wearying sailor. For sixteen long, seemingly endless hours, the gale drove on. As night came we huddled together in the hold, now the only habitable place on board.

Morning came to us at last, and the forlorn, lugubrious night had gone, but though the gale was not so violent, the wind blew down the gulf of Smyrna so fiercely, that we could not enter it, nor turn towards our haven; so we took long stretches of some twenty miles up and down the open sea, waiting for the wind to temper itself to our capacity.

At twelve the wind abated just enough to enable us to enter the gulf, and make a little headway by long, slow tacks across it. In the middle of the afternoon, almost as suddenly as the storm came upon us, there was a lull, and then a dead calm. The waves went down, and the boat stood motionless, after a gale of sixteen, a storm of thirty-six, and a fast of forty-eight hours.

Most of us reacted from our sea-sickness almost at once, and that was succeeded by intense hunger; but with all that we could collect, of chips or sticks about the boat, it took two and a half tedious hours before we could boil our few remaining potatoes. At last they were done, our two plates were brought out, the potatoes put in one, and our last two little boxes of sardines in the other; the bread was all sour, and could not be eaten. There we stood, clergy and laity, our fingers dropping fatness in the form of oil from the little fish, and by common consent made one of the most dainty meals of our lives, and,

delicious nectar, we had about a gallon of water left.

Again night came on, and the calm continued. At midnight, however, a wind sprang up, in the morning we joyfully opened our eyes to find the vessel anchored before Smyrna, "and the evening and the morning were the sixth day." *The sixth day!* It seemed long enough to us to have made a world even without a miracle.

Yale had a nettle rash all over him, and was sick. The General was ill for some time afterwards, and "Our Own" did not get over it for months.

We collected, on deck, such a soiled, unwashed, unshaved, forlorn, miserable looking set of *gentlemen*, it would be difficult to find the world over.

We clutched at the first dragoman we could find afloat, and with a desperate longing for fresh water, fresh linen, and fresh food hurried through the narrow streets scattering fig-packers, donkey-boys, any thing, in our efforts to get to a hotel, baths, and breakfast. "Ah!" said Fathom, as he finished his last mouthful; "in our world-school, reading, writing, and sigh-for-ing is the lesson to the bitter end, but for once I am content."

Water, food, linen, a call at the bankers, and on we hurried to the wharf and the steamship, just as she was about sailing. And so we escaped the quarantine, getting off minus comfort, minus safety, minus Ephesus, minus everything but that success. Asia Minor, the sites of the Seven Churches, the Temple of Diana, all were a dead letter to us; but we had avoided the quarantine, and caught the steamer, and to all we looked a longing, lingering, yet happy farewell.

Over the gulf, over the wake of our tossing bark, by the old homes of the knight-heroes at Rhodes, over the track of St. Paul, by the wine-island of Cyprus, we journeyed on towards Palestine—towards the Land of Promise—sanctified and set apart—the earth's holy of holies.

It makes life look more serious, real, earnest, meaning-full, to have the prow

of one's bark turned towards the Holy Land, with the New Testament for a guide-book. It seems as if, at any moment, a still, small voice might whisper in our hearts, "put off thy shoes from off thy feet."

And so we went on our way, Calvary and hope before us; behind us, not the Destroying Angel with lightning, but the Warning Angel with light, who had spoken in the wrath of the fierce Euroclydon.

SUMMER SNOW.

I THINK that we Northerners never fully come to enjoy snow, or learn to appreciate its inexhaustible wealth of beauty. It is too closely linked with winter, with the seeming death and burial of nature, to be looked upon, or thought of, as other than a visible sign of the destructive agencies that war forever with the creative. We feel that it is somehow an intruder, and we are glad when it is gone. It is otherwise with Summer Snow. It is a mighty power made manifest, not directly and among us, numbing the earth into hoary senility, but apart from, and above us, in silent might. There is an unfitness in its presence, as it jostles the warm, fresh life of wide-awake nature that is strangely fascinating. You feel this as you look on the uplifted snows that whiten so gloriously in the far-off vistas of Church and Bierstadt, and it is this that draws one to the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, and the Alps; the last being the most accessible of these for making a close acquaintance with Summer Snow.

Switzerland is commonly called a used up country by the present generation of travellers, a land of beaten ways and trite novelties, a land whose nakedness has been spied out and written in many books. But even if it be a well-reaped field, there are here and there chance ears, hidden by the wall-side rankness, left for the wary gleaner. He must either be a careless looker-on, or have been marvellously diligent in former searchings, who fails to find something new in retracing old paths. I grant that Switzerland is worn thread-

bare; but strike out the inns, the diligences, the food, the fleas, and all the rest that makes up a traveller's tale, and there still remains the wild attraction of the snow, with which, somehow or other, we never seem to get face to face till we actually see it for ourselves.

There is a wide difference in the ways of seeing things, whether from a wholly independent stand-point, or through the media of preconceived ideas. In one case an air of personality is lent to narratives of travel, much as I might attempt to describe a mirror, by giving graphic details of the most prominent object seen therein, to wit, myself. In the other it is like gazing at a beautiful landscape through a dust-streaked, finger-marked pane of distorted glass. Much individuality in the writer tends to produce the former effect; the absence of it, and a meek obedience to the conventionalities of travel give rise to the latter kind. Tourists are apt to bring away one or both of these classes of impressions, and especially so from Switzerland, where they see what is customarily seen, and remember it much as they pack away the carved woodwork of the Oberland, and file their hotel-bills as souvenirs of their voyage. Perhaps I might generalize more broadly, and say that impressions of mountain districts correspond in the main to the two great divisions of tourists, the riders and the walkers. With one class distant landscapes give place to proximate hotels, the natives rank as guides, beggars, or impostors, and the red-bound Murrys are mercilessly thumbed and scored with mnemonic interlineations

Sketch-books and diaries are affected by the female of this species. The tramp avoids all these associations, and treads quiet by-ways and smooth meadow-alps, or wanders in lonely stretches of ice, bringing himself close to the beauty and grandeur of the hills. Remember, I don't claim a romantic, sentimental perfection for the tramp, everything is not halo-crowned for him; he must undergo his little swindles and vexations, and swear as energetically at times as milor, who travels in his roomy carriage with madame and their brick-cheeked daughters; only his annoyances do not make up the sum total of his travels, as do milor's. He has to endure far more fatigue than milor, and, probably experiences on the whole a greater number of discomforts; but these are more than balanced by a keener enjoyment of what he sees, a sort of ownership in what comes to him by hard labor, so that the account is decidedly in the tramp's favor. Some natures take to tramp-life more kindly than others, particularly those in which the boy and the vagabond are judiciously mixed. I think I must be of these, for after a fair trial of both schools, I vote for tramping.

In the old times, before I tried it on my own account, I must confess I had but a dim conception of what a real live tramp looked like. I evolved an ideal, partly Kaulbach's and partly my own, of a wild, long-haired being, in a strange garb somehow different from that of ordinary mortals, though in what respects I never was very clear in my own mind, clambering up bouldery paths, with a fierce, vehement stride, and singing wierd German wails to the big-eyed chamoix, that peered from behind rocks and over snow-ledges. This ideal shared the fate of many others, it never was realized; in fact, I think, we must all confess to disappointment on finding that humanity everywhere is much the same, and that the store-pipe hat holds sway from Amsterdam to Athens. The tramp is like any other tourist, with the exception of a few noteworthy accessories. His garments

are of tweed, of neutral color and serviceable texture; his hat a slouchy felt with a veil twisted around it turban-wise, and his shoes are brogans, a few sizes too large, bristling with square iron spikes like the heads of horse-shoe nails, that bite firmly on all surfaces from sloping turf and waterworn rock, where the danger of slipping is greatest, to glacier ice, which, oddly enough, is the safest of all. His accessories look to his thorough enjoyment of the delightful vagabondage of the hills, the only form of bondage that is tolerable. To do this he should be a tramp in deed as well as in name, and should endeavor to be all things to himself—his own guide and porter—hence the necessity of a knapsack and alpen-stock. His needs and baggage must be reduced to the minimum, so that the weight of his flabby knapsack of gray or checkered water-proof cloth should not exceed ten or twelve pounds. When new to the business he is apt to overload himself; indeed it is hard to refuse the inviting elasticity of his knapsack, but extra weight soon tells, and the superfluous articles are discarded by degrees till the load is just sufficient to draw back the shoulders pleasurably without causing the body to stoop forward. It is surprising how primitive one becomes in tramp-life; I have seen a week's hard walking, with chalet sleeping, and two snow-passes thrown in, undertaken on a tooth-brush and comb; and if the hair be cropped, half of this can be dispensed with. For a long tramping spell, say of two months' duration, the tramp should carry in his knapsack an extra pair of trousers, thin shoes, a flannel shirt, thick woollen socks of the kind favored by octogenarian and rheumatic feet, and a few toilet articles, especially soap, which is never found on the Continent, and put the rest on his person. When the knapsack is packed, run a small umbrella through it, and the tramp's baggage is complete. Besides this, his pockets must be roomy, even baggy, capable of carrying a guide-book, a map of the district, a leather drinking-cup, a compass, an omnisci-

dent knife, dog-skin gloves, snow-goggles of green glass, and a sandwich with a few lumps of sugar, to form his noon-day lunch by some swaying waterfall. A pocket-flask is often carried, but is not indispensable, as I soon found out. I first filled mine with brandy, sank to the only substitute I could find—kirschwasser, a death-at-forty-rods compound—tried strong tea for a day or two, and broke the flask at last, with a feeling of relief at having less weight to carry.

To complete the outfit, comes the alpenstock, whereof are two kinds, agreeing with the two classes of travellers separated above. The rider's stock is light, graceful, and thin, highly polished, shod with a natty iron point, and capped by a rosewood knob, out of which sprouts a chamois horn, like an inverted capital J, with the terminal knob whittled off to a sharp point. At each village, mountain, or point of interest, some ex-guide or chamois-hunter, with great inventive power, as shown in his carvings and his stories of adventure, puts money in his purse by branding the name of the spot in scorchy brown letters that chase each other in a shaky helix from the knob downward. This person's ingenuity is not to be baffled by difficulties of orthography; give him a name orally, and he will at once reproduce it according to his own phonetic ideas—Garvaix being the phonogram for Jarvis on one occasion. I am sorry to say that the branded testimony of an alpenstock is not always trustworthy; it is not even necessary to carry the staff in person to win it. I have often seen family parties on mule-back traversing some well-worn pass, such as the Tête Noire, while a toiling guide, trudging by the head of the foremost brute, bears the collected staves in a bundle on his broad shoulders, like a lictor. In fact it is even needless trouble to visit the desired spot, for at many of the larger towns, and notably so at Chamounix, the ambitious traveller may have all Switzerland twisted around his alpenstock for a few francs. The tramp's staff is different, being of

hard wood, almost wrist-thick. Branding, besides being valueless as a proof, tends to weaken it, therefore his staff is plain. The knob and horn have a way of coming off at the first strain, therefore his staff is knobless. The dainty little point may twist or afford an insufficient hold on a slope, where to slip is to slide down a few thousand feet to shapeless, mangled death, therefore his staff terminates in a ponderous spike of tough steel, four inches long. Better still is a stout ice-axe, for armed with it the tramp is independent of the guide fraternity, except in the highest zones. Its head is shaped into a broad chisel-like blade on one side, with a six-inch pick of tempered steel on the other, and is attached to a staff of seasoned ash, nearly four feet long, splked at the nether end. The first time I saw a glacier-axe, I called to mind an instrument of my baby-gardening days, in which hoe and rake were ingeniously combined, the rake, however, being by much use and sundry miscalculated shocks, reduced to one tooth.

The next thing is to bring the tramp into training. A disposition to puff and blow on every gentle slope must be repressed and finally subdued. A habit of walking briskly for five minutes and resting ten is pernicious, and not to be encouraged, neither is it advisable to begin with a thirty or forty mile walk, and then devote a week to resting the body, and healing the blistered feet. The knowing tramp begins by making haste slowly, and in a week or ten days his lungs become inured to the new order of things, his shoulders cease to ache from the pressure of his knapsack straps, his calf muscles grow knotty, and his feet harden abnormally. Training and tramping may be combined by a judicious selection of route, say from Lucerne over the Rigi, and to the lovely Engadine region, whose charming valleys and tortuous bridle-paths afford ample practice-ground. My pleasantest associations are with the Engadine—its wild scenery—its primitive people, almost free from goitre, and, therefore, pleasanter to look upon than the in-

habitants of the Rhone Valley—its incomprehensible *Romantsch* language, believed to be allied to and sprung from the long-dead Phœnician—which reduced me to pantomime and hieroglyph for making known my wants—and its clean *châlet* taverns and excellent, though ludicrously cheap fare. I have supped well, slept soundly in a bed white as a snow-drift, breakfasted off eggs and veal with really good coffee, and filled my pocket with a sandwich, and my flask with *kirsch* at a round cost, service included, of three and a half francs.

The tramp, as I take it, walks simply for the pleasure of walking; he is not an artist, botanist, or geologist, but unites the enjoyment of all three, stopping now to linger over a marvellous hazy distance, now climbing to gather the bright *Saxifraga* from some rock-cleft overhead, or halting to read the strange story of the rocks without hammering them to death to rob them of their secrets. Thus he plods on, gaining strength day by day, and with it an ambition to achieve higher things. Valleys and rock-passes, broad roads, mule-tracks, and foot-paths no longer please him as at first, and he yearns for a nearer knowledge of the drifted peaks above him. Besides, the summer influx of travel becomes too strong for him, he does not like to herd with the masses. On his way from *Lauterbrunnen*, where the *Dust Fall* hung a thousand feet above him in the gray day-break, to *Interlaken* he meets on the highway, between six and eight o'clock in the morning, one hundred and six *voitures*, vagous, charrs, *cabriolets*, *droschkys*, and other wheeled monstrosities, each freighted with from two to six tourists, with open guide-books, all bound to stare the *Staubbach* out of countenance. He seeks to escape from the sight-seers of the *Oberland*, who are unendurable, and the natives, who are a little more so, for they have an eye to the main change in all their dealings. He therefore makes *Zermatt* his goal, and quits the land of closed gates with chubby toll-gatherers; of puffy performers on six-foot *alp-horns* (if you have never

heard this instrument, pray that you never may); of carvings and live *mar-mots* and crystals, weighing six pounds or so, which are offered to the tramp as being portable for the knapsack, and handy to have about the house; and, worse than all, of big hotels and bigger bills.

To reach the Rhone Valley, he traverses the *Gemmi*, a snowless, barren gulch, heaped up with ruins of awful rock-slides that aptly recall *Dante's* descent to the Seventh Circle. To this succeeds the mighty wall of the *Daube*, to whose upright face clings the narrow path while at its base drowns the village of *Leukerbad*. The baths here are made singular by the custom of socially pickling patients in great tanks, wherein they sit, *Tantalus*-like, with chins touching the hot water. Here they are left, for a few hours, free to converse, or play chess, or read books, that rest on little floating racks, or, unlike *Tantalus*, to eat and drink from rafted tea-trays. Keeping on across the broad *Valais* the unpickled tramp ascends a charming dell to *Zermatt*.

Above him, on all sides, is Summer Snow enough to realize his wildest dreams, although he is fresh from the giants and glaciers of the *Oberland*. The village of *Zermatt* is a cluster of rain-stained *châlets* of squared larch logs, kneeling round a little white spire, roofed with shiny tin that has grown rusty in streaks, and watched over by a great white hotel, the contrast showing that paint is here a tribute paid only to religion and tourists. Above the hamlet is the jagged edge of a pale, blue glacier that has sunk down into the valley to die. Above that, cutting off the upper world as with a knife, stretches a sheet of thin morning clouds. They are rising; let us watch, perhaps we may get a view. They grow thinner, they break, and the sun floods the valley. Is that a cloud among the clouds, yonder, to the south, with smooth white outline? It is too high in air, too far away, to be a mountain. Watch it, it does not move and fade like the rest, it is left standing alone, it

is one of the peaks of the mighty Penine chain. Look behind you, the mountain mass has leaped into the air, and hangs there, a tower of rock, toppling as to its fall. It is apparently a pyramid, almost as truly angled as Cheops' mausoleum, but steeper. The face that looks down upon us is a smooth, sombre crag, flecked with white here and there, where the snow has found a dizzy foot-hold. The northern side, that on the right hand, is banked with a colossal drift, broken half way down by a vapory wreath that clings amorously to the strength of the hills. Down that sheer slope of four thousand feet fell the unfortunate Douglas and his companions, and there he sleeps, tombed in eternal ice, with the Matterhorn for his headstone.

It was not without a feeling of keen disappointment that I learned to class this mountain among optical illusions. From Zermatt, the Riffl, and the Hörnli, the usual points of view, it is a sharp pyramid, seemingly inaccessible. But seen from the mountains to the south-east, especially from the Little Matterhorn, its outline changes, and it becomes a long, rising crest, sloping up from the west, and ending in the awesome cliff that lords the valley. Even the ridge that sinks toward Zermatt is not nearly so steep as it seems, and over this Lord Douglas' party climbed. After carefully studying the accounts of that and subsequent ascents, I am inclined to think that the Matterhorn is not an unusually difficult peak, and, so far from being very dangerous, is comparatively safe, because, almost free from avalanches. Had the three expert mountaineers of the party, Mr. Whymper, Mr. Hudson, and Lord Douglas, made the ascent with the three guides they took, an accident would have been almost impossible. But they admitted a comparative novice to their number, without increasing the force of guides. Although Mr. Hadow had scaled Mont Blanc, he was devoid of that first requisite of a cragsman, a steady head—and unless a man can stand on the unprotected eaves of a four-story house

with his toes beyond the edge, and look unmoved to the base of the wall, he is entirely unfit for high climbing. It is customary to rope a party together, an amateur being between two guides, whose instinctive watchfulness can detect a slip almost before it has fairly happened, and whose stout hands can check it by tightening the cord. In this case, however, the best guide, Michel Croz, went before, followed by Mr. Hadow, Mr. Hudson, and Lord Douglas, after whom came Mr. Whymper between the two remaining guides. Mr. Hadow, though nervous, had got along well enough on the ascent; but a cliff that is safe and easy on the upward climb seems to overhang awful depths of nothingness when looked at from above downward, and in descending, his nervousness was greatly increased. When they reached the worst place, not far from the summit, where steeply shelving rocks were coated with a thin layer of ice from melting snow above, the guide Croz had to lead him, and set his foot in its proper place at every step. He slipped, notwithstanding this precaution—or, perhaps, in consequence of it—and overthrew Croz, and their fall dragged down the two amateurs who followed. The next guide in line, a sturdy chamois-hunter, named Peter Taugwalder, with the instinct of his craft, braced himself against the rock with a cry that warned Mr. Whymper, and the two waited the shock. I try to fancy the instant of horrible suspense that ensues as the rope tightens to a rigid line, and snaps in the middle with a dull, faint thud. I try to fancy the awful eternity of anguish when the doomed men realize that hope is lost, and feel life with all its joys slipping from the blind and frantic clutch of their torn hands. It is singular that one of the Taugwalders, who thus escaped death as by a miracle (though it was unjustly rumored that he cut the rope), should have been drowned last summer in a little tarn near Zermatt, while those who stood by were unable to assist him.

The catastrophe that followed the first ascent invested the Matterhorn for

a time with a superstitious attribute of invulnerability, and guides and tourists alike dreaded to attack its ill-omened crest. This passed away, and while I was at Zermatt last August, Mr. Craufurd Groves returned from a successful climb, undertaken from the Italian side, over the long ridge I have spoken of, and, later in the season, two more ascents were made, almost without difficulty; in one of them a young girl, of nineteen, got within a few hundred feet of the summit. I think the Matterhorn will hereafter take rank with Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Finster-Aarhorn as one of the regular show-peaks of the Alps, though, like these, only to be attempted by cragsmen of nerve and endurance.

To see Summer Snow at close quarters, and in all its phases, it is sufficient to scale Monte Rosa, or some easy peak in its neighborhood. Having equipped and trained a tramp, and brought him to Zermatt, we may as well follow him in his climb. I will take the liberty of giving him a capital T and calling him Our Tramp. He may be abstract, concrete, or impersonal, myself or anybody you please, it is all one to me or to you.

Our Tramp decides on Monte Rosa, and as it is a climb of the first magnitude, he stands in need of a good guide. He calls upon the jovial host, whose French is so very German, and whose English is so very un-English, and is introduced to a throng of guides who hang about the hotel-porch. Some are apparently ready to start at a moment's warning, and stand, axe in hand, with a coil of rope around their necks, as if they were traitors and doomed to hang, draw and quarter themselves. Others are only to be distinguished from their humbler brethren, the herdsmen, by a little sprig of a rare *Gnaphalium* in their hat-bands. Its *immortelle*-shaped flowers only bloom on the hardest crags, and its exact habitat is a mystery to me; I never came across it in all my floral hunts, and was driven to the degrading expedient of secretly buying a tuft for my own hat.

The guides form a guild, they have a

fixed tariff, and there is but little competition among them. A tourist seeking a companion for a dizzy but of work, may pass from one to another, questioning and scrutinizing each in turn, and finally make his choice with as much freedom as if selecting a hat. Our Tramp turns over the whole stock, and picks out a man of about his own size, for the guide may fall into a crevasse, and have to be hauled out by main force, so it will not do to have him too solid. His knotty muscles indicate strength; his broad chest, lungs; his sharp eyes, quickness; and his slowish speech, judgment. His name, too, Franz Biner, is in his favor; it shows a blending of Teutonic and Gallic blood, the best for a soldier or guide. His speech also bewrayeth him, by its singular entanglement of the two tongues. Franz accepts his new owner—our Tramp being strictly his master until their connection is dissolved—and follows him about in a dog-like way. His first act is to examine our Tramp's hobnails and mutter "*Pas assez scharf!*" after which he takes him to the local Crispin to be rough-shod anew.

High above Zermatt is the Riffelberg, a rounded pasture cliff or alp, the term "*alp*" strictly meaning an elevated meadow. On this is a hotel, serving as a starting-point for most of the many ice-excursions in the neighborhood, and to it our Tramp climbs with his faithful guide. Franz is fully equipped with ice-axe, rope, a shaggy haversack of hairy hide for provisions, and a huge canteen for wine. The path is rocky, but practicable for horses, and mounts through larches that grow smaller and more stunted, until the line of tree growth is reached and passed. Above it is grass, and, before the cows graze them away, a mint of golden flowers. The hotel is good, better than the shanties that disgrace our own Mt. Washington and Moosilauk. The fare is Canaanitic, for Switzerland flows with milk and honey, and with these our Tramp flows himself and retires. Franz does the same, withdrawing to a hay-loft above the cows. If it is clear, they

are to start at two o'clock, by starlight. It is chilly at that height, 8,428 feet; and two unmistakable Englishmen have exchanged the opinions, that it is jolly uncomfortable, and brutal cold.

Time passes, and a pattering sound breaks the stillness. It pours. The expectant mountaineer grows misanthropic. Daylight comes down in the fog. A few superhopeful voyagers puddle up in the fog. They say it looks like clearing down there, but nobody believes them. It rains. A crowd is gathered around a dismal, white porcelain stove, which swallows wood insatiably and grows barely lukewarm. Letters are written till the stock of stationery gives out, and that resource has to be abandoned. Every body growls.

It pours and pours. Noah's ark is generally believed to have heaved to behind the Gorner Grat, waiting for the interminable fog to lift. A few Tauchnitz novels, that have been washed up on that desolate cliff by the tide of visitors and stranded, are devoured with due patience. The light, never very bright, fades away, candles come in, more milk and honey flows, and bedtime comes.

On the third day it clears, and the last wreath that hung on the Matterhorn melts into the blue. More of this strange peak is seen from this point than from the valley, and its pyramidal form is better defined, rising squarely from the general level of the mountains around it. Four sketches are made of it on the spot, two in colors. Stragglers come up the Rifel, some on foot, with soaking collars and puffing lungs, some on mules, with portmanteaus wobbling on the crupper, and yet others in chaises-à-porteurs. The hotel is soon overfull, the table-d'hôte is crowded, elbows are in the way and food out of it, and it is a relief to secede before the sixth or seventh course is handed round. Plans for the morrow are organized, and our Tramp finds that he can lose his personality in a herd of five other alp-mad tourists, with six other guides. For prudence sake it is best

to be one of many, and he acquiesces, and then goes to bed.

About one o'clock, he wakes of his own accord, and hurries down to find breakfast already laid. One by one the pilgrims come in, cross and sleepy. Three or four groups are to start in various directions, so the table is well filled. One party is bound for the Cima di Jazzi, an easy walk over an undulating snow-bank, and they eye the Monte Rosa people with mingled envy and pity, as if gazing on madmen proceeding to a glorious death. A couple, father and daughter, are to attack the Lyskamm, a mountain of unusual difficulty, but that is a small obstacle to a lady who has been on the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Blümlis-alp the present season, and has in former years scaled all the most celebrated peaks, from Mont Blanc to the Jungfrau. She is a mild, middle-aged Briton, inclining to stoutness; her calm, blue eyes beam blandly through large glasses, and her feet peep out modestly, hob-nails and all, from under short skirts and red flannel bloomers.

There are delays, of course, and some of the climbers devote the interval to smearing honey over their faces, as a guard against snow-burning. This is of the most painful kind, and follows even a brief exposure; I have seen a young man blistered and blind for four days, after a three hours' walk on fresh snow. The nut-brown guides, however, are tanned glare-proof.

About an hour behind time, a silent, shadowy file, headed by a feeble lantern, moves from the porch into the darkness. The path goes over the crest of the Rifel, and slants slowly along the face of a steep cliff down to the surface of the Gorner Glacier. Dawn begins to show the inequalities of the way, stumbles and stubs become fewer, and at last the lantern is put out and hidden behind a rock. At the foot of the hill a moraine is crossed; it is a rough belt of stones of every size, borne onward by the glacier. A guide says that every stone, however small, rests on ice, and a few dozen are accordingly

tipped over to verify the statement. It is bitter cold, and little pools of water that doze in hollows on the glacier, are thinly frozen over. The ice is rough and hummocky, seamed with fissures hardly wide enough to be called crevasses, and honeycombed on its surface, so as to afford as good a foothold as a gravel walk. It is not white and pure, but grayish on top, and strewn with sandy dust, while down in the deep fissures lurk rich, greenish-blue gleams. Here and there a little stream channels a passage along the ice, and after a sinuous course reaches a crevasse, and whirls downward into unknown depths with a hollow, booming sound. They are almost dry now, for there is little melting at night; but when the hot afternoon sun falls on it, the surface ice thaws rapidly, and courses down to the valley in a thousand torrents. The Gorner Glacier is one of the largest in Switzerland, and a good hour is spent in crossing the level, two miles to the base of Monte Rosa, where other glaciers slip down at a greater angle to join the wide, central ice-river.

The sun rises, and makes his presence known by a sharp orange line drawn across the tip of the Lyskamm, the fairest of all Swiss mountains. It reddens and steals slowly earthward, a few moments later the Matterhorn behind us is crested with fire, and so, creeping from the highest to the lowest, till the peaks are wrapped in flame. The track lies west of Monte Rosa's giant rampart, and the climbers are yet in its cold morning shadow.

After a moment's halt, there comes a rough scramble up a projecting tongue of rock, that shoots far out into the glacier. Above this a patch of bright, crusty snow is traversed, and a little rocky plateau, an oasis of stone in a glittering desert, is reached. It is called "Auf dem Felsen," as if it were the only rock in all that region. Scattered bottles and broken eggshells show it to be a resting-place, and our Tramp's party halts, as others have done before, while the wary sun peeps over the distant crest, as if to reconnoitre the invaders.

The view is superb. Half Switzerland has crowded round to bow before Monte Rosa, its acknowledged king, for Mont Blanc is a Savoyard alien under imperial rule. Below, the great glacier trends westward, with its fringe of tributary ice-floods and its long moraines of shattered boulders, looking from such a distance like lines of sand strewn on a white floor. Around and above lies the new snow of the last few days, thinly at the present level, but growing deeper as we mount. Its crystals are mainly in tables, instead of forming the usual starry spicules, and these flash diamond sparkles in the sun, with ten thousand Tiffany-power. Far above, a cluster of rocks springs from the unstained whiteness, that strives to embrace and half hide it. It is the highest point of Monte Rosa, the Dufour Spitze, the Höchte Spitze, our Tramp's goal, barring accidents and unforeseen events.

Breakfast is over, and the guides have a friendly shy at the empty bottles, crowing over successful shots like babies. The names of the climbers are scrawled on a visiting-card, and this is left in a split switch, that stands guard over the deserted camp like a tiny flag-staff. Sundry articles are produced to protect eyes and skin from the snow-blink, the knowing ones don goggles, and those a shade more knowing still, further fortify themselves by long linen masks, like those of the mysterious Roman friars. Our Tramp also ties a handkerchief over his hat, to conceal neck and ears, cold-creams his lips, and wears gloves.

A day or two of sun and frost have coated the fresh snow with a crust barely thick enough to support a man's weight. The rope is now put on, by looping it round the waists of each in turn, with ten feet of slack cord dangling between, the knots being on the left side, hangman fashion. Thus linked, the toilers of the snow advance in goose-file, each treading in the leader's steps. A smooth level is reached, apparently safe, but treacherous, for the ice below is seamed with broad cre-

vasses, and the even snow bridges over and hides the chasms. The foremost guide drives the pole of his axe deep into the crust at every step; if it strikes ice, he moves on; if it slips softly into emptiness, he sounds again and again till he learns the shape and width of the seam, and then nimbly leaps it. Somebody fails in the leap and sinks in up to his waist, the rope tightens, as if by magic, and he is out in less than no time, laughing over his tumble.

Higher up the snow deepens, and the thin crust grows thinner, breaking now at every step. Slow as the pace has been, it slackens still more, and sinks from fifty steps a minute to forty. A steeper slope, shelving some 30°, is scaled in half a dozen wide zig-zags, and the hob-nails sink through the powdery new snow and grate against the old, hard layer beneath. Beyond is a nearly level plain, ending at the Sattel, a curling ridge that buttresses the Höchte Spitze and runs out to a rocky mass standing sentinel over the valley between Monte Rosa and the Lykamm. In front the plain slopes gradually up till it is suddenly broken by a black gash near the summit. Over this hangs the crisping crest of a giant snow-wave, on which the sun gleams as on foam. Four hours of unhalting walk have been done since quitting the rocks, and less than two hours more will take our Tramp to the summit. A second halt is made and lunch eaten.

Hallo! What's the matter now? Matter enough; below the crest, a line of fracture has opened a third of the way across the Sattel, and the entire layer of Summer Snow, breaking loose from the hard underlying crust, slides down the slope, as if to meet the climbers. It moves rapidly, and in a mass, where the slant is greatest, then slowly, and at last crumbles into chaos as it reaches level ground. Here it halts, ruined and broken, while a few fragments, with more cohesion than the rest, skim over the now moist surface, gathering bulk as they roll, and leaving furrowed tracks behind them. Our Tramp has had the good fortune to see

a slide at close quarters without taking part in it. To be mixed up in the descent of a few hundred tons of snow, be it ever so soft, is not agreeable; and if the slip occurs on a decline above a precipice, the result is apt to be an avalanche composed of about ninety-nine per cent. of snow and one per cent. of adventurous climber.

The guides head at once for the débris, and scrambling over it, lead the party up the old surface left bare; so hard is it that a violent kick is required to break it and give the needful foothold. If it were harder, the axe would be used to hoe out a hollow for each step. In a few minutes the line is reached, where the upper crust has parted. Above it is a stretch of unslidden snow, perhaps a hundred feet wide, between the climbers and the crest of the Sattel.

"Arrêtez!" cries the leader, "es ist hier nicht sehr gut!"

The dilemma has its two horns. Attempt to mount over this uncertain patch, and it may be dislodged, in which case there would be about five per cent. of tourist, too large a proportion to be safe or pleasant. Stay where they are, and the snow may disengage itself, with the same result. Somebody says, "cut a channel through it." A few blows are given, but the work is hastily abandoned, it is too certain to bring about the undesired result. The object in view is to reach the top, not the bottom.

Each one drives his alpenstock, or axe, into the yielding surface, to steady it, for a little additional fastening, aiding the inertia of the mass, may keep it firm. Nevertheless, it is ludicrously like an attempt to truss and skewer the side of Monte Rosa. The guides hold an animated consultation, but as it is in patois, its import is unknown to the guided. All at once the mountain lifts up its voice, and in its own emphatic way suggests the propriety of going home. This it does, by disengaging the snow to the left and hurling it down the slope. It is a grand sight, but the spectators are a little too near,

the rearmost being about five feet from where the slide began.

Clearly, it is imprudent to go further. Above the Sattel is an *arrête*, or backbone of snow, like the ridge-pole of a house, with one side sheering down to a cliff a few thousand feet high, on the Italian side; for the *arrête* is bi-national, and divides republican Switzerland from regal Italy. To go down this would be a short cut to the plains of Lombardy. And the new snow is more than likely to cut loose from the *arrête*, if disturbed. Clearly, it is imprudent to remain. The guides seem to be alarmed, for they jabber fearfully and gesticulate wildly, and point up to the overhanging wave, as they tell of an avalanche on this very ridge two years ago, where one of their number was done to death by the cold, pitiless snow. At last they agree that it is a defeat; the retreat is sounded. Victory remains with the hills. The veteran of the party, Johann zum Taugwald, renowned among the famous guides of Zermatt, is affected to weeping.

"Ach Himmel!" he wails; "to think that I should make fifty-seven ascents of le Mont Rose, only to fail at last!"

Going down is vastly easier than coming up, eight hours having been spent in ascending, while a little over three hours takes the dispirited Tramp back to the Riffl. He is somewhat consoled to find that his is not the only failure of the day, for the beaming lady of the moony spectacles returned baffled from the Lyskamm, and even the Cima di Jazzi party lost their way in a low-hanging mist.

Of late years, it has been the fashion to sneer at those who climb Alpine heights for other than scientific purposes. They are told, and by the best authorities, that it is wrong, even criminal, to risk their lives and their hired guides in such aimless danger. There are two sides to this, as to all questions. Any one who has once enjoyed the indescribable delight of a difficult ice-climb, laughs at such utilitarian views; the excitement and bodily benefit are

sufficient to justify and repay all his toil. As for the peril, it hardly exists for the mountaineer of steady head, unflinching nerve, and average powers of endurance. There are dangers, of course; but experience and judgment will infinitely lessen the chance of their occurring. Take crevasses—the very name savours of untold horrors to the inexperienced; but I see no more necessity for stepping into a yawning fissure in a glacier, than for walking into a hatchway. An open crevasse is easily leaped at some convenient place where the walls approach; when bridged over with snow, the rope gives ample security. The danger from avalanches is equally slight; they fall at certain hours, obeying the sun, and leave plain tracks to mark their route, which can be avoided. Other perils are more imaginary than real; because a ledge is narrow there is no occasion for dropping off it; and a tumble down-stairs is about as easy as down a rocky *couloir*. Of the thousands of ascents made by the practiced climbers of the Alpine Club, only one has been fatal, and that for the cause stated a few pages back, the admission of a man who was not equal to the work. The exception only proves, that in mountaineering, as in every thing else, the novice must serve an apprenticeship, and cannot be reckoned a first-class cragsman, till he can follow the boldest guide any where without assistance.

An amusing examination might be made of the current fallacies respecting Alpine regions. Year by year these fables are being exposed. The wonderful "reverberation" that beat back De Saussure and his seventeen guides from the cap of Mont Blanc, is now only remembered as a by-word. I have been on the highest summits, and never suffered from the tenuity of the atmosphere; my ears never felt like popping; my nose didn't bleed; my fingernails were much as usual; and my voice unchanged, so far as I could tell. Neither have I met with any who have known these sensations; and if there are such, they are unfit for climbing.

My own experience has been, that the cool, thin air of the higher passes is more bracing than the warm air of the plains; and, the times of exertion being equal, I have invariably felt less fatigue above the snow-line than below it. Even the terms "snow-line" and "limit of perpetual snow" give a false impression, for the snow is not perpetual, but melts as briskly in the summer sunshine as in our March thaws. Above the so-called line, more snow falls during the winter than can be melted by the heat of summer; and it is fearfully hot sometimes, in the joint glare of sun and snow. Vegetation does not cease at the snow-line. I have found a profusion of bloom crouching

in rock nooks twelve thousand feet above sea level, and lichens cling to the Matterhorn's cliffs.

In conclusion, I hereby enter a plea for Summer Snow. I know no better means of developing a young man's nerve and endurance than mountain climbing. The Alpine Club is made up of the best blood of England, and I see no reason why American blood need not assert its blueness in the Alps as elsewhere. Two or three of our countrymen are already working members of the Club. Switzerland is only a fortnight distant, and a summer can easily be spent among its peaks, after a season or two of training on the crags of New Hampshire.

A SIBYLLINE TRIO.

THE room was pleasantly full. A square room, with angles mellowed in the chaste light and tempered glow of wax-candles and olive oil. A little apart from the groups scattered here and there over the Turkish carpet, sat three ladies, on a red sofa, just athwart the drapery of the window.

Little, littler, littlest, might have been the analogy in the mind of a child beginning her grammar.

"My dear, I wish to show you something, which, one of these days, you will be proud to remember. Do you know who those ladies are?"

Every child of the circle knew well the pleasant face of "Little"—now bending across "Littler" to "Littlest"—with its smile of perennial youth and its setting of silver.

"Mrs. Somerville!"

"Yes; the next?"

Not so familiar or so magnetic, the more rotund, rubicund, and rather set countenance of the silent listener, corresponding to the secret denomination off "Littler."

"Mrs. Stowe?"

"Right again; you know the third."

Yes, we knew, and we did not know,

her of the fragile form, drooping with its curls of black, like a weeping-willow draped in funereal color. The association was gloomy, and we stood in awe of the name we tremblingly whispered.

"Mrs. Browning."

"Yes, the three most distinguished women of our era, side by side. Take your fill of the sight and the thought!"

It was a gathering of literati in Florence; in the good old time, before the dreamers along the banks of the placid Arno had awakened to the sense that they were men. When the artist and the student flocked there, to follow, uninterrupted by the encroachment of material progress, each his vocation. Where no shriller sound than the peddler, crying his wares in soft Italian, had as yet jarred the clear and liquid atmosphere. Where there was no steam-engine nigh, to dampen their fancies with its vapor and resolve their dreams to smoke; though the relentless Mercury of the nineteenth century was even now on his sweeping course to the very gates of the favored city. The good-natured Florentine had made room for the more eager children of the North and West, and, while he lived upon the

glory of the Past, sipped his lemonade and shrugged his shoulders to the rest of the world, admitted the *forestieri* into his life and contemplation, as he would a new drama. There was nothing real about it, but the slightly quickened flow of silver (gold was scarce) that *did advance* by a throb or two the sluggish Tuscan pulse.

Alas! you were the traitors of your own hiding-place, my countrymen, as you opened the closed doors, and yourselves entered with the breath of the Present into the atmosphere of the Past.

The *palazzi* of the Medici and the Orsini, the humbler homes of the Giotto and the Alighieris, became known by the names of Somerville and Browning, Trollope and Powers, and others of cotemporary renown. Profane feet trod the classic streets that profane eyes might chance to rest upon some one star of the galaxy, while each became the centre of revolving satellites.

The ebb and flow of the tide that soon swept through the open way, had thrown adrift upon these olive-clad hills, across the same path, these three God-gifted women—bowing each to the other's genius;—and the vision of their meeting was indeed a thing to remember.

As a child, I conscientiously gathered up the mother's lesson, put a peg in, read a little lecture to memory, and turned with a mind at ease, to my play. As with maturer years came greater knowledge, and each of these famous minds opened their stores of thought for me, I have thanked my mother for the picture then stereotyped upon my recollection. I have looked at it, and turned it over and over, and gilded it with my after-perceptions. But, if asked at the time what were my impressions, I fear my reply would have been much colored with the remembrance of various play-hours in the rooms of the great mathematician. If called to speak to the three, I should have dropped a curtsey to the two and nestled to the elder's side.

Mrs. Somerville seldom carried her problems with her out of the study. A

certain portion of the day was sacredly set aside for them. The other hours belonged to her family, her friends—who were numerous,—to the world, in which she ever moved as a benefactress. The children never escaped her notice, and old and young welcomed her to their circles and their sympathies. She seemed to carry the sublime simplicity, caught from intercourse with the laws of God, into every path of life. The keen intuition of childhood felt her greatness, and yet loved it. Her rooms were the pleasantest to gather at. She, and her amiable husband—who seldom left his fireside—and her daughters, made bright their home. I remember they had a famous Poll Parrot that was a great attraction to my young inquisitiveness. And when the dear old lady would stop on her way by me to inquire when I would come and see her again, she always held the parrot out as first inducement. We lived in the same house at that time, according to the European custom of each family's occupying one floor.

Mrs. Stowe was on a visit to Florence, where her fame had, of course, preceded her. All hearts were beating high with the delight of receiving the trans-atlantic genius, whose pen had enchanted both worlds. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a capital story for the child as well as the adult, and children were eager in their desire to see her who had told the tale of Eva. Did her modesty shrink from this notoriety? We felt as if she crept within herself, and as she spoke to us, her calm, pensive eyes looked absent.

Let me lightly step above the dead. The veil, that always seemed half-drawn, has closed over the spirit-face, and we forgive Mrs. Browning, that we knew so little of her whose still, small voice hushed the tempest of our play, and whose thin hand, clasped over ours, seemed to reach already from another shore.

Soft-tempered she was, ever soft-spoken to all, and despite her towering genius and sufficiency of mind, through a certain adhesion of spirit, she appeal-

ed to the sympathy, and thereby strengthened, in personal intercourse, her hold upon every one who came in contact with her; at least, any one at all able to appreciate her. Others, she seemed to make no effort to gain over, and, I suppose, many must have met and parted from her with keen disappointment. It may have been owing to her very, very feeble health. She had no strength to waste on unprofitable effort, with such high aims in view. The cords of life with her seemed swept by a mighty impulse, whose vibrations kept the spirit ever tremulous. She eagerly stretched out her hand for help in the secret workings of her busy brain and heart, in the unfolding of Life's grand mystery, and her dark eyes would expand with a supernatural brilliancy as they fastened their gaze on any other thinker, who could travel in the same paths. Her friends, though among the most ardent, were not as numerous or varied, as those of her more many-sided sister—Mrs. Somerville—whose health was equable as her temper, and permitted her to take up others' burdens. Unlike her, again, Mrs. Browning lived enshrouded in the mystic atmosphere of the inner world, carried the breath of the study with her everywhere, and when the fire smouldered for want of outward kindling, she lay dreaming, company or no company. And yet her life was the joy, the life of her more robust husband. He interposed his sturdy frame, not only as a shield for his delicate companion, to break for her the force of

every rough wind that blew, but as a body, through which, for many years, she drew her breath of mortal life.

Their child, as with most boys, was a reflex of the mother. She could not make him other than herself, gentle and *spirituel*, unfit to battle with the Real. He early evinced a power of self-absorption that made him like to wander off alone, returning, most often, trembling with an emotion, of which he was the victim, and not the master, —to cast weird, unmeaning lines at his idolized mother's feet; happy that for the time he had pacified—with what he could not tell—the exactions of a spirit ever restlessly called in play by the undefined influence of the atmosphere in which he lived. It was well for his future—and that of the world, perhaps—that he was soon released and transplanted to other associations, which have completely transformed the elfin child, if late reports are correct, to a rough, substantial young Briton.

We can imagine that Robert Browning, *père*, goes seeking ever and wooing yet his Spirit-Bride, whose lamp of life he had kept alive for years and fed with the choicest oil from his own redundant store. His utmost supply could keep it burning no longer, but it went out so gradually, so gently, that, at times, it must seem to him hardly gone as yet. While to us, who bask in the full refulgence of her strong, mental light, that grew brighter and brighter to the end, and is to know no setting, she still lives. Death has only drawn a veil between us and her greater splendor.

TO-DAY: A ROMANCE.

"But we—we are—to us the breathing hours."—Schiller.

PART I.—CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAW OFFICE OF HORACE PULSIFER.

LIFE's problem is not in the Future, but in the Present. The great Mystery lies not in the Beyond, but at our door. Whatever comes hereafter is in *continuance*—an unavoidable sequence. We are uninformed as to the bourne, the country is an undiscovered one; what of that? It is ignorance only which obscures the way.

The Present should make us tremble. For the Past we say, "Let the dead bury their dead." For what is coming, "Let the Future resurrect itself." Here on the firm-set earth we enact the Mystery. Behold the problem. To follow pleasures and remain unselfish; to love money and not be grasping; to indulge the senses without becoming brutish; to enjoy power and not be a tyrant; to have, by golden circumstance, an everlasting pleasure feast provided, which shall include every thing that delights the sense and charms the intellect; beauty, the song, the dance; scenes ever varied, a landscape ever changing; books, the arts, society; all gathered into one rich preparative to lure a human soul to mere enjoyment, and stamp on this great temptation: **RENOUNCED!** Or to fall in the depths of poverty, and preserve integrity; to suffer from man's contumely, and repress the gall; to see the unworthy exalted, their sons and daughters in luxury and ease, and not be envious; to labor wearily for only what sustains life in you and yours, and not repine; to be hungry in the midst of this world's affluence, and commit no crime; finally, to lie down and die, and not curse your fellowman, or revile your Maker.

Or, escaping both extremes, to engage industriously in your daily avocations and receive from them no taint; to

labor for what perishes with the using, and lay up the true riches; to be an active, vigorous portion of the humanity which surrounds you, and feel that this is not your home; and wherever you go to carry deity and devil in one bosom, yet rejoice in the Lord.

Tom Castleton has become an inmate of Mr. Pulsifer's house, and is established in his law office. What a change for the youngster. Sudden and sharp is the transition from the classic groves to the dens in Nassau street, where Horace Pulsifer presides, the genius of the locality.

There was an immense business carried on there. Mr. Pulsifer had one partner, who took charge entirely of the attorney work, another who was a first-rate conveyancer, still another who acted as "out-door" man. These three shared moderately in the enormous receipts of the establishment, and were proud to be connected with it.

But the name only of the principal appeared—such was his humor—Horace Pulsifer.

In addition to the three partners were at least half a dozen clerks. Some of these were law-students, some mere copyists. A large suite of rambling apartments was occupied by the firm. Each of the principals had a place to himself, so that whoever desired to consult either would be uninterrupted. One large room was taken up by the clerks. To the right, after passing by the various entrances and reaching quite to the end of the building, you came to the lair of the great lawyer. It was a capacious room, surrounded on all sides by books, which were piled in open

cases quite to the ceiling. A large table stood in the middle of the apartment, and near it an immense arm-chair. From one side a door opened into a small consulting room. This was *very* private—required only for special occasions.

Unlike many first-class concerns of this kind, these offices wore neither a dusty nor dingy look. Cobwebs were not permitted to accumulate, nor was the paint allowed to go uncleaned. Not that it had the appearance of a *new* establishment; by no means. But the rooms were always well swept, the walls clean, the furniture substantial, and every thing in the best condition. On entering the place, you would feel at once that an immense amount of brain-work was going on in it. How mysteriously busy was one clerk, how pompously occupied another, how profoundly abstracted appeared a third, how hurriedly engaged a fourth; each displaying in these different exhibitions something of his own character, something, doubtless, of the character of his immediate occupation. What a strange contrariety!

A small, withered old man, with a shining bald head and large steel-bound spectacles on his nose, held a retired corner. His hand trembles as he smooths the paper and grasps the pen.

What is his business? What is he doing? That dried-up relic is a scrivener. He has been nothing but a scrivener for more than thirty years. To look at him, you would not feel willing to trust him to copy any thing requiring neatness and dispatch. But examine one of his pages. How clear, how uniform, how elegant it is. You can scarcely believe it is not engraved. How can that trembling hand move so accurately and evenly over each line and curve?

You asked what he is doing. He is commencing to copy a "Last will and Testament." The draft has just been placed before him. Whose will?

It is that of a millionaire.

"In the name of God, Amen!" Assured that he can carry no portion of

his property along with him, he wishes to take advantage of the law's permission, as far as is possible, to control it after he is gone. He has had a great many interviews with Mr. Pulsifer on this subject, wherein the rich man is told what he *may* do, and what the statute will *not* permit; wherein he follows his darling accumulations into the possession of the third generation, and where, since no entail is permitted, he is obliged reluctantly to take leave of the succession. But the "Provided nevertheless," the "In case that," the "Notwithstanding," which run through the document, shows how busy his mind was with what soon would not be his.

Ashley, that is the name of the old scrivener, sat down to his daily task. He selects some appropriate paper, and commences: "In the name of God, Amen. I, Morris Gaskell—"

The old man stopped. Morris Gaskell and he were schoolmates, afterwards clerks in the same store, where Ashley rose to be bookkeeper. Ashley married a poor girl, whom he loved, Gaskell married a rich girl, whose money he loved. Ashley's wife died in a year, and from that time, the little ambition he ever had forsook him. Mr. Pulsifer, then a young lawyer, fell in with him, and engaged him to do occasional work. It ended in a permanent occupation. Gaskell went on most successfully. His wife also died; but at the end of a twelvemonth he married her sister, thus getting two cuts out of a large estate, instead of one. I think he would have been ready to swallow a third, had Providence so decreed.

"In the name of God, Amen!" *Why*, in the name of *God*, when so much of what is soon to be scattered, was got together in the devil's name, or with his help?

Ashley paused. I dare say the vista of the past was thrown open, and he could look down it. "Is he going to die?" he muttered to himself. Then an idea came in his mind. Perhaps Gaskell had left him a legacy! Such things had happened. It was an odd

fancy though, considering who Gaskell was. The scrivener made a motion as if to look through the will. The discipline of thirty years restrained him. What had he to do with the contents of any paper? Nothing, but to copy them. Then he settled himself to his work. "In the name of God, Amen. I, Morris Gaskell——"

An odd idea struck the scrivener, and he stopped again. Suppose Gaskell and he should die the same minute, and step out together on the journey to the *other side*, would Gaskell have any advantage over him, Ashley? Something like a smile came over his parchment face, when he thought that Gaskell would have no advantage.

The scrivener at this moment saw Mr. Pulsifer pass through the room. It recalled him to duty. Carefully he drew a large silver watch from his pocket; looking at it, he found he had lost five minutes!

The work in the large room goes on. A younger man, far than Ashley, but equally methodical in manner, is doing effective work between the living.

"Know all men by these presents." So begins the recitation of a document, which will transfer by mortgage the last piece of property of the spendthrift, Hollis, to the clutches of the gripe-all Plumb.

Here is a young man, unquestionably a law-student, who is copying an agreement. We can tell that by looking over his shoulder. "This agreement made, entered into, and concluded, the twenty-second day of September," &c. The paper will bind three partners together for five years. That is, if none of them die, and they do not quarrel, and do not fail in their business; three things that may happen to the "very best houses." Nevertheless, may all proper success attend you, Messrs. Blake, Bullit & Co. Why should we not invoke it for you, as we glance at the heading of your articles?

A "judgment!" What a startling word! Are we sure that we have read aright? It is true. A brisk, eager, enterprising-looking fellow is preparing it.

Judgment for what? For sin? Assuredly. But of an earthly odor. I say sin. The sin of running in debt. One of the most horrible of great iniquities. Alas! that there could be no law against *that*. "Thou shalt not run in debt!" Perhaps with this poor wretch it is not sin, but misfortune. On this planet they are counted the same. "Judgment" is entered as well by reason of one as of the other.

What next? The same ardent young man, who acts as if moved by a set of springs laid within him, running through legs and arms, quite into the brain, is preparing another paper. Dare you let me tell you what it is? It is an "EXECUTION!" How swiftly it follows the judgment. Talk of the law's delay. Is not this rapid work?

"*Execution!*" It is a severe word, is it not? What in the world is the young man with the steel springs in his breast going to do with it? Why does he appear in such a hurry? Look! He seizes his hat, gathers up his papers, and is off like a shot.

What will come of it? I will tell you. When Lucius Raymond goes home to dinner, he will find a suspicious-looking person seated in his hall; his wife frightened out of her wits; the little children crying, because they are afraid of the strange man, and the house generally in tribulation.

Raymond is stunned. He knew some such thing was coming, but he hoped to "fix" it. He had no thought it would be so sudden and swift. [He little understood the merciless discipline of Horace Pulsifer's office.] In fact, he had as good as arranged for the money that very day. Now, how shall he manage to get that man out of the house? What shall he say to his wife? He takes the individual aside. He assures him it is "all a mistake." The matter will be arranged to-morrow morning. He accompanies his observations with a five-dollar note thrust carelessly in the other's hand, as he remarks quietly, he does not wish to put him to all this trouble for nothing.

The man answers politely. He tells

Raymond he knew it *must* be a mistake. His duty, however, *had* to be performed. Of course, he did not wish to incommode any gentleman. He would call again the next day.

Raymond is moody and abstracted all the evening. The prattle of his children goes like a knife to his heart. He is thinking of what he shall *do* the next day. Supposing he cannot arrange for the money? The possibility of failure makes his heart beat thick. In the night his wife is wakened by some unnatural noise. It is only her husband moaning in his sleep. Morning comes, the day passes, but the terrible EXECUTION is not settled. Raymond finds it is not so immediately terrible as he expected; that is, so long as his five-dollar notes last. The messenger—not of death, but of what is sometimes more to be dreaded—of execution, no longer comes to the house. Raymond waits on him with the five-dollar persuader. Each time he makes a new excuse. The polite official accepts it with a confiding smile. He is willing the document should run on so forever!

In ten days Raymond finds the money. He has paid fifty dollars for forbearance, and a large sum for sheriff's fees, and has a short lease again into the future.

But look you on this side. A young man, apparently not much past twenty, is seated at one extremity of the room. Evidently he does not belong to the department. He is waiting for something. And while waiting, he looks at every thing with an interested gaze. First at the little, bald old man bound in parchment, then at the go-ahead fellow with the steel springs, afterwards at the others. But he comes back to the two extremes—it is so like youth to do so. The old one in parchment and the young one in steel fascinate him by their (to him) hideous repulsiveness. *He* is fresh, hopeful, trustful, believing. What are *they*? But the whole atmosphere chills him. Is it *this* to be a lawyer? Is *this* "law business?"

Now Tom Castleton's idea (for it is our friend Tom, who is waiting by ap-

pointment to see Mr. Pulsifer, and be assigned to duty) I say, Tom Castleton's idea of a lawyer was that of a modern knight, whose life is spent in redressing the wrongs of the injured, and resisting for the weak and defenceless the attacks of the strong and unscrupulous.

He could not understand what it was that was going on so industriously around him. He could only feel that the atmosphere was hateful to him. It was the contact of the unwitting and unsuspecting with hard and subtle experience.

Here Tom's nature was manifest. The collision was more than he could endure. Had it been Alf du Barry who was thus introduced, he would have enjoyed the picture "first rate," and would have attempted a joke with some of the clerks, no matter how busy they were. Tom was made of different material, and now comes the tension on him.

I do not know how long Tom could have stood it. Mr. Pulsifer at this moment came in, and the scene changed. Changed, how quickly! Just the entrance of that man among these workers on paper dissipated all the unhappy thoughts and misgivings Tom had begun to indulge in, swept away the mists, and left the atmosphere clear.

One glance at Tom's face told the lawyer what had been passing in his mind. He greeted him pleasantly. "You are before the hour," he said. "It is better so than to be behind, but exactness is better than either."

Tom followed Mr. Pulsifer along the various passages till he came to his own room. The large rows of books made him feel at home, and the air of the apartment reassured him; so much was it in contrast with the one he had left. Yet here originated all that moved and controlled the entire legal machinery of the place!

This was very extensive, varied, and complicated, for the leading commercial houses sought Pulsifer's advice; so did the heads of many banking institutions, and other corporations. Rich men and

women came to him to make their investments secure, to have their wills drawn, to act as trustee, and so forth. Family difficulties of the most delicate kind were brought before him for advice or friendly arbitrament, or unhappy litigation. The wretched man who had been tempted by a terrible stress of adversity to violate *law* as well as right, sought out Horace Pulsifer; not to shield him by legal trick, but to use his influence with his adversaries, and incline them to moderation, or to present legally the extenuating circumstances of the case.

Among his clients were many ladies. Rich young widows in the most expensive crape and bombazine came in softly to speak of their "irreparable loss" and shed a tear, sob, and—obtain a check for a few thousand dollars from their good friend the trustee. Some time later, the bombazine is changed to the finest silk, trimmed very deeply, however, with the crape, but the heavy black veil is still thick as ever. The sobs and tears begin to disappear, but the amount of money drawn increases. By-and-by comes something less than "half mourning;"—first purple, then gray—smiles abound, a very handsome, new "portomonnaie" is produced where the check is placed; a slight coquetry begins to peep out, even toward the grim lawyer. At last the two years are up (possibly thirty months, according to circumstances, if the estate is *very* large it should be thirty months), and our young widow enters radiant and radiating. What a transformation! She is arrayed in the choicest, brightest colors; not of the rainbow, but of the season. She comes in patronizing and magnificent. She rallies the lawyer on his dreary office, she complains of high prices and of the scarcity of money. Could not the next quarterly payment be anticipated, as she has to furnish her house entirely new. She calls Mr. Pulsifer "a cruel, severe creature" for not assenting, laughs at his scruples, and sweeps out of the room, oh how charmingly.

The *poor* widow comes also to Horace Pulsifer. Her husband was his client.

He was supposed to be a man of wealth, but he leaves nothing. The lawyer is no longer grim. He does all he can to comfort and to aid. He disdains a fee. He gives his time and his influence to save something from the wreck. Add to these various characters and scenes the perpetual detail which necessarily attached to them, without any intermission, and all of which were controlled by that one brain, and you may understand, to some degree, what were the labors of Horace Pulsifer.

Mr. Pulsifer sat several minutes, his head resting on his hand, as if in profound thought. Tom had taken a seat at his request, quite near him. What caused the lawyer to pause, as if hesitating what to do? Why, at the last moment, did he appear irresolute?

Looking into Tom's open, earnest, unsuspecting face, he felt a guilty qualm come over him, when he thought how soon that trustful look would disappear, disappear never to return; disappear to be replaced by one of calculation and acuteness; might it not be of craft and subtlety?

The lawyer's brain was beginning to teem with a crowd of accusing fancies, when by a sudden effort he raised his head, passed his hand rapidly over his face, ejaculating, "Nonsense," loud enough for Tom to hear him, who began to regard the scene with wonder.

A smile illumined Mr. Pulsifer's face; a smile so winning and genial that no trace of the *law* remained.

"I was thinking," he said in a cheerful tone, quite at variance with the announcement he was making, "how bitterly you are to be disappointed."

Tom changed color a little, but said nothing.

"Had some one been kind enough or judicious enough," continued Mr. Pulsifer, "to tell me the same thing on the day I first entered a law office, it would have saved me a world of wretchedness for ever so long. It is not only with the profession of the law that the first step disappoints," continued Mr. Pul-

sifer. "It is the same in a greater or less degree with theology and with medicine. Distance is an Enchanter. When you come practically to handle the edifice reared by the imagination, it dissolves. In its place, if we proceed worthily, a substantial work is created, with strong and deep foundations. There certainly should be no higher aim than that of calling sinners to repentance. But had you entered a theological school, your soul would have sickened over the metaphysics of salvation, and in studying the controversies of different sects, and in arming yourself cap-a-pie in defence of your own persuasion. As a medical student, you would have been astounded to find how helpless you are, where Nature fails to lend her aid; and how long and toilsome is the labor, before you dare predict the effect of any medicine. Greater still, I dare say, is the revulsion of an ardent mind on commencing the practical part (where all ought to begin) of our profession. I tell you this to save you a heart-ache when you go home to-night, and for months to come. I shall put you into the most disagreeable part of the practice—ordinary attorney work, with the Code to study. Afterwards, when you are better prepared for it, I shall give you elementary law. You will be for some time disgusted, but you must have faith in me. I will carry you through securely, if you do. I wish you to spend a year in this way. God forbid you should love that sort of thing, but you have thoroughly to comprehend it. And recollect this, you cannot live an INNOCENT in the world. Our terrible inheritance precludes that, and we are forced to accept it. Your father has told you, I presume, that I advised him to place you here. I want you to promise me this. Let me know how you feel. Learn to talk with me as you would with one of your own years. Come, I will begin the course with you over again. Report to me the whole story this evening. Tell me just how every thing strikes you. It was to bring this about," he continued, "that I wished you to be in my house. I

have no son, no child;"—this was said in a softened tone. "I have no idea of robbing my good friends by carrying you off. It is better for you to live away from home, and it is better for me that I should have you in my house," concluded the lawyer playfully. "We will see what we shall make of ourselves." He touched a bell. "Ask Mr. Harrington to step here." Mr. Harrington was the attorney of the establishment. He came in—a keen-looking, bright-eyed man of five-and-thirty, easy, ready, vivacious.

"Mr. Harrington, you know young Mr. Castleton, son of Dr. Castleton. He begins with us to-day, and, as I mentioned to you yesterday, goes into your department. We must try and make a good lawyer of him."

Nothing was pleasanter than the reply of the attorney.

Tom followed him out through the different exits, and came again to the room of abominations. It was like being driven out of Paradise into Pandemonium; but Mr. Pulsifer's words had sunk into his heart, and he determined to bear up stoutly. He was introduced to the head clerk, and left to become acquainted with the rest of the office at his leisure. A table, on which was placed a double row of pigeon holes, appeared to have been waiting his occupancy. Mr. Harrington had withdrawn almost immediately, and Stringer, the head clerk, asking Tom something about his handwriting, put some blanks before him and requested him to fill them in, according to the originals, which he gave him. The first paper was short, and ran as follows:

"Supreme Court, County of New York. Charles Grant, plaintiff, against James Smith, defendant.

"To the defendant.

"You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York at the City Hall in the City of New York, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. — Nassau street, in said city, within twenty days after service of this summons on you and a copy of said complaint, exclusive of the day of such service.

And if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of seven hundred and thirty-six dollars and fifty-two cents with interest from the third day of February, 18—, besides the costs and disbursements of this action. Dated September 25, 18—. Horace Pulsifer, plaintiff's attorney."

Tom, who wrote a very respectable hand, had finished the "Summons," and made considerable progress in the "complaint" which followed, when he fell to speculating as to its contents, and about the fortunes of the unfortunate James Smith, and how this sort of procedure was going to affect him, and various other cogitations produced by his employment. In so doing, he lost sight of his work, but was recalled to it by Stringer, the head clerk, asking him if he had finished.

Tom turned red at the implied censure, and commenced again. This time he kept his wits about him and finished his task. This done, and the papers duly examined, Stringer put the Code in Tom's hand, open to the chapter on "Issuing of a summons," and in a mildly patronizing way, advised Tom to read up on it. Tom undertook to do so. It was about as intelligible to him as if it had been in Coptic, but he did his best to comprehend it.

The day was at last brought to a close, and flushed and fevered by his strange occupation, he left the office. The air was very grateful to him, as he started slowly to walk up town.

When Tom left Mr. Pulsifer's room to take his place in the office, the latter sat very still for a few minutes.

"I wonder"—so ran his thoughts—"if I am playing the vampyre with that young man; sucking his fresh, glowing nature to replenish my long-used mechanism. No, no, we shall both be the better. I *will* get back my youth. He shall help me to it, and I will help him to—what? Why, to avoid the rock I nearly split on."

Here a young man entered.

"Perhaps you forgot Mrs. Delaine is waiting," he said timidly.

"Why do you interrupt me?" returned the lawyer, severely.

"The lady insisted, sir, that the gentleman who was with you had gone out, and she asked me if I would step in and ascertain."

"I am still engaged," was the reply, and the messenger disappeared.

The lawyer walked up and down the room for five minutes. Then taking up a card and glancing at it, he touched the bell and ordered the lady to be ushered in.

A rustling of silks was presently heard, and a soft current of air insensibly perfumed, swept gently in advance of the new comer. It was the fascinating and fashionable Mrs. Delaine.

"I declare it is abominable, the way you treat ladies who are forced to come to see you! I have been waiting at least an hour," and with this exordium the lady took a seat with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Rigid rules here, you know. Outside of our barriers we are at your mercy; here we recognize neither age nor sex," replied Mr. Pulsifer pleasantly.

"I should think not. What could you be doing with that handsome young man? I hope he is not in any trouble."

He? Oh no, not yet; but he soon will be. He is just entering my office as a law student.

"What a pity! I have not seen a face that pleased me so much for a long time."

"I quite agree with you, he has a fine countenance," said the lawyer dryly.

"But you don't seem inclined to indulge my curiosity."

"I did not know you had any. What do you wish me to tell you?"

"Oh! nothing," said the lady pettishly; "nothing at all."

The lawyer settled himself into a professional attitude.

"Oh, I cannot talk with you in such a barn of a room as this. Those fierce-looking law books always frighten me."

She rose and walked toward the little private consulting-room. Mr. Pulsifer followed. The conference lasted an hour.

When the lady left the place she passed quite to the top of the staircase, then turning, she approached the clerks' room, opened the door, entered, and looked quietly around. Her eyes soon fell on Tom Castleton, who was deep in the mysteries of the "issuing of a summons." Stringer, the head clerk, rushed forward.

"I think I left a veil in Mr. Pulsifer's room, would you have the kindness to inquire?"

Stringer ran off to see, and Mrs. Delaine remained standing, hoping Tom would raise his eyes, but he did not. She then walked carelessly into the centre, and succeeded in attracting his attention. One glance, quite accidental, she turned on Tom, who had now looked up, then she walked slowly in the other direction, and stood awaiting Stringer. The search proved unsuccessful, but her object was accomplished. She knew very well she had the veil in her pocket; but she smiled bewitchingly on Stringer, and cast an indescribable glance in the direction of Tom, who was busy again at his work, and whose indifference added to her determination to know more of him.

When Tom and Mr. Pulsifer met that evening, the former was asked very particularly what he had been doing. Tom told him. By degrees he found himself talking familiarly with his principal. All that was sunny and genial in the lawyer's nature seemed to overflow toward Tom. He tempted him to ask questions. He explained much that seemed mysterious in the petty work of the day. Then, by degrees, he spoke of the great world around them, and Tom was fascinated. Here was a man who could discourse as learnedly as a professor, and as playfully as a school-boy; who appeared to know every

thing. And when he talked about the world, of life, of the shifting currents and eddys, of hopes and wishes, of youth and its desires, of all that constitutes the attainable and that interests man's heart, Tom thought no priest was ever half so eloquent. In this way the two progressed day by day and month by month into another year. It proved a fair exchange between them. For Pulsifer it did not come too late. He was changing again from a machine into life. The ice around his soul dissolved. Then came a new birth, while he still had the vigor and wisdom of his years intact to help him to enjoy. And Tom casting off the slough which had so long encumbered him, stood forth bright in hope, clear in faith, earnest as a god! He had, by Pulsifer's discreet association, achieved the change from youth to man without staining his nature. He had weathered the stormy cape where so many are wrecked, and now rode triumphant on the open sea. This was not the work of a few weeks, or even months. Neither was it accomplished, except through doubts and misgivings, and much mental suffering.

"And ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil," said the snake. The creature used a terrible *truth*, to tempt our common mother. To know good, ah, it is indeed beautiful. To know evil! What wonder that Pulsifer shrank from placing it before his youthful companion. To know both good and evil with the *scienter* belongs to man only. To neither angel or fiend, *me judice*, is given this power. Man alone shares it with Deity.

We leave Tom Castleton unconscious that bright eyes glance on him with passionate interest, and that a bold, daring, unscrupulous woman has resolved she shall be her's.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALF DU BARRY IN EUROPE.

It is time to look after Alf Du Barry. We left that young gentleman at Schweinfurth, where he had settled himself for a period, and was about to pro-

ceed in a most assiduous manner to acquire German. * He was quite successful. Necessity is a great help to the tongues. It was not long before Alf could enter the

gymnasium, ambitious, at least, to not be behind Tom. The correspondence of these young fellows, if presented here, would present much more accurately than I can describe what they were doing during the four or five years I am bridging over. Whatsoever changes took place in the habits or feelings of either, it is certain that this correspondence was kept up with regularity on both sides. Interesting as it might prove, I cannot afford the space for it in this history. It is not of sufficient importance in the plan I have adopted.

I have their letters neatly filed in volume form, and should any of my readers care to peruse them, I will afford the opportunity. I confess they made me feel melancholy the first time I looked them over. The change in feelings, opinions, and general habits which Alf underwent is strikingly evident. While Tom exhibited a continued advance in the right direction.

The letter we presented in a previous chapter, the first which Alf wrote after his settling down at Schweinfurth, was almost the last which had the free, natural ring of unstudied expressions. By degrees a certain stiffness was manifested. The letters became more like mere compositions. They were quite as long as ever, but not half so interesting. They abounded in descriptions which Tom might as readily have perused in a guide-book.

After a while, a new element began to creep in; something which indicated a mind unsettled; loosed from its moorings. Occasional allusions would be made, which showed that Alf's morals were not in as good repair as when he left home. As he advanced in his course his communications became more philosophical, mystical, I may say nonsensical. His object seemed to be to amaze his friend by the superiority of his acquisitions. He wrote on subjects the most sacred with a boldness and flippancy and a disregard of opinion, which to Tom seemed irreverent. But I must not be too severe with these epistles, they were student's letters, and we know how they like, at a certain period, to mount the stilts.

That Alf was industrious, no one could doubt. He began to overwhelm Tom with a new nomenclature. He discoursed of Kant and Fichte, Jacob Boehme and Hegel. He talked of "high art," and the necessity of "freedom from forms." Some of his letters were evidently a resumé of the lectures he had been listening to, and were filled with talk of the "absolute idea," the "subjective spirit," the "Divine thought of the universe," the "cognitive faculty," and so on. Tom was not particularly behind in replying, and was not very much imposed on by Alf's accumulations. To be sure, he was at first a little flustered by these high-sounding words, but he began to get accustomed to them, and to comprehend, when translated into ordinary English, that they were simple enough. He would reply in good order, and rally his "German" friend on his new theories, which led to proper responses, all very interesting to the two concerned, and to —no one else, I imagine.

There was a slight strain of superiority running through Alf's letters, that is, so far as assuming that his opportunities were greatly superior to Tom's. But on this head Tom held his own with spirit. There was an Indian in Tom's class at Dartmouth; and on one occasion, to show his peculiar appreciation of a long, metaphysical letter from Alf, Tom requested his Indian friend to write an epistle for him in Choctaw, which he subscribed and dispatched to Alf by first post.

In this way the correspondence was not allowed to flag.

One thing was specially gratifying. Alf throughout expressed always a preference for his own country. He looked forward with eagerness to the period of his return. He longed once more to "breathe the air of true freedom." No one could "appreciate the political liberty we enjoyed, till he had witnessed the bondage of the old world."

Tom was in raptures at all this. But he could not comprehend that it was mere sentimentality in Alf. The cant of the schools, in fact. That really he

had never given a dozen consecutive thoughts to the subject. But Tom would write back, congratulating Alf on entertaining such glorious views, and telling him how much he counted on his return for them to put in practice jointly, and with activity, new schemes for the improvement of the world! So hopeful and grandiloquent is youth!

Thus much for the *outside* of Alf's foreign life. What really was he doing? How progressed his being? To what was it devoted?

The traveller, who may be attracted by the charms of scenery and the curiosities of nature to be encountered in what is called the Franconian Switzerland, if he traverses it in a southerly direction from Bomberg, will after a couple of days (unless tempted by the capital trout-fishing to linger at different points), reach one of the loveliest and one of the most remarkable little valleys in the world. I know not if it has a name. Its extent is possibly five miles. Through it runs a small stream at times, completely hedged in by mountains of rock piled grandly up, at least five hundred feet on each side, leaving only room for the passage of the rivulet. Presently the stream emerges into a wider area, where the verdure of the interval is luxuriant, the grass like velvet, while the growth of fine large trees furnishes shade for the pedestrian. At the widest point of this valley, which is possibly three fourths of a mile, you reach the romantic village of T—. The mountains of rock continue to hedge you in, they threaten, toppling, to fall and crush the little place below. But the herds graze peacefully under the crags, and the goats climb far up the precipice and nibble the sweet herbs which scantily grow there. The scene in winter is one of terrible grandeur; in the months of summer it is indescribably beautiful, relieving from care the most oppressed, and turning the thoughts of the most selfish and calculating for a time, at least, to the

charms of nature and seclusion. Nothing could intrude here, one would suppose, which is not simple and innocent. The employments of the inhabitants are pastoral, their lives quiet and uneventful, their amusements gay, vivacious, and inoffensive. Their dress primitive and picturesque.

One fine afternoon, the first week in July, a young man might be seen emerging from the narrow defile which lies at the north of the little village. He walked on with a light, vigorous step, till he came quite outside the rocky battlements, where the sight of the picturesque valley burst suddenly on him. He stopped, as if in amazement, took off his hat—a Bavarian slouch—and stood looking around him in intense admiration.

This young man was tall, finely formed, with long, luxuriant dark hair, black eyes, and a handsome face, well browned by exposure to the weather. He indulged in a full growth of beard, whiskers, and mustaches, which were not trimmed, but allowed to grow *inculte*. He wore a travelling suit of mixed cloth moderately worn.

It would not be easy looking at him as he stood, to decide on his nationality. He was too trim and graceful for a German, too careless in person for a Frenchman, and generally not made up like an Englishman.

It was our friend Alf Du Barry. In his third year abroad he had finished at the gymnasium, and undertaken his *Bänderschaften*, before settling at a university. His next point, where his luggage awaited him, was Nuremberg. He had to pass this valley, climb by a precipitous path to the top of the mountain, where he would strike a carriage-road, which would, after a few hours, bring him to a railway station.

I do not think you would have known Alf without an introduction; so completely had he changed from the active youth who bid Clara adieu that fine afternoon with so much spirit, and started the next day on the steamer. Notwithstanding an appearance of carelessness in person and dress, on closer

inspection, you would perceive that both had been specially attended to. His suit, as I have intimated, though somewhat worn, was of a better fabric than that usually employed for a travelling costume. The style was of the latest cut. His hat, while in the fashion of the country, was made of a fine material. And if hair and beard were allowed to grow, apparently, in nature's own mode, an observer could readily see that not a little painstaking was required to preserve the whole arrangement. For his face it was much changed. It certainly bore token of the gentleman. But if you carefully examined it, you could perceive already the lines of selfishness commencing faintly to mark it. Signs also of one accustomed to put little restraint on his wishes, of self-sufficiency and importance, were beginning to appear. Further, there was a romantic bearing about our young gentleman, so unlike the Alf we used to know, that it alone would make you fail to recognize him. I will frankly tell you, indeed you know it to be so, that this new element did not flow from Alf's nature. It came from a very constant thinking about himself and his appearance. He wore his romance precisely as he did his clothing, his hair and beard and the bunch of charms and seals and trinkets at his vest. Absolutely his own master, with no care for future provision, surrounded by persons, not of the first class, who were praising and admiring him; the wonder is the lad had not done what apparently would have been worse, that is, gone to the bad directly. But there was no evidence here of *overt acts*. At least, we have not as yet discovered them. Alf was no worse than most young fellows at one-and-twenty, he certainly was better than very many. He had not cultivated the Byron mood, as many of his age used to do, for he was out of that range; but he had patronized a less misanthropic and more philosophic sentimentality. He had read the sorrows of Werther, which was not at all to his taste. The Elective affinities and Wilhelm Meister pleased

him immensely, and he fairly revelled in Faust. He made a compound of himself, made up of several favorite characters, all for his own gratification, and he stood there at the entrance of this happy valley, for a time really admiring the scene. Such genuine moments were rare for him, and he seemed anxious to prolong them. At length he turned to regard a rough stone-monument, which told how Gottlieb Sturm lost his life at this exact point, by the falling of a mass of rock on his head. Alf looked up, and saw directly above him a crag which threatened to tumble. He stepped hastily to the other side of the entrance, and stopped before a rude image of the CHRIST on the cross, carved in wood. I do not know precisely what moved him, but he took out his pencil and began to sketch the figure. The work finished, Alf resumed his haversack and alpenstock, which had been laid aside, and proceeded slowly on his way.

Did any mysterious agency give him warning of what was immediately before him? Is there not something in the experience of us all to warrant the idea that the shadow of a coming event is cast before and around us?

It is certain that Alf's elastic step had deserted him. He walked on with a tardy and irresolute gait toward the village, and although he had eaten nothing since his early breakfast, and was hungry enough, his pace became slower and slower as he approached the place. As he came up, an interesting scene presented itself. From the simple church issued a number of young men and maidens dressed in their Sunday habit, the girls wearing garlands of flowers and the "bachelors" having their hats profusely decorated. It was soon evident what occasion they were celebrating. It was a village wedding, a scene worthy the pencil of Teniers. Presently the "happy pair" appeared, and all repaired to the green. The picture was a charming one, but it was not new to Alf. This sudden presentation took him by surprise, however, and he followed the company to the spot where

the merry-making was held. At first he escaped observation, so entirely engaged were they all; but presently one young girl happened to spy the stranger, and the discovery was passed to another and another, until every one was aware of his presence.

As the young people passed round in the dance, or stood waiting their turn, they naturally cast their eyes on Alf. This was especially the case with the maidens, who like all their sex were pleased by novelty, and to whom the unexpected presence of a young man, handsome, attractive, and entirely beyond their own humble sphere, whose manner was somewhat foreign and very romantic, became a source of much excitement. Who could he be? Where did he come from? Why was he there?

Alf enjoyed this immensely. He assumed attitudes which he thought best calculated to deepen the interest, which was surrounding him, and threw into his countenance an expression of utter insensibility to the scene.

At last, after some whispering and consultation on the part of several of the company, in which the new-married ones took part, one of the young men approached Alf with a bashful and rather awkward air, and asked "If the gentleman would not join the dance?"

Alf received the proposition with becoming dignity, but, nevertheless, assented. He had, when carefully scrutinizing the young girls as they swept by, observed one who was without question like himself, a stranger. She was not dressed in the style of a peasant, which, in fact, had remained unchanged for centuries, but wore a simple summer-robe of modern cut, and instead of the large garland on her head, her hair was ornamented with two bunches of flowers, tastefully arranged. She was a blonde, slight, hardly of medium stature, with a fresh, clear complexion, full blue eyes, and light-brown hair. Her movements were graceful, but not animated. Indeed, she did appear much interested in what was going on, having rather the air of one who by some chance had been present at this

particular time, and whose duty it was to join in the scene. With the bride, however, she seemed to be well acquainted, for she would frequently stop to exchange a word with her, and then would resume her place among the dancers. These little circumstances Alf had made himself master of while standing there, playing the unconscious and indifferent spectator.

On her part, the handsome blonde, who could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen, had not only become aware of Alf's presence, but began to feel a peculiar interest in the unknown.

And no wonder. The sudden apparition of our hero on the stage, his traveled look, his elegant, though careless appearance, his indifferent regard of whatever was passing, were certainly calculated to attract and fascinate any girl who should witness them. Besides, the handsome blonde was just a little piqued that of all the company, Alf did not seem to have noticed her.

You see how adroitly he had made his observations, and how well he calculated on the effect of his strategy. His companion in the dance (which was a species of waltz long in vogue with the Bavarian peasants, and which Alf had learned to perfection) was a stout, rosy-cheeked girl, regarded as a great beauty by the young men, and who seemed very desirous to please her partner. She told him, unasked, all about the wedding. She called his attention to the most important personages present, especially to the principal herdsman, who was the bride's father, and made a generous show of pointing out all the prettiest girls, descending largely on their qualities. Every one of which, you may be sure, Alf had already fully noticed.

Still no mention was made of the blonde. Did the peasant girl feel envious of the fair-haired stranger, that she passed her in the enumeration? Alf expected, certainly, that she would have told him, and was much disappointed that she did not. But finally, seeing there was no chance of learning

in any other way, alluded indirectly to her presence.

"She only came yesterday. She is related, in some way, to the bride. She is from Nuremburg." This is all she could tell him. They were standing near the blonde, and Alf did his best, by looking the other way, to prevent a suspicion that she was the subject of remark. Meantime the "bachelor" of Alf's partner began to feel restive. She had been whisked away from him and bestowed on the handsome foreigner, very much to his disgust, and he noted that their manner was growing more and more confidential. Alf was doing his best to make himself agreeable, and what is more, was succeeding very fast.

There was soon further whispering with the bride, then the blonde was called into the consultation, who seemed to oppose something that was said to her, for she shook her head, but not very decidedly. The upshot was, the same awkward young man, who, no doubt, was a sort of master of ceremonies, proposed to Alf to give him another introduction. The latter accepted with becoming dignity, much to the regret, I think, of his partner. He bestowed on her a parting smile and a look of regret, and was led up to the fair blonde.

The judgment Alf had formed of her from his previous inspection was more than verified when they came to speak. She was no peasant, but a well-educated apparently accomplished, young girl.

She received Alf's salute with politeness, but with a good deal of reserve. Indeed, so much did she appear the lady (I speak in the conventional sense) that Alf felt it would be proper to give his name, and say who he was, and by what chance he was present. This led to a corresponding confidence on the part of the blonde. Her name was Charlotte Mayer. She was, as Alf had already been told, from Nuremburg. She was not, however, related to the bride. She had spent, when a child, considerable time in the valley, where her father placed her for her health. A strong attachment was in this way

formed between her and the young person, at whose father's house she used to stay. This accounted for her presence at the wedding.

After dancing for some time, Alf and his companion took a seat on a large fragment of rock, a little distance from the party, and soon were in close conversation. Alf told about his own home in America. He was quite a solitary being in the world, having neither father nor mother living, only one sister. Then he gave some account of his coming to Europe, and for what. He learned in return, that Charlotte's father was a master-printer in Nuremburg. Her mother was dead, she had neither brother nor sister. She had evidently been educated beyond the station in which she was born, and it was some time before Alf could reconcile himself to the fact that she was not a "ladye of high degree." He soon ceased to think of it, so much was he attracted by the charms of his new acquaintance. He recalled Clara Digby, and in his mind compared his new acquaintance with her. There was a hauteur, almost a hardness in Clara's manner at times, greatly in contrast with the soft, yielding, gentle nature of the one who now sat by his side.

Alf felt a delicious glow steal over him, such as he never before experienced, as the conversation continued. His tact and self-consciousness did not, however, desert him. He threw into his manner all those little peculiarities which are calculated to interest a young girl, and produce the feeling that there was something in common between them by which he would become magnetically attractive to her. He went back again to his "American life," he gave descriptions, he talked of his school-days. He alluded to the long period he still expected to remain in Europe [Did the handsome blonde hear this with satisfaction?], and changing the subject, he inquired about herself, was she still at school, what now most interested her, and the like.

It appeared, Charlotte's mother had died in her infancy. She had been

brought up as her father's pet and companion. He it was who had taken such pains with his "little girl." She was still engaged in her education. So was Alf in his. Here was something else in common. The two, so unexpectedly thrown together, were growing more and more confidential, as the company became merrier and noisier.

Time passed unheeded, or if its lapse was thought of, it was with a regret that the day was beginning to fade.

In the midst of something very interesting, Charlotte happened to look up and perceived they were beginning to attract attention by their long *tête-à-tête*. She rose quickly, and blushing as she spoke, she said, "It is time to rejoin the company."

"And it is time for me to be on my way to —"

"To —!" exclaimed Charlotte. Do you know how far it is from here?"

"Perfectly well," replied Alf.

"Then you certainly do not expect to reach the place before dark?"

Alf looked at his watch, and expressed great surprise, that it was so late.

"You cannot think of leaving tonight," exclaimed the bride, who advanced to meet them. "There is no spot you can stop by the way. The gentleman must remain, must he not?" she continued, looking at Charlotte.

"If there is no alternative, I suppose he will be forced to do so," answered her friend, quite seriously.

Alf allowed himself to be persuaded by the bride and her father, who had joined them. Charlotte said not a word. Her heart beat quick, when the handsome young man, who had appeared to be so much interested in her, spoke of proceeding on his journey, as a matter entirely of course, and that, too, after such a long conversation, wherein so much was said that partook of mutual confidences; proceeding without a word, beyond polite thanks and a courteous adieu. It was a relief (alas, she was conscious of it) when it was decided that Alf would stay. He was to be a guest under the same roof with her. Still our little maiden was maid-

only. Her pride had taken the alarm. Her manner toward Alf insensibly changed. The charming moonlight evening, which he hoped to enjoy, was denied him. Charlotte declined a walk. She was fatigued. Alf had to enter into general conversation, which was to him specially stupid. Charlotte was silent. At length it was time to retire.

"I will not quit her so, if I have to make an excuse to stay another day," muttered Alf to himself. He slept soundly, and rose with the sun; he walked out to view the magnificent scenery which surrounded him. Charlotte saw him from her window. She had slept very little. Her mind was filled with tumultuous images, confused, painful, ecstatic. Love symptoms were new to her, and she wondered what was the cause of so much agitation.

She sat and watched Alf as he walked away, watched him every step he took, and saw him returning, with a sense of delight she could not repress.

He stopped and sat down on the rock where they *both* sat together the previous day. Charlotte could not resist the impulse of stepping to the door. Alf saw her, and hastened toward her. Insensibly, it would seem, their steps were turned to the rock again. They were soon seated side by side, just as before. It takes but little to entertain two in their mood. Breakfast was announced while they still sat there. Alf was on his way to Nuremberg. Charlotte herself was to return home the following day. She gave him her father's address, and when they rose to go in the house, she knew they were to meet again, and soon.

The day was glorious. The happy valley lay embosomed among mountains, crags, and rocky precipices, peaceful and very still; a symbol of hearts unstirred by ambition, and unholy passions, and the world's strife.

Over rock and through the defile Alf Du Barry took his way. Had he come upon the scene a friend, bringing happiness to an innocent and loving soul, or, prowling like the wolf, did he hope to snatch away the tender lamb?

FOUR AMERICAN BIRDS.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!"—*Longfellow.*

THE month of beauty, the month of song, the month of all the months is June. The birds, with all their wealth of voice and plumage, are with us now. They are calling to us from the forest, challenging one another in the meadow, piping in the orchard, flashing through the shrubbery, building in the porches, dancing in the threshold, and peering into our dwellings with disdainful looks, which seem to say, "How rude, how dull, how gloomy, are *your* homes!" Sit down, I pray you, with me, in my quiet library here, this pleasant afternoon, and I will have a familiar chat with you about some of our birds, their manners and their melodies. See, yonder, beneath that glass case (which I will remove, that you may observe more closely), where those four specimens of the taxidermist's skill are perched, looking almost as if alive. Poor fellows! they will never sing again,—they have piped their last; but could you have heard them quiring their melting madrigals, you would have thought some careless angel had left the gates of heaven ajar, and strains of the celestial anthem were stealing upon your ear;—such a quartette would these dear American birds have sung for you. One would have caroled to you of the orchard, another of the meadow, another of the wild-wood, and another of the summer-night. They are our own birds—the Old World knows them not—and each in his own sphere is without a rival.

This regally habited bird, seven inches in length and eleven in alar-spread, is the *Oriolus*, the *Icterus*, the

golden Robin, the Fire-bird, the Hang-nest, the Hanging-bird, the Baltimore Oriole—call him by whichever of these names you will, his plumage will as splendidly flash, his song as sweetly sound. He was swinging on the topmost bough of a lofty tree, as was his wont, pouring forth his soul in song, when the winged destruction fell upon him. Poor fellow! I can hardly believe him dead, and therefore it is that I speak of him, as if he were stirring nimbly around us. See, how beautifully the black midnight of his head and wing contrasts with the gold and saffron morning of his breast and back! He is none of your upstart birds, but must be content to plod on in a brown plebeian coat for three long years before he can assume these regal robes; and then, when he has learned humility, how royally, and yet how modestly he wears them!

Free and airy is he in all his motions. On the farthest twig of the swaying branch he sits and sings. There, too, he builds his nest; while his dusky mate, rocked by the summer-winds, and lulled by his song of love, warms her quintel of flesh-tinted and purple-flecked eggs, and rears her callow brood, feeding them with the insect swarms which infest the orchards and the avenues. How deftly he and his mate construct their pensile nest, stitching together with horsehair, more neatly than ever careful housewife can, their flax and hemp and wool, lining the bottom with soft cow-hair, the better to warm and still their querulous fledglings.

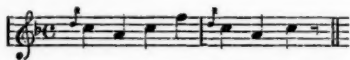
The Oriole is a bird much in love

with man. You may look through the forest for him in vain. But in the orchard, where the creaking of the old well-pole is heard, where the prattle and laughter of children float in music through the air, and the gruff tones of man grow gentle and mingle in melody with the low, soft voice of woman, you will find him with his golden plumage and his bright and cheerful song. Yea, amid the crash and din of the great cities, where humanity becomes oblivious of half its higher, nobler, and purer qualities, and where even God himself is forgot, into the avenue-trees the Oriole leads his mate; there he builds his nest, and through the dust his gorgeous plumage gleams, and above the roar and confusion of pride and mammon rings out his merry roundelay.

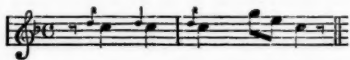
No bird is more easily and perfectly tamed than he. I knew one that was caught and caged. In a little while, however, he became so familiarized that he was taken from his prison, and a little nook on high, in the office of his master, was set apart for him. So confiding did he become, that he would feed from the hand, answer with affectionate chirrup to the call, and often perch, unbidden, on friendly and familiar shoulders. And, like the gentle Ruth, through the golden summer and the crimson autumn, he went and came, gleaming in the azure fields of air. And with many a merry gambol, cunning prank, and pleasant way, he cheered for his master the long and weary winter. But when the spring-time came again, he went forth; and his visits home became less and less frequent, until, at length, he forgot his kind master and his snug little nook. Alas! after that old, old fashion which passeth not away, the poor fellow had fallen in love, and taken to himself a mate. It was not that he loved man less, but that he loved his kindred more.

I bethink me now of two of these Orioles, with whom I have been acquainted for several summers. I do not know them by their share and plume. I recognize them by their songs. Dur-

ing their sojourn here, which extends from May to October, they take up their residences within about a quarter of a mile of one another; the one, in a public park, and the other, in an orchard. And often have I heard the chief musician of the orchard, on the topmost bough of an ancient apple-tree, sing:



to which the Chorister of the park, from the summit of a maple, would respond in the same key:



and, for the life of me, I never was able to tell whether their songs were those of rivalry, or of greeting and friendly intercourse. And now if you will strike these notes upon the piano, or which is better, breathe them from the flute, you will know the song of the Oriole, or rather obtain an idea of its general characteristics, for no two that I have ever heard sang the same melody.

But hark! listen to the Bobolinks in yonder meadow! Hear them jangling like a chime of silver bells in the air! Ah! a rare bird is this *Emberiza oryzivora*, this Rice-bunting, this Reed-bird, the Robert of Lincoln, this joyous, rollicking Bobolink! He is our own bird. You may take him to merry England, or sunny France, if so be that you can bear him over the foam alive, but there he will pine for the meadows and rice-fields of his native and changeable clime, sit songless on the perch, and in a little time droop his wing and die. A shrewd bird is Robert of Lincoln, and he must be more than a passable sportsman, and keep a keen eye open, who would bring him down—that is, before, on his return to the South, he gorges and fattens in the rice-fields.

This pied coat of black, yellow, and white, he puts on in the spring, when he goes a-wooing his quiet Quakeress of a sweet-heart. Ah! what a gallant

little lover he makes; how he jangles around and above her in his gayest garments and with his sweetest song. With what volubility he tells his tale of love. And what a fond and careful husband he makes, and how merrily speeds his honeymoon! Singing his cheeriest, he builds beneath the tufted meadow-grass his lowly, secret nest; and while his modest little wife broods over her five white and brown eggs, he beguiles for her the long and patient hours, hovering above her in mid-air with his fantastic plumes and song. But let the duties of a father press upon him, the rollicking lover, the light-hearted bridegroom ceases his amorous and delectable descendant, assumes a grave manner and serious tone, and exchanges for his wedding-garments a plain and dusky brown attire. Never puts he on that gay robe again, unless to woo and win once more. For place him in a cage, he will not droop while his pleasant native vales are around him; he will sing, though the prison-bars shut him out from communion with his kind; he first saw the light where music, like the broad, sweet sunshine, lay about him, and he cannot stifle the melody within his heart; but he will drop, one by one, those beautiful plumes, and never put them on again, till love and freedom are once more his.

When the Autumn comes, you will see these Bobolinks gather together their household bands, to troop for the South. The elders have lost their voices, while the youthful have not yet learned to sing. But every now and then an old one will try, on hovering wing, his melody, as if teaching his young the strain, and after uttering a few broken notes, sink down in seeming sorrow among the assembled broods. It is as if an aged sire, sitting in the calm sunshine of serene old age, should try, with feeble voice, some fond song of his lover-days, or some childhood's ditty that falters in forgetfulness, and drop his head upon his bosom "to muse and brood and live again in memory with those old faces of his infancy, heaped over with a mound of grass." A favor-

ite bird is the Bobolink; and from the St. Lawrence to Terra del Fuego he is a welcome visitor. Not a child but that hails his coming with delight, and with some queer jargon or babylonish dilaect mimics his metallic melody.

Verily a strange song is that of his—set in no key, and yet wandering through every key—as incomprehensible as Wagner's "Music of the Future"—so fantastic, so incoherent, that it would task the powers of that great Tone-Seer to score it. Indeed, musical notation would utterly fail to present it. But, a little innovation upon the children's mimicry would give us this:

Bobolink! Bobolink! here I bring
My song of the sweet Summer's glee, glee, glee!
And I sing, as I sing,
Wild roses from my wing
To the butter-cups, that swinging
All their tinkling bells in tune,
Golden peal on peal are ringing
O'er the bridal bed of June,
And with links of love to heaven link the lea!

Which you may accept as an interpretation of his melody if you please! And when the winter comes again, and you wish to revive your pleasant memories of Robert of Lincoln, prevail upon some sweet, fresh-voiced maiden rapidly and laughingly to repeat this verse, and, my word for it, if you do not turn in memory, or in anticipation, to the meadows filled with sunshine, bloom, and song, it will be because the greater charm before you dims the lesser charm remote.

These Bobolinks are singular little birds (not so little after all, as they are about the size of the Orioles), singular in all their habits and ways. They come to us in May by nocturnal flight, as if they thought their sudden surprise of us would occasion a greater delight, the females some days in advance of the males. And when, on some clear morning, you hear their merry jangling over the leas, you may rest assured that the beautiful, bright-blue weather is at hand. They never come till the summer has pitched its green and golden tent in the meadows. I have seen the swallows earlier than I have heard their song. Their return southward is by day, so that we may watch them as

they wing their way to the rice-fields, and wave to them our farewells as they take their flight.

And now, I pray you, look at this Prince of song, eight inches in length and thirteen inches from tip to tip of the expanded wings,—this *Merula Muscivora*, this *Turdus melodus*, this Little Brown Thrasher, this Wood-Thrush,—with a bright russet, olive-fringed mantle over his shoulders, displaying so tastefully the pure white of his throat, and the ermine of his bosom, flecked with innumerable deep-brown, heart-shaped stains. How perfect is his form in all its proportions; how easy, how elegant is he in all his motions! Why! he has a royal air in all he does, from plucking a berry, or catching an insect, to battling in defence of his brood, or sitting on the lofty pine in the ecstasy of song. He is, I should say, not a shy, but rather a proud bird; and, like all proud natures, a lover of solitude. You will find him chiefly in deep forests, in shaded hollows, among wild vines and alders; and if you come upon him unawares, he will either withdraw with a quiet dignity, or, if you pursue the even tenor of your way, regard you pleasantly, and perhaps seek by some gentle, gracious sign your recognition. Beware, however, if it be in early June, when his tawny mate is warming her blueish-green eggs, or little downy heads are peering over the lowly cradle, curtained with trailing plants, and rocked in the swaying alder or bloomy laurel, that you pause not, nor raise a rash hand toward his charge, lest you provoke an indignation, beautiful in one so small, but terrible if his size were commensurate with his wrath.

I crown and anoint him the Prince of the Poets of the Wild-wood. He is more than the executant of a single strain, unlike, in this respect, most of our birds, who but repeat the few sweet notes taught them by nature; for though his music has the same general characteristics, and is as distinct and unmistakable as the composition of a Beethoven or a Chopin, yet it is ever

varied and, like the Prince of the Poets of the World, never does he repeat himself. In his utterances there is something more than mere melody. There is an indefinable charm which, for lack of language to express myself, I must call the poetry of music. In the whole sphere of sound, I know of nothing so transcendently beautiful as his song. It steals over the senses "like the sweet South that breathes upon a bank of violets;" it is one of those beguiling melodies, "so sweet we know not we are listening to it." And as the air thrills with his pure, rich cadences, it is as if one of those golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints, which the four-and-twenty Elders in the Apocalypse bore, were opened on the earth. You can hear him at early dawn. On the dark, sad days, when other birds sit silent, and all Nature puts on a melancholy, his voice may be heard rising on the air like that of an angelic visitor sent to cheer and assure us that the beautiful is still lingering among us, and that the darkest day must have a close; and the deeper grows the gloom, the sweeter grows his song. Often upon the edge of the woods, when the dark clouds had mustered and the low-muttering thunder was marshalling the storm, from out the bosom of the prelusive hush, have I heard his mellow flutings float. But it is upon the sunset tree that he chooses chiefly to display his unrivalled powers. Some years ago, I was spending a day with a friend in the country. During the afternoon, I was confined to the house by a shower, but toward sunset the sky became clear, and one of those balmy evenings in June, which so soothe and tranquilize the mind, began to draw its crimson curtains over the western hill. Under the influences of the hour, I took a solitary stroll from the house, and, despite the annoyance of the damp grass, wended my way up an alder-shaded and wooded glen, through which a little stream newly swelled with rain was gurgling, to a spot where a poet (now no more) had, many a year ago, amid the wild flowers,

smoothed with his own hands the lonely, lonely pillow of his child, and sat me down upon a rustic bench hard by. All the world was filled with June. The perfume of the clover in the meadow, not far away, mingled with that of the May-flower in the glen. The honey-suckles were swinging their censers over the grave, and the pure and passionless mandrake unfolded its waxen petals at my feet. The birds had been piping their farewell to the setting sun, and had lapsed into silence from very sadness and weariness, when, from the top of a lofty tree in the adjacent wood, arose the pure, clear, entrancing notes of the Wood-Thrush. And such a flood was there of that wild, ethereal treble, such trills and quavers, such flutings and tintinnabulations, such *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, that all the air around me seemed to palpitate and swoon in song! Well might the other birds have ceased their chattering. Perhaps they had done so knowing that this unrivalled chorister would claim his hour, when they must sit dumb, or be shamed into silence. I had scarcely recovered from the first intoxication of his strain, when, a little farther off, another Thrush took up the melody, and then another, and another, till, within an area of twenty acres, there were ten or twelve of those birds singing in matchless antiphony. From tree-top to tree-top the antiphonal chaunt went round, each in his turn giving utterance to his part of the musical programme, which apparently had been previously arranged, the performance of which the Thrush nearest me seemed to be conducting. Thus entranced, nearly an hour passed over me unnoted. What were those wild birds singing? Was it a requiem over the poet's child? So I fancied then. And thus, evening after evening, year after year, they have been, and still are, chaunting over that lonely grave in their own celestial tongue and song:

"*Requiem Æternam dona ei, Domine!*"

At length, the shadows deepened, the night-dews laid their muffling palms upon the pulses of the rills, silence

came, and I wended my way back to the house—a better man? Perhaps!

The Thrush can be tamed; but he is of a tender race, and must be nursed with great care. I procured two of them, once upon a time—young birds from the nest—and they gave every promise of successful rearing; and yet, there seemed to be a hopeless prison-air about them, which ever struck me with a sense of sadness and reproach. As the season advanced, they grew to be quite large birds, and they would sit on the perch with half closed eye, and murmur to themselves by the hour in a scarcely audible tone. On drawing near to them, and lending an attentive ear, I discovered that they were, in the sweetest and most delicate undertone, rehearsing, as if to perfect themselves for the minstrelsy of the following year. Were they indeed rehearsing for the coming summer, or were they solacing themselves in their confinement with memories of the wild-wood, and of the dear old nest from which the rude hand of man had torn them? Alas, who can tell? They "died and made no sign."

The fourth bird, here, is the *Caprimulgus Vociferus* of the Ornithologists, the Quok-korree of our Dutch ancestors, the Waw-o-naisa of the Indians, the Whip-poor-will of America, "the bird that mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings ever a note of wail and woe." He is not a handsome fowl,—rather a plain one to my mind; though there is with his variegated plumage, sprinkled with black and white and rufous spots and streaks, his wings dotted with brown, and his white tail, a certain approach to beauty, despite the bristles besetting his mouth. These are, undoubtedly, of great service to him in catching his prey, which is exclusively of insects. But then she was not made for show. I said *she*. I beg your pardon! but the sexes are so nearly similar in plumage that but little difference is to be observed; hence I become a little confused. Now, as the habits of these birds are strictly nocturnal, and as Nature never works without a purpose, the plumage is plain, and resembles, in a

measure, the bark of the trees, in order that they may escape observation in the day-time; and as they woo and mate in the night, a difference between the sexes, in color, would be superfluous. The call of the male is sufficient, for it is incessant during the pairing season. He is a bird to be heard, not seen. He makes his way North as far as the forty-eighth degree of latitude; but in some sections of New York, as far north as that, he is never heard. About the forty-third degree, however, these birds were formerly abundant, where they bred, placing their nests on or near the ground, the females laying two or three blueish-white eggs, clouded with numerous dark olive and blueish blotches. But as man has encroached upon the wilderness, they have become less and less frequent. Although he flies before advancing civilization, yet he has but little terror of it; for on the garden-fence, and in the door-yard shrubbery, he will often sit, always parallel with his perch, not across it, and repeat his shrill and far-resounding call. I recollect of one, in my childhood, that would nightly come from a distant hill, and, alighting in a lilac-bush near the nursery window, wail and mourn as if his heart would break; but woe to that unlucky insect who, trusting that, in the vociferation of his Jeremiad, his appetite had failed him, ventured too near; for instantly ceasing his plaint, he would dart at the "one-more-unfortunate;" and after devouring him, he would with new vigor reassume his perch, and fill the night again with his dole. His note is chiefly heard at twilight and at early dawn, though he often sings the whole night long; and, being our only strictly nocturnal songster, the effect of his melancholy song, heard in the hushes of the summer-night, is very pleasing. True, if he sang by day, "when every goose is cackling," like the nightingale, he "would be thought no better a musician than the wren." But when the moon and stars are out, and all the feathered broods sit silent in sleep, how inexpressibly charming it is to hear him

from the distant hill pour forth his melancholy "Whip-poor-will!"—not "whip-poo-wil," as some write it, for there is a very distinct trill in his second note, of which the letter R is the only phonetic sign. His nocturnal habits and song have made him the theme of the poets, and the Indians have various legends and superstitions connected with him. By some tribes, the Whip-poor-wills are believed to be the spirits of certain of their ancestors, who, in the mystic eld, fell the victims to a terrible traditional massacre, and by them they are regarded as birds of evil omen, bringing death to the inmates of the wigwam near which they alight. By the Ojibeways, Waw-o-naisa, as Philomela by the ancients, is unsexed, and made a female in spite of himself. Their legend concerning this bird is very beautiful, and I will repeat it to you, as I find it in Hoffman's "Wild Scenes:"

"The father of Ranche-wai-me, the Flying Pigeon of the Wisconsin, would not hear of her wedding Waw-o-naisa, the young chief who had long sought her in marriage; yet, true to her plighted faith, she still continued to meet him every evening upon one of the tufted islets which stud the river in great profusion. Nightly, through the long months of summer did the lovers keep their trysts, parting only after each meeting more and more endeared to each other. At length Waw-o-naisa was ordered off on a secret expedition against the Sioux; he departed so suddenly that there was no opportunity of bidding farewell to his betrothed; and his tribes-men, the better to give effect to his errand, gave out that the youth was no more, having perished in a fray with the Menomenes, at the Winebago portage. Ranche-wai-me was inconsolable, but she dared not show her grief before her family; and the only relief she knew for her sorrow was to swim over to the island by starlight, and, calling upon the name of her lover, bewail the features she could behold no more. One night the sound of her voice attracted some of her father's

people to the spot; and, startled at their approach, she tried to climb a sapling in order to hide herself among its branches; but her frame was bowed with sorrow, and her weak limbs refused to aid her. 'Waw-o-naisa,' she cried, 'Waw-o-naisa!' and at each repetition of his name her voice became shriller; while in the endeavor to screen herself in the underwood, a soft plumage began to clothe her delicate limbs, which were wounded by the briars, and lifting pinions shot from under her arms, which she tossed upward in distress; until her pursuers, when just about to seize the maid, saw nothing but the bird, which has ever since borne the name of her lover, flitting from bush to bush before them, and still repeating, 'Waw-o-naisa,'—'Waw-o-naisa.'"

The Whip-poor-will is about nine inches in length and fifteen inches in alar extent. He is seldom seen in the day-time. If disturbed in his repose by day in the depth of the forest, he starts up, takes a low, rapid, and zig-zag flight, and, settling down in some remote spot, slumbrously awaits the shadows of evening. He delights in dry uplands, skirted or covered with forests, and is seldom, if ever, found in marshy localities, or on the sea-shore. He comes to us in May, mates and rears

his young, and leaves us in September for the South, to visit, through the winter, his cousin, the chuck-will's-widow,—the *Caprimulgus Carolinensis*—a model cousin, for he does not repay the visit, and never comes farther North than the Potomac. This cousin, though a nocturnal bird, deriving his popular name from his nocturnal call, has never enjoyed the reputation, nor received the attentions which have been conferred upon the Whip-poor-will. Whether this is due to his inferiority as a musician, or not, I cannot say, it never having been my good fortune to listen to his song.

And now, with a low bow to our lovely guests, who have looked so charmingly and behaved so quietly during our chat, let me enjoin upon you the study of the manners and habits of the birds, those most excelling embodiments of the beautiful, which the Creator in His goodness has placed upon the earth for the delight of our eyes our ears and our hearts. For the more familiar we become with the beautiful, the better fitted shall we become to properly appreciate it; and the more perfectly we appreciate it, the higher, purer, and nobler beings shall we become; for, like the good and the true, the beautiful is of God.

THE SCARLET HIBISCUS.

Thou bloom'st, at last—fair stranger, from the isle
Of Santa Cruz! Like gorgeous sunset o'er
The mountain-tops, thou spreadst thy blood-red leaves,
Enamored of the sun, that to these hills,
Far in the north, hath followed his beloved,
Thy face with bridal blushes is suffused.
His smiles and kisses fill thy tender leaves
With color, and thy heart with perfect joy.
Thy life is only bliss, and burning love.
Yes, thou dost reign amid the flowers, and wear
Thy scarlet like a queen. And when, at last,
The little measure of thy days is full,
Thou dost not drop thy leaves, and die disheveled,

Nor, like the morning-glories, shrink to naught;
 But thou dost fold thy petals, undecayed,
 And in their perfect bloom, as draws a queen
 Her robe of state about her virgin form,
 To die with royal grace and dignity.
 And thou dost not regret the sunny isle,
 That in the south sea floats on tepid waves
 Of violet and indigo. There bloom,
 In happy gardens of Hesperides,
 Thy sister flowers. The red uxoria
 Thy rival was for favors of the sun.
 In winging censors of maroon and pink
 The frangipanni, also, to his shrine
 Its fragrance brought. The scarlet cordia
 Aspired on higher boughs to lift its flames
 Of worship, and of love. E'en to mid-heaven
 The wood of life, the same on which our Lord
 Was crucified, its sacrificial flowers
 Of blood did raise. The waving "soldiers' plumes,"
 And oleanders gave their mingled red
 Unto the sunrise, while the yellow groups
 Of cedars, and the gilded jessamines
 Of Spain, reflected to the evening sky,
 Their gold, and apple-green.

Ah, lovely isle
 Of Holy Cross! Well I remember all
 Its flowers, and all its glossy, spreading leaves,
 And many-tinted fruits. Flower-bearing vines
 Creep o'er the land, and climbing to the tops
 Of tallest trees, ceibas, and tamarinds,
 Toss their oblations gayly to the sun,
 From cups of gold, or glass Bohemian,
 And dance with zephyrs from the Carib isles,
 When trade winds softly blow, and play their pipes.
 The round and rolling hills are green with canes;
 The shores are white with foam. The roads, that through
 The valleys wind, are shaded by the palms—
 The palms, that leaning over road and shore,
 And tufting all the heights, impart such grace
 To this fair isle, as did the nymphs to Greece,
 When in her groves they lived. The southern cross
 Looks down from heaven upon no sweeter spot.
 No lovelier lips of beach does ocean kiss
 Than these, where, standing in the dusk of eve,
 One sees the pelicans, on spectral wings,
 Sail overhead, and seek in sheltered bays
 Their wonted place of rest. From headlands bold
 Appear the purple hills St. Thomas piles,
 In misty distance, on the azure waves;
 While on horizon's thread, like string of pearls,
 Loom up, at set of sun, the Virgin Isles
 And Porto Rique.

SOME THINGS IN LONDON AND PARIS—1836-1869.

Changes—The Voyage—English Notes—Traveling in Olden Time—Modern Improvements—Tabernacles and Cathedrals—Parliament—John Bright—Authors—Publishers—Cheap Books—Mercantile Honor—English Ethics on Rebellion—Museums of Art—Paris and its Renovations—The Emperor and Abraham Lincoln—Labour—Doré—etc.

THIRTY-THREE years ago this month, I landed in Liverpool from the packet-ship *England*, from New York, and made the most of six months in England and on the Continent. In a residence of ten years in London, interspersed with a dozen trips across the Atlantic, between 1836 and 1847, I had a chance to note some of the changes, and comparative ills and advantages on both sides of the Atlantic, which a very dull person could hardly fail to observe with profit.

To revisit London and Paris after such an interval, and to compare 1869 with 1836, was to me a sensation—an item in one's personal remembrances of peculiar interest.

One of the first things to be remarked is the truism that the European trip of to-day has become so common as to require positive genius to place it in any new light. What was comparatively distant, novel and mysterious in the last generation is now familiar in our mouths as household words. The full-grown man or woman who has not "done" the whole is becoming more of a novelty than the lions themselves. These notes, then, simply refer to some of the changes and signs of progress during the "generation" last past.

And, first, of the vessels that take you. In 1836 the bright-sided "liners," the sailing packet-ships of New York, were our pride and boast. Ranging from 600 to 900 tons (a mere yacht in these days), their fine models, excellent accommodations, and wide-awake "gentlemanly" captains, were proverbial all over the world. Where are they now?

Two trips in the *England*, with the well-known Captain Waite, and two in the *Margaret Evans*, with the always popular E. G. Tinker (both now retired with honorable independence), then in the *St. James*, then another in the grade of vessels next afloat—the *Collins* line—and then good-bye to sailing vessels. A new era commences. It was

my fortune to have a trial of nearly all the rival lines for the passenger trade between 1839 and 1851. The *Caledonia*, Canada and *Cambria* of the Cunarders, the *Great Western* (second vessel of all in the field), the *Great Liverpool*—a peninsular steamer, recklessly sent across the Atlantic in a winter voyage and narrowly escaping the bottom—the ill-fated *President* on her last trip to New York, two trips in the American steamers *Herman* in 1849 and the *Franklin* in 1851.

These sufficed to give one a specimen of progressive improvements in "floating palaces," so-called, and in some of the perils of navigation. Six of these vessels were afterwards utterly lost; and of two, the *England* (sailing) and the *President* (steamer) no tidings whatever were ever received. Probably the loss of life at sea, at least in "regular" packets, is not much greater in average than on railways, but there is enough to show that no human skill is infallible.

With but little knowledge of the merits of recent lines, I found myself almost at random aboard the *Westphalia*, of the Hamburg line. A greater advance over the vessels of olden time, which I had known, could not be expected even with these twenty years of experiment.

The older Cunarders and the *Hermann* and *Franklin* were about 1,200 tons, and were then the marvels of genius. The ships of this Hamburg line are of 3,000 tons, all "screws," most substantially built (in the Clyde, by the way,) of iron, and fitted up comfortably and luxuriously enough for a prince, and admirably managed. I write this in the *Hammonia*, on my return. The *Westphalia* is still finer, and the *Cimbria* and *Holsatia* are of the same grade. Officers and stewards civil and attentive, in notable contrast to the martinet ways of the Cunarders; and the table superabundantly provided with delicacies by a French cook. Our trip, though in February, was but nine days and eight hours to Cowes, and compared with any of the fourteen trips of former years, it was as superior in comfort as it was in speed.

That superb morning when we passed the *Needles*, with a full moon in a clear sky on one side, and the red light at those pictur-

esque rocks on the other, was a delicious surprise, especially as one is so apt to be met on these coasts by a cold, raw fog or drizzling rain. This agreeable reception was enhanced half an hour later off Cowes, where Her Majesty's steam yacht appeared as if all ready to greet us, and the Queen herself, with the whole household, left Osborne House (off which we had anchored) and preceded us in said yacht to Southampton, and thence on the railway to London—blocking us, by the way, on the track for a couple of hours. While listening to the impatient jokes of our German neighbor in the cars during this delay, it was natural to look back to 1836, when I first saw the fair young Princess Victoria, just seventeen, with her mother, at a musical festival in Exeter Hall—and then “the expectancy and rose of the fair state”—but attracting no very marked observation, and looking like many other damsels of her age in the audience. Five years later, sitting in the gardens of the Temple on the 9th November, to see the Lord Mayor's gingerbread barge, I heard the guns which proclaimed the birth of her first son, the Prince of Wales. I had been permitted meanwhile to “assist” at a soiree, and also at a public dinner, both attended in a sort of “state” by “H. R. H.,” Prince Albert—and what a handsome, well-formed, sensibly-behaved young man he was! The sables still worn by the stout, matronly queen, and the monuments everywhere erected to her worthy and useful consort, show that he is freshly remembered—and his works do follow him. The *cidévant* maiden of sweet seventeen is now fat if not fair, and some dozen children call her “grandmother.”

Towns like Southampton continue to be as essentially and distinctively English as they were in the last generation—the same substantial stone piers, the same snug, compact streets and shops, the same cosy inns, with their cold joints and muffins and excellent tea for breakfast, the same threepence to the waiter and the “boots,” the same general air of decent *comfort* in the snug-looking houses of the “trades-people,” without a particle of superfluous ornament or frippery. Coming to the railway station, a “N. Y. & New Haven” passenger remarks rather the freedom and absence of red tape, and the quiet, easy fashion of things, less show and even less comfort in the famous “first-class” apartments than one remembers of the first days of English railways. But to go back still further, when railways were *not*, one cannot

help remembering the slower but more picturesque and exhilarating locomotion of olden time—even as late as 1836—when we mounted to the box or sat with the guard on the top of the “Royal Mail” coach, and the coachman, cracking his whip over his spirited “team” of four unexceptionable bays, groomed and harnessed to a nicety, we bowled along over the hard, smooth roads at the rate of ten to twelve miles an hour, and absurdly supposed the perfection of travelling had been reached. Or, again, when on a dewy morning we enjoyed the luxury of a drive in an English post-chaise (*a la milord*), with four horses and a postillion to each pair, and we dashed with *gentlemanly* speed along those delicious by-ways and hedge-lined cross-roads, to do the “lions” in Derbyshire and Warwickshire—to “realize” our school-boy dreams of Shakspearean Stratford-on-Avon, and lordly Blenheim, and monastic Oxford, and baronial Warwick, and magnificent Chatsworth, and romantic Haddon Hall; or when we used to roam over the softly-carpeted hills of Kent and read Boswell at Tunbridge Wells, and Sydney's *Areadia* at Penshurst, and Chaucer at Canterbury, and King Lear under Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover: or imbibed Gray's Odes and Elegy at Windsor and Stoke Park, and Pope's couplets at Twickenham, and the Lady of the Lake at Loch Katrine. All these remembrances of real enjoyment of former days in *rural* England—away from the iron track, and even before iron tracks existed—all these rose up in memory like an exhalation, as we took our seats to ride to London in the modern humdrum apartment from which the “country” and the chimney-tops can be seen at the rate of from thirty to sixty miles per hour.

At Waterloo station cabs in abundance stand by the platform ready for yourself and your luggage, and a plainly printed card of their lawful fares—6d. (12 cents) per mile, or 2s. (50 cents) per hour—is posted in each cab. Observe: you pay for yourself and luggage for the first mile, say 25 cents, or 12 cents for each additional mile; and no grumbling about it. In this point London Cabbys have improved. When will New York follow suit?

Whirling over Waterloo-bridge, through the Strand, Trafalgar square, and Regent street, my first impression was that even the latter appeared less stately than of yore. In fact, our recent mercantile marble, iron and brown-stone palaces in Broadway have dwarfed the stuccoed grandeur of the 4th George's famous

street—and I began to wonder whether this was really the great Babylon of my romantic days. Only the more deliberate comparisons of recent architectural improvements of this vast metropolis sufficed to prove its enormous advances—outstripping in proportion even our wide-awake cities of the West. Chicago herself has scarcely grown more in the last quarter of a century, than this ancient and unwieldy “metropolis of the world.”

The “Langham” and the “Charing Cross” are the new hotels for the times—and so I tried them both. Stately as the former appears as you look down Portland Place, the Londoners say it has spoiled the symmetry of that lordly street. Where it stands, the famous Lord Mansfield used to live, and the Czar Nicholas, whom I had seen in London in 1844-’5 “put up” at Mansfield house. The Langham, with its six stories of solid masonry, already well smoked, and its American manager (Mr. Sanderson), has not yet paid large dividends, they say, to its company (limited). Its cost was large, and the results have not justified the outlay, even after all the advantage of Yo-semitic-Hiawathan-entertainment which the wise ones appreciated. The “plan” of this house promised a combination of the excellencies of the English, French and American systems. Let us hope that in attempting all, the company will not fail to reach either. Of course the house is *comfortable*;—any English country inn is that;—but it lacks something of the cheerful conveniences and elegant economies of the best French and American hotels. The dull dimness of the stately corridors gives one the blues. It caters, apparently, for American customers, and takes the *N. Y. Times*—but the latest number on the files was a month older than I had brought myself.

A new hotel of the same class, apparently, is the Alexandra—in Piccadilly, opposite Hyde Park—a more lively and equally convenient situation, where one sees more of the outside world at a glance.

The Charing Cross—a huge structure at the railway-station of that name—is another “novelty” to me—substantial—bustling, almost dizzying by its constant whirl of active life—for it is at the very heart of London. Looking from my 4th floor window out upon the familiar tail of the lion on Northumberland house—(“town-home of the Percy’s high-born race”)—I could not help wondering how the present owner of this ancient and wealthy dukedom likes being jostled so briskly and so closely by modern improvements; locomotives smoking and wheezing and cabs rumbling under his very windows.

At the immense “station” immediately adjoining this hotel, trains with locomotives arrive and depart every few minutes—either on the Dover track or to the Crystal Palace and the suburbs, or to the other stations of the metropolitan or underground railway. But the comparative order and quiet, the absence of all loud calls or locomotive shrieks, the smooth, easy gliding of the cars without any needless noise or confusion, are in such strong contrast to the aspect of one of our large “depots” (when shall we quasi this word and say “station”?) that one can hardly realize at first how much business is going on. A mere glance at these operations at Charing Cross—with all its details and surroundings—such as a first-rate hotel—a restaurant—a lunch room, where you are well and civilly served with appetizing bits (Mugby Junction is defunct) and at “prices to suit”—the railway library and news stand on the platform, where you buy a good novel for a shilling, and your Daily News or Telegraph for one penny, your Echo for ha’penny—(a well-printed *double* evening journal)—and your Judy and Echoes for twopence, and are thanked for doing it—with every other suggestion for the agreeable and comfortable start on your journey, whether it is to London Bridge, or to Australia—all these systematic arrangements are so nearly perfect as to make an American growl with disgust when he thinks of the miserable shanties of the Jersey ferry, whence one starts on the great national route to the American metropolis—and where a Senator and an apple-woman or boot-black are huddled together in a scramble for the first squeeze in the wooden hut, six feet or so square, where your tickets or your life (almost) is the consideration. “They manage these things better in France,” and so they do in England—whatever tyrannies and despotism there may be behind the scenes. If that amiable, gracious and obliging Cerberus who watches for lapdogs and parcels and anxious fathers at the ladies’ room of the N. Y. & New Haven, would come and take a look at the Charing Cross Station,—or rather, if his masters the directors would do so, possibly a useful hint or two might be gained, which in the course of a few years might be of advantage to our long-suffering people. How is it that while our River and Sound steamers eclipse those of all the world, our railway system is so imperfect—in many conspicuous places so utterly mean and disgraceful?

One thing is objectionable in these stations—at least for a stranger—and that is the

display of hundreds of large advertisements and posters—some of them enormous—on the walls, utterly confusing with their big letters, any one looking for *needful* information. The *profit* of these to the company must be large, to justify or excuse the nuisance. As they are repeated in every station, large and small, all over the kingdom, the expense to advertisers must be enormous. Thus the newer journals and magazines post bills eight feet long on all the dead walls in London, and many of them are done in all sizes, in cast-iron plates with enamelled letters. If full-sized double daily papers like the *Standard*, *News*, *Star*, &c., can be sold for two cents, and the *Echo* (larger than our *Evening Mail*) for one cent, how can they afford to pay thousands of pounds a year for street advertisements? and how is it that with all this heavy incubus of expense of publicity the supply of reading for the million has so wonderfully increased in England and its cheapness in proportion? Thirty years ago, English newspapers cost 10 cents to 15 cents each—and new books were a luxury for the select few, while ours cost comparatively nothing. Now, both papers and books may be had for less than half the price of ours. Probably Mr. Carey can explain. This turning of the tables is easily accounted for to a certain extent—but the complete revolution and reversal of proportions seems at first to be mysterious.

Even the gilt-edged "Guide" which they give you at the Langham, suggests the expediency of your hearing Mr. Spurgeon and of going early—that the cab-fare is 2s.; but it does *not* hint that you can go on the top of an omnibus for 4d., and that the ride may be more instructive. My first observation in the course of this *lofty* survey, was the apparent change in Sabbath observance in London. Not only the gin-palaces, but a great many shops of all kinds were in active business—and in one street on the Surrey side some thousands of rough-looking people were holding high change—apparently a Jewish holi, not holy, day. Near the famed Elephant & Castle, my omnibus-neighbor, learning my destination, said he was one of that congregation, and invited me (as a stranger) to his seat—otherwise the chance would have been "limited." For a rarity, as I was told, Mr. Spurgeon had exchanged with a brother minister from the other side of the river, who began by sympathizing with the disappointment of the thousands before him. In reality, I liked the substitute better than I expected to

like the more renowned preacher. But neither could be half so impressive as the immense audience itself—said to be over 8,000, of which 5,000 are in rented seats, placed in three galleries, and on the floor of the gigantic Tabernacle, so adroitly, that every one could see and hear: and when the multitude rose as one man, and followed the precentor at the side of the preacher's table, in singing a familiar psalm, the effect was far more touching and solemn than any preaching could possibly be.

In the evening I returned and heard Spurgeon himself: the crowd was greater, every seat filled and every aisle thronged—and the preacher's power over the vast assembly was indeed a marvel. I can't quite forget my prejudices against his heavy face; but his wonderful executive ability and his immense influence for good over so many thousands of regular hearers, and tens of thousands of casual ones, can hardly be over-estimated. Boxes for coins for the "Pastor's College" in Regent's Park, placed everywhere in sight, were labelled to the effect that last week's contribution was some £35.

Next Sunday morning the service at Westminster Abbey was impressive, and notable for other things. This glorious old edifice has not only had care and renovation in its outward aspects, but also in its practical uses. The ding-dong of its ancient dozing vergers, who lay in wait for strangers' sixpences, seems to have been lulled; and on Saturday I was actually permitted to walk about where I pleased, everywhere but in Henry VIII's Chapel, without any hint of guides or pennies. On Sunday, too, instead of the monotonous homily of a drowsy pluralist, to a handful of people in the choir, a large part of the whole edifice is filled with an interested audience in comfortable seats—(graded of course for the gentle and simple)—the music and chanting is of the best,—and a man of real ability preaches a practical and excellent sermon, which gentle and simple may profit by alike. At least this was what I saw and heard. The preacher seemed to be of a different mould from the canons of olden time. Has the Church come down to the people? From the text, "Where shall we buy bread that these may eat?" he not only expounded spiritual food for the hearers on both sides of the railing which separated the chairs from the benches, but he discussed, for the plainer people, the simple but often urgent wants and anxieties for the wherewithal to *live*—the daily problem, "how to make both ends meet," which many, even of those not classed

as "poor," find it often difficult to solve. The excellent sense and earnest feeling of the sermon, surprised as well as instructed a listener who had come to the Abbey from the last generation. The rich tones of the organ, and some good voices echoing through those long-drawn aisles and lofty arches, were as impressive, in their way, as the 8,000 human voices singing in unison at the Tabernacle, without even a bass viol or melodeon to guide them. Why may not both modes of worship be acceptable, if fervently and honestly rendered, to Him who regardeth the spirit and not the letter of such service?

The huge St. Paul's also is now turned to other uses besides a Pantheon for big monuments. In the evening I attended service there, when some 5,000 people were comfortably seated, under the great dome and in the nave as well as the choir, to listen to the choral service and fine anthems, and to hear a really able and interesting discourse by the Bishop of Derry. I don't know who he may be, but he is not one of the drones. These services are held every Sunday evening, and are always crowded,—for they make a point, I am told, of having the ablest and most effective preachers from all quarters of the Establishment. The English church is evidently waking up to the expediency of *doing* something besides enjoying its immense revenues and fat sinecures. The Taits, Trenches and Stanleys appreciate the situation. In a week-day visit to the two cathedrals, I noted some of the new monuments which mark the eminences who have passed away since I saw England. In St. Paul's they have put up the usual style of marble to several military notabilities.

In Westminster, a full length Peel, and a ditto Palmerston; and in a modest niche of Poet's Corner is a simple bust of Thackeray, looking toward the wits and poets whom he had revived,—as though he was not quite sure whether he was was there merely on sufferance. "Tom Campbell," Hallam, Wordsworth and Macaulay are more conspicuously honored—for as the man in Sheridan's play says, "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey"—and even men of genius dream of that apothecosis. The whole building is evidently cared for and renovated with suitable reverence—and St. Paul's, too, is in the hands of skillful restorers, who are gradually completing the ornamentation so long left unfinished. Appeals for pennies to aid this renovation are posted, and it is pleasant to know that these grand memorials of by-gone ages are not to be permitted to fall into ruin.

Street monuments to England's great men continue to prevail, but do not improve much in grace.

Havelock and C. J. Napier stand on each side of Nelson's big lions in Trafalgar Square, with the ambling steed of Charles I. and the pig-tail of George III. in near proximity. England's earlier chivalry is embodied in an equestrian Richard Cœur de Lion, near the House of Lords. In Waterloo Place, one of the finest sites of the metropolis is filled with a very heavy if not ugly group of iron grenadiers placed against a granite pile on which is inscribed "Crimea." The only symmetrical and satisfactory recent attempt at the monumental, is the gothic structure in Hyde Park, on the site of the Palace of '51, to the honor of Prince Albert.

The gorgeous gothic pile built by Barry for the Houses of Parliament has been completed since my residence in London. With a card for the "Speaker's Gallery" from our very polite Secretary of Legation, Mr. Moran, I had good opportunity to observe the *manner* of the present Ministry—especially Mr. Gladstone, who spoke twice, briefly, but with peculiar clear-headed tact, courtesy and dignity, which showed the secret of his influence and power. It was the night after the first great debate on the Irish Church bill. Everybody knows what the House of Commons is—the only remark I need make is to wonder why the architect of this enormous building, whose halls and corridors and towers are on a superb scale in size and elegance, could not have provided a little more room for the most important object of the building, viz., the sessions of the House? Why should the 650 members be forced to sit like so many school boys crowded on 'forms' or forced in a full house to take refuge in the galleries?—(for there are no seats for all the members on the floor). Why should the spectators' galleries be limited to 100 seats? and why should the ladies be limited to a score or so, caged behind a glass screen, to peep like Tom of Coventry at a dumb show, without hearing a word of what is said? Probably all this has been asked and answered scores of times,—but each new comer, who has seen the ample scope of our Capitol, will be sure to wonder over again at these and other of our Uncle's little anomalies.

The one name in England, which perhaps excites most interest in an American—after Dickens and Tennyson perhaps—is that of John Bright. As I had been privileged with two or three notes from him during the war,

in reference to his portrait, and to certain "rebellion" documents, I ventured to send him a card, though half ashamed of the intrusion on a Cabinet Minister, as busy as the President of the Board of Trade must necessarily be. A pleasant, familiar note from him within a few hours, asked me to call between the hours 10 and 11 next day—which I did not fail to do. His lodgings in Clarges street, were so much like the modest apartments I had once occupied near by, that I imagined I had blundered in the number. No. Mr. Bright was in, and I was shown to a plain room on the second floor. "Is there a room below where one can wait if he calls," Mr. Bright asked of the damsel after he had cordially greeted and seated me. "No sir," says the servant, "it is occupied." A word or two of apology for intruding on his valuable time—which I feared my countrymen were too apt to do—was kindly and simply cut short, and for half an hour he made me entirely "at home" in a rapid talk about certain points on which, as it happened, I was able to give him some information. The servant meanwhile announced "Mr. Livingstone." Again the question about the room below. "No sir, he is still there." "No matter," said Mr. B., turning to me, "You won't mind his coming up here—he is a brother of Dr. Livingstone the traveller. We have no secrets to talk about." Of course I could but again apologize and propose to take leave—but he kept me some twenty minutes longer, Mr. Livingstone, meanwhile, meekly waiting for his turn—and when I left him I was again invited with some emphasis, to call on my return from Paris. All this is a trifle, but it is mentioned simply to illustrate the unassuming, simple, hearty good nature of this noble man, so different in his manners and his surroundings from our tradition of an English cabinet minister. Portraits do not do him justice. His face is a model of the best English type—rosy health without grossness—intelligence, good-sense, and *bonhomie* happily united. If I might quote some of his sayings, they would show that he has some pickle and *epice* in his composition, also, and that he is a shrewd and independent thinker.

The next call I had to make was on the author of "Foul Play," and "Never too late to Mend." His domicile, and its peculiarities were not less interesting for being those of a man of genius who had such marvellous facility in dramatic stories—but one is scarcely justified in relating private conversation, even of a famous author, or in describing his dress-

ing-gown and pet cat. Mr. Charles Reade is a good deal cosmopolitan as well as English in his notions, and his shrewd independence and self-reliance seem to belong to what is usually termed a "man of the world."

A short visit to Miss Thackeray, the charming daughter of the great novelist, and herself a bright and sensible story-teller, was an agreeable episode in the day's doings. Her grace of manner—wholly free from pedantry or pretence—as simple as a child and as polished as a duchess—is quite winning. To express satisfaction in knowing any one who "had known her father," was very easy, but the evident sincerity of the cordial greeting was not to be doubted.

The author of the "Woman in White," has everything handsome *about* him, and is evidently a gentleman, and a very agreeable man.

My old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, and others with whom we used to exchange visits in olden time, are still flourishing in hale and healthy maturity, I was told, but there was no time to seek them.

The elders of the houses of Murray, Longman, and Whittaker, who had hospitably received me in 1836, have passed away, but the business of the two first is vigorously pursued by the present generation. The new and elegant premises of the Longmans and the newer and handsome palace of the rising Nelsons are both lost in the narrow lane, where booksellers most do congregate—Paternoster Row. Many of the wealthy, older publishers whose names are familiar in our mouths, are conservatively pursuing their vocation exactly as they were thirty years ago. Baldwin, Moxon, Tilt, the elder Bohn, Pickering, and others, have passed off the stage. Henry Bohn "the Napoleon of remainders," partially retired, after printing 500 Library volumes and editing many of them himself, now amuses himself with nick-nacks like old china, for which hobby they say he has expended £50,000 of his well-earned fortune. The name of Bentley, who is now quite advanced and in poor health, is kept in title-pages by his son, and so is Pickering's, in a moderate way.

But the newer men who have risen up to fame and fortune in this responsible vocation are rapidly eclipsing the old fogies in the magnitude and activity, if not respectability of their operations. Of these Routledge, Warne, Strahan, MacMillan, and Low and Marston, are the most notable,—the progress of some of these having been more on

our American plan than in the ordinary English habit. In my younger days in London, Routledge had a little box near Leicester Square whence he would sally forth himself with samples of "trade-sale job-lots" under his arm and sell "13-12 at 1s"—or make a "dicker" for Yankee books, if he couldn't do better.

Now, his warehouses are "big things," and his list of publications numbers many hundred. His first noted contract was with Bulwer—to give him £2,000 a year for ten years for the use of his works, printing them in tens of thousands "for the million," at a nominal price. The cheapness of his publications, and others of their class in England, has distanced American competition marvelously. Warne, Nelson, Strahan, Low and others do an immense business in the same department. Books for five, three, two and one shilling, and even for sixpence (a very decent copy of Cooper's novels, for example,)—which were published originally at a guinea or a guinea and a half. Apparently they find their account in this system, for it is common to hear of editions of tens of thousands; and Hotten told me that of one of Artemas Ward's books he had sold a quarter of a million! We boast of the universality of our book-reading, but where does the English reading public come from? Look at their periodical literature! To say nothing of their merely "popular" serials like *Good Words*, *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week*, ranging from 50,000 to 130,000, the number of shilling magazines is startling to think of—three times as many in *proportion* as we have, and most people would say *ours* are too many. Then the penny issues, such as *British Workman*, etc., are marvellous for the excellence of their illustrations as well as their literature. In all this matter of instruction and entertainment for the million, our English contemporaries are leaving us very far astern—almost out of sight.

Here, again, one of "the trade" of thirty years ago is startled with the *differences*. Then the cheapness of American books was proverbial: and English editions were luxuries which few could afford. The stately quartos and octavos, priced in guineas instead of pence, are still issued when important new books are to be launched for the first time; but, the nabobs and the libraries once supplied, the "people" are then cared for with compact duodecimos at prices to suit.

The good old aristocratic days of the elder

Murray and his kin are passing away. How he used to entertain the American bibliophiles, the rarity of whose advent, thirty years ago, rendered them objects of curiosity! James Brown and Daniel Appleton and one or two others comprised the whole American delegation for many years. The two named are gone; but others are now familiar with the Albemarle street mahogany on which the portraits of Scott and Byron and Southey and Crabbe and Irving and the Arctic navigators looked down approvingly. How the old gentleman used to produce his *Childe Harold* and other choice MSS., with half-earned apprehension lest these wild Americans should slip them into their pockets. [The present Mr. John Murray, who makes the red-books for travellers, sometimes styled the British tourist's Bible, is now absent on his first visit to Italy: oddly enough, although all these guide-books were supposed to be actually prepared by him, and those on Germany really were so, he has never till now even seen Rome or Florence.] How the *long* firm of Longmans used to give us a hospitable chair at their long table in the Row, where the excellent Brown's bachelor-hall in the warehouse used to provide a hot joint for their authors and business friends. How the Napoleonic Bohn used to give us holiday dinners at the Star & Garter of Richmond Hill, and ex-Sheriff Whittaker used to tell us how many men he had hung when "the city" had the advantage of his services! How democratic Talboys, under the very shadow of the ancient university on the Isis, used to surprise us with his admiration for American institutions—even more strange to us than the super-ultra loyalty of the official publisher, Mr. Parker, who taught us that "the Crown must be respected if it only hangs on a bush!" But such gossip of old times might be extended ad nauseam.

Among the nooks and corners which an American in England, thirty years ago, was apt to "mouse out," were the old Dr. Johnson tavern in Bolt Court, where we used to pay for a pint of ale for the sake of a peep at the Lumber Troop Hall, once the library of the growing old lexicographer; then the rather doubtful respectability of the "Judge and Jury Society," in Covent Garden, where mock "appeals from the Lord Chancellor's Court below, at Westminster," were gravely argued by big-wigs at the bar before a bigger wig "on the bench"—the price of a pot of 'alf and 'alf being the admission fee. But I did not fail to revisit and take my "chop and

Cheshire" at the little smoky room of Dolly's chop house in Paternoster Row, which for *three hundred years* last past has dispensed those comforts to bibliophiles and others who have haunted the place since the time of Spenser and Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.

While the old "haunts" and curiosities remain, the renovations and improvements going on in London are wonderful in their extent and costly excellence. The Thames Embankment, and new bridges, to say nothing of the enormous railway system, the viaduct at Holborn Valley, and the complete transformation of Smithfield and its old cattle market of John Rogers' memory; the new buildings in the city, the immense demolition of rookeries between the Strand and Holborn, for the new law courts; the new hotels; the amazing growth of the suburbs; the new horticultural gardens and museums; the wonderful Museum in progress at Kensington and the completion of that at Bloomsbury, are among the signs that London not only "still lives," but that this "huge, overgrown metropolis," as it was called when half its present size, is advancing in apparent prosperity quite as fast as any of our growing western cities. It is true that in the matter of dwelling-houses in the suburbs, the speculative builders seem to have "overdone it" for the time—for Overend & Gurney's failure, and other things of that sort, were a terrible shock to English credit, and sadly contracted the incomes of multitudes of the middle classes. Here again I found a difference from the tone of olden time—in the days when every American in England was pharisaically lectured about the shortcomings of his countrymen, culminating in the national crime of repudiation, and we were kindly told to observe that "an Englishman's word is his bond the world over." Truly, we deserved the lecture somewhat: and Englishmen had a right to a good deal of self-complacency. They have still; for, as a nation, their phariseism is based on a sturdy, downright foundation of honest candor and integrity. And yet there are exceptions—strange to say. Such cases as the Overends & Gurneys, where thousands were ruined by unsuspecting confidence, which proved for a series of years to have been betrayed, have not been so very rare; and one finds a difference in the whole tone in which business operations are referred to. To speak of a contemporary in trade as "slippery," or something worse, is a frequent habit, and it was not at all pleasant to notice so much jealousy and disparagement of each other, even

among the prosperous portion of our own fraternity.

The earnest, hearty hospitality and genuine kindness which I met among English acquaintances of former years was enough to revive the heartiest liking for old England and to make one feel at home there with enduring friends. Once established in the good will of such people and they grapple you to their hearts with hooks of steel. Their practical friendliness was so pleasant to think of, that I could not but wonder the more when a passing allusion to our recent national struggle betrayed the fact, that the bitterest of the "unreconstructed"—the haughtiest of the unrepentant "secesh"—are not more thoroughly tainted with the poison of Southern doctrine than some of our kindest and most warm-hearted and intelligent personal friends in England. Not all the stubborn events of the war itself and its great results, not all the magnanimous treatment of the leaders of the great conspiracy, has apparently changed or softened in the least the prejudices of many of even moderate, well-read, liberal-minded English men and women which were nursed and fed in the outset, by the lies of the London *Times*. Even now, some of the most excellent people who would do all sorts of hospitable things for you personally, will hold up their hands and roll their eyes in horror at "the abominable treatment of Mr. Davis," and of "that excellent noble-hearted man General Lee." Of course this view of things is not universal—but what there is yet, even among the 'middle classes' would surprise a simple-minded northern Republican. The way the sturdy, downright John Bright spoke of a certain famous 'admiral' who had eclipsed Captain Kidd, was not much like the tone of Mr. Davis' admirers. But it will take some time yet for the simple truth of our great struggle to be appreciated in the various circles of English life.

After all, however, the American name in England is treated with more consideration than in the time when Lynch law, Repudiation, Slavery, and the Oregon and North Eastern Boundary Questions used to be poked at American visitors and residents in a patronizingly offensive style. Some curious illustrations of the spirit of thirty years since, which it was my fortune to encounter, might be quoted—but it is scarcely worth while. Mr. George Peabody, now the great dispenser of millions for the London poor, was then a modest merchant, keeping bachelor-hall with a friend in a small £80-house in Devon.

shire Street,—where the chums occasionally dined some of the American residents or visitors, and he now and then joined a similar little gathering at Knickerbocker cottage, where it was my fortune to entertain in a small way, three successive envoys,—Mr. Everett, Mr. McLane, and Mr. Bancroft—besides our Spanish minister, Mr. Irving; the little American circle being mixed sometimes with some of our English literary friends. It was delicious to take another look at the semi-detached snuggeries and gardens in St. John's Wood and north of Regent's Park, and to remember the good old times when we enjoyed the luxuries of the "Zoological and Botanical" and the immediate proximity to Primrose Hill and Hampstead Heath and the magnificent slopes of the Park itself. No street walk in the world, perhaps, is more agreeable than that from Primrose Hill along the terraces of Regent's Park and gardens and down Portland Place and Regent Street to Waterloo Place—the central point of London grandeur.

But one of the crowning glories of London of recent growth is that superb collection of rare things in the yet unfinished museum at South Kensington. The old British Museum in Bloomsbury, now wholly reconstructed on the sight of the old brick pile of the 17th century, is a world of itself, an amazing collection of illustrations of the wonders of nature, ancient art, and the literature of all nations. But the newly built galleries at South Kensington already contain relics and models of ancient and mediæval art which are eclipsing those of the Louvre—while the collections of paintings of the English school, including those made by Sheepshanks, Vernon, Bell and others, are the most delicious things in modern art to be seen in Europe. Of course thousands of American visitors in Europe for the last twenty years are aware of all this—but how many of them appreciate fully the immense wealth of Art in this building—how many of those who have ample means in lucre, to make their names immortal, are disposed to do so by even laying the foundation of such an institution in New York,—so thoroughly constructed—so perfectly warmed and ventilated: so fully furnished with every luxurious convenience for the *people*—rich and poor—learned and ignorant—to study art in its purest and highest forms—to cultivate their taste and their intellect—to enjoy at all times and in the most liberal manner the advantage of communion with genius of all

ages and nations, and to drink in the richest inspirations of art with as much freedom as the air itself?

PARIS.

On my first visit to France, in 1836, I was a whole week on the way from London to Paris—including four days at Boulogne waiting for a chance seat in the Diligence. Returning, four days at Havre waiting for a steamer, and then a twenty-four hours' passage in a gale to Southampton, left impressions of the trip between the two cities, which dozens of subsequent visits only partially modified. When one now takes his cushioned seat at Cannon Street, at 1 p. m., after a good lunch in the station, and at twelve the same evening finds himself comfortably in bed on the Boulevards with his *douan* portmanteau in the corner, without the least shade of fatigue or discomfort (except somewhat in that cramped Folkstone steamer, which is no bigger and no better than thirty years since) it is safe to conclude that in some particulars the world has advanced since the days of our youth.

But when you sally forth into the glazed court-yard of the Grand Hotel and thence into the Boulevard and take a glance at "N. & E's" gigantic new Opera House and the superb new streets diverging therefrom; when you follow these from block to block until you discover in every direction miles and miles of broad, palace-lined, asphaltum-paved streets, newly built where narrow lanes and uncouth rookeries only existed at the time of your last visit—when you find these superb avenues, which have risen like an exhalation, stretching along not in one or two central localities merely, but in every quarter of the great capital, built on a uniform scale of substantial elegance which shows at a glance that some central power—despotic or other—has devised and directed the whole operation—when you look in vain for the old lanterns suspended across from house to house, and the dirty gutters splashing you from the centre of ill-paved, sidewalkless streets, such as they were in the good old days of Louis Philippe—but instead you find smoothly-paved streets with well-made *trottoirs*, and perfect neatness and cleanliness wherever you go—even in the old Latin quarter: when you study without and within the wonderful pile of palaces restored and completed where the Louvre and the Tuilleries were sundered by unsightly nuisances; when you look at these and scores of similar improvements on a large scale, is it strange that American visitors should join

others in admiring the energy and taste,—“imperial” though it is—which has effected such a magnificent transformation? It is true that the people are now called upon to pay the *piper* (there’s the rub) and Hausmanized Paris is on the qui-vive at this moment for the verdict of the Corps Legislatif on the legality and the justice of these enormous expenditures and high-handed seizures of individual property. But after all the grumbling, Paris likes her new holiday dress too well to quarrel with the Emperor for insisting upon her wearing it—and paying for it too—and so when the ministers the other day confessed to the deputies that the improvements had been illegally made—but they “wouldn’t do so any more,” the deputies voted that his Imperial Majesty and his advisers should be excused and forgiven—just this once. The radicals growled, but the bankers and merchants applauded, and all again goes as merry as a marriage bell.

It was curious to note the different shades of feeling in regard to the government and to the prospects of France. Some of the shrewdest and most active of the “reds” whom I had a favorable chance to know, are so bitter in their hostility to the “upstart” Emperor, that one wonders as to the chances of his head. But, going from these to the prosperous men of business, one may imagine universal contentment and security for the dynasty to an unlimited extent. As to the Orleanists and Legitimists, if they still exist in any strength, they do not appear to be demonstrative.

In 1851, during a flying visit to Paris, one of the members of the Chamber of Deputies was pointed out to me as Prince Louis Napoleon—“the adventurer” who had come over from England and got himself elected to the legislature, but who appeared to be looked upon as of small account. Eleven years before, by an odd chance I had, with an American friend, taken the very rooms in St. James street which this same adventurous prince had vacated only a day or two before, when he went over to Boulogne, with thirty men and a tame eagle, for his second attempt at the conquest of France. The freak was not, probably, so utterly *insane* as it then appeared—but if a prophet had then recorded, in advance, his imperial reign, in apparent strength, for seventeen years (whatever yet may come), and all the immense progress of France and the astounding growth and magnificent renovation of Paris, which is

even now an accomplished fact, how many would have believed the prediction?

The moderate republicans, led by such men as Laboulaye, Martin, Cochin and Jules Simon, make occasional demonstrations, in the shape of *conferences* or public lectures. I was fortunate in hearing one of these; of notable interest. There was an assembly of 3,500 intelligent-looking men and women, in one of the largest theatres of Paris—(Prince Imperial), at two o’clock in the afternoon—admission three francs—proceeds for some charity. Laboulaye presided, and made an introductory address of half an hour, and then came an oration of more than two hours by August Cochin, the handsome and wealthy member of the *Institut*, who wrote those excellent books on slavery. His theme was the life and character of Abraham Lincoln—and the address was a very interesting and comprehensive account of that remarkable man, with all the lights and shades of his early and later life, from flat-boatman to President and Commander-in-Chief. The sly parallels with Imperialism, were, apparently, capital hits, for the interest seemed to be intense, and the applause frequent and earnest. Probably the idea was a compound one—the running fire on the Government was as much the purpose as the eulogy of our martyred President. The tone, however, was moderate and dignified, warming occasionally into real eloquence, as when he quoted the famous second inaugural—“With malice toward none, with charity for all.” The oration is to be published, probably, for it was most interesting and significant under the circumstances.

An evening with M. Laboulaye—at one of his “receptions”—was another pleasant incident to remember. The republican leader (as he may be called) is a gentleman of winning address—calm, dignified—yet kind and genial—inspiring at once a good deal of respectful regard. Among his visitors were members of the Corps Legislatif, and notable men from various parts of Europe. It was curious, by the way, to observe that at French “receptions” of this sort, the sterner sex appear to do the talking among themselves, leaving the ladies to their own resources. The charming Madame Laboulaye entertained the feminine visitors in the same room, but in a group by themselves.

Mr. Laboulaye’s “Paris in America,” has so many clever and shrewd hits at our most creditable national traits and habits, that one

can scarcely believe the author knows us only through books. His keen appreciation of the good points in American theories and practice, shows him to be a skilful observer, and a judicious and able friend of constitutional liberty and progress.

A visit to the great ware-rooms of Hachette, the Harper of France, was another matter of quite as much interest, to a publisher at least, as many of the lions in the programme. Besides the immense piles—some hundreds of tons—of cheap, popular books, educational and other, this house issues those famous folios, which Doré has illustrated with that magician's pencil which he wields with such marvellous facility: and the "royals" of popular science, such as *La Terre*, by Reclus, and the famous serial called *Autour du Monde*—an illustrated quarto, which reproduces and illustrates notable travels in all parts of the world. They are now preparing, in a series of sumptuous folios, an edition of the four Gospels, the production of which will cost some \$200,000. One of the artists engaged on this, stays two years in Jerusalem, simply to make the sketches. This "œuvre de luxe" is done for the love of art and of fame alone, and not for profit in lucre.

"Would you like to visit Gustave Doré's studio?" Wouldn't I! With a card from Hachette's, we were not long in finding it—even without a number or name to indicate it—for probably it is the only isolated studio in Paris built for the purpose—it must certainly be the largest. An artist who paints pictures 30 feet long and 22 feet high, must have a studio of his own: and these are the dimensions of the last great work of Doré, which we saw on his easel (?), nearly or quite finished. The subject is Christ coming down from the Judgment Hall of Pilate—some twenty or more

life-size figures fill the canvass. The competition for such a work must be somewhat limited—for what galleries less extensive than the Louvre can hold such a canvass? In the spacious studio, at this moment, there were also more than a dozen large pictures, all recently painted by this almost miraculous artist—(marvellous at least, so far as facility and amount of work is concerned)—including figure-pieces from Dante and from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Rossini in his bed after death, and two very beautiful forest scenes—all these being about six or eight feet high. One would think that Doré's pencil drawings might have occupied any one man for a lifetime, but to see these enormous and elaborate works in oil, going on simultaneously, one's wonder grows in proportion to their square feet. But for the janitor's assurance that no one but the master himself touched the canvass, we might guess that a large part of the work was done by pupils. Doré himself is a surprise, for he is, apparently, still on the sunny side of thirty-five. In feature he is not very unlike Thomas Nast, whose pencil comes nearest on our side to that of the French prodigy. Mr. Doré received us with that quiet and unpretending manner which marks the modesty of true merit: and though we avoided using minutes that must be money—and much money—to a man who can do such things as he does, yet he kindly explained the chief points in his recent works, in a simple and sensible fashion, and gave us the impression that he was a true son of genius. And yet even a novice may guess that his drawings are not all faultless.

A fortnight in Paris and another in London, actively employed, gave ample material for rambling notes to an indefinite extent, but too much of our space is already filled.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.

THE Tenure-of-Office law having been modified, President Grant has sent in to the Senate a considerable number of names of nominees to offices, at home and abroad. Almost all of these have been confirmed, a few rejected for good cause, and a few for discreditable cause, openly admitted; to wit,

the personal relations of some Senator with some other candidate;—and a few withdrawn by the President. The appointment of Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, to succeed Mr. Reverdy Johnson at London, and of Mr. John Jay, of New York, to the Austrian Mission, have been generally commended.

President Grant, without previous profes-

sions, is from time to time nominating to office persons possessed of African blood. Two colored men have been made clerks in the office of the Third Auditor of the Treasury at Washington. Another has been made Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Third District of Georgia. Another was on April 16th confirmed by the Senate as Minister Resident to Hayti. This last, Mr. Ebenezer D. Bassett, is a graduate of the Connecticut Normal School, has acceptably filled the responsible post of Principal of the Colored High-School at Philadelphia, and is a gentleman of agreeable presence, good manners, culture and ability. Still another, Mr. S. A. Hudson of Iowa, was nominated for Minister to Guatemala.

A still more curious and perhaps equally interesting experiment in trying to select officials because they are fitted for their office, was the nomination by President Grant, on April 21, of eighteen Quakers to be Indian agents. They were all promptly confirmed.

On April 13, Senator Sumner delivered, in the Senate in Executive Session, a speech on the Alabama Claims, so exhaustive, so able, and so judicious, that the Senate judged it proper to remove the injunction of secrecy, and allowed the speech to be published. From Mr. Sumner's commanding position as a statesman of experience, and as chairman of the important Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, this utterance becomes almost an official expression of the mind of the United States. The remarkable public assent which has been yielded to its calm and kindly, but resolute statements, have largely increased the weightiness of its significance. It advised the rejection of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's convention—which was accordingly rejected, with only one voice to the contrary; stated the grievance of the United States, after explaining and detailing the facts, as consisting in the English concession of ocean belligerency, the organization of actual piratical war on the United States, and the subsequent affording to the pirates of welcome, hospitality and supplies; and quietly but firmly showed that the United States ought to require, and does and will require, redress.

Two decisions, one interesting and important, and the other interesting, were delivered on April 13th by the Supreme Court of the United States. The important one was that of *The State of Texas vs. White et al.*, in which the State prayed the Court to prohibit the defendants from receiving payment on certain U. S. bonds, and to compel them to surrender

the same to their owner, the State. This prayer the Court granted; holding, in doing so, that Texas has never been out of the Union since entering it, and cannot get out except by a constitutional amendment; that the doings of the secession convention and rebel government were null and void, and the rebel sale of these bonds to the present defendants also, of course, null and void. Three justices (Swaine, Miller and Grier) dissented on the question of jurisdiction only. The interesting case was that of the Mississippi editor Mc-Ardle, imprisoned by the military authorities some time ago for seditious editorials. His petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* was refused by the Mississippi U. S. Circuit Court, and now again refused, on appeal, by the Supreme Court, for want of jurisdiction; so that the Mississippian must remain in jail.

The Rhode Island State election, on April 8, resulted in the victory of the Republican party by a majority of about 4,000. Last year their majority was 4,309; the year before, 4,194.

The timber in the Yellow Jacket mine at Gold Hill, Nevada, caught fire on the morning of April 8. A considerable number of miners were in the works, a few of whom escaped, the rest being suffocated, burned or killed by falling down shafts. After all had been saved who could be reached, the mouths of the shafts were sealed and steam thrown down to quench the fire, but work could not be resumed until April 30.

Hon. Edward Bates died at St. Louis, March 25, in the 76th year of his age. He was born in Virginia, was an able lawyer, had much ability as a publicist, but was much too reserved and modest to succeed as a politician. He held, however, some public offices, and declined others. His last public position was the Attorney Generalship under Mr. Lincoln.

The melting of the snow has caused some destructive freshets in New England and New York. The Hudson at Troy was 21 feet above low water mark on April 25th, and the Connecticut at Hartford 20 feet 8 inches, on the 23d. The freshet in Black River, in Northern New York, was reinforced by the whole vast body of water in Woodhull or North Lake Reservoir, which, on April 21st, burst its dam and poured down the river valley, sweeping off enormous masses of logs and lumber, houses and mills, but, it is believed, no lives. Throughout the valleys of these and the other rivers of these regions, great loss and damage has been inflicted, and travel has been impeded in many places by breaking of bridges and washing away of railroad beds.

FOREIGN.

The news from Cuba is of continued operations on both sides. The advocates of the Cuban cause say that the revolutionists are purposely protracting their efforts until the yellow fever of the summer shall take the field against Spain. Those of the Spaniards say that the Cubans are doing nothing, and the insurrection must be a failure. In the meanwhile Spanish troops and vessels are coming to the Island, but some of the acts of the Spanish authorities look very much like the ferocity of a tyrant who sees that he must lose, and tries to do all the harm he can first. Two passengers were forcibly taken out of the American schooner *Lizzie Major* by the Spanish frigate *Fernando el Catolico*, on March 26th. Eleven days before, on the 15th, the Spanish steamer-of-war *Andalusia* seized the New York brig *Mary Lowell*, while within British waters at the Bahamas, and carried her off to Havana, where a Spanish court decided her a lawful prize. In the first days of April, several Spanish war-steamer landed armed men in one of the British islands and searched it for Cuban refugees—an act of open war. These performances have occasioned steps to be taken by both the American and British Governments, which will doubtless rectify whatever improprieties may have been committed. Within Cuba herself, Count Valmaseda,—commanding for Spain in the Eastern Department,—proclaimed, on April 4th, that native males over 15, found away from home “without sufficient excuse,” will be executed; that any house found empty, and any other without a white flag, will be burned; and that all women away from home must come to Bayamo or to Jiguani, or they will be seized and carried thither. The Spanish “volunteers” also continue their brutalities and murders. It is reported that the well-known clipper schooner *Grapeshot* sailed secretly during April from New York for Cuba, laden to her full capacity with arms and munitions of war, including a million cartridges, with fifty men, and under the command of Capt. Kempton, an ex-officer of the U. S. Navy. The Mexican House of Representatives, moreover, on April 6th, voted permission to President Juarez to recognize the Cubans as belligerents whenever he might think proper; it had already been directed that the Cuban flag should be recognized in the ports of Mexico.

The latest dates from Paraguay, which are those reaching London May 2, report that Lopez is preparing to take the offensive again

with 10,000 men. About the same time news came that the Allies were preparing for a final attack on Lopez; a current of purpose which ought to promote a speedy ending of the war.

The refusal of King Ferdinand of Portugal to accept the throne of Spain was, it is said, not very polite. The situation is perplexingly vacant. The recent change in our own administration has left a good many able men unemployed. Almost any of them would “run” Spain very well by contract, and on cheap terms too. To hire an American *ad interim*, on business principles, is an expedient always open to any monarchy without a king, and an expedient, too, which can never embarrass any final settlement by committing anybody in favor of any hereditary claims or European interests.

Mr. Lowe, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, on April 8, “submitted the annual Budget”—nearly equivalent to the presenting of the annual Report of our Secretary of the Treasury. He said, the expenses of the present year would be £68,250,000, being less than those of last year by £2,200,000, saved mostly in the navy and war departments. And the revenue will be £73,000,000, or £200,000 more than last year's. So there would be a surplus of £4,750,000. This, however, will be used up in paying the last year's deficit, and the remaining £4,000,000 of the whole £9,000,000 expense of the Abyssinian war. And he proceeded to suggest sundry measures of taxation which, he said, would give a surplus for this year of £500,000.

Freedom of speech seems to be extending in France. On April 17, M. Thiers said—though not without arousing a great dispute and excitement—that “the commercial liberty of France is, like the political liberties of the French people, a farce.” This must be a bitter dose for the Emperor, who would, however, rather let it pass than—under the circumstances—to guillotine M. Thiers or send him to the poisonous morasses of Cayenne. Meanwhile the Emperor has been trying to please the French by freeing the workmen from the necessity of keeping and showing a *livret*, or little book with a record of discharges, character, etc., and by augmenting the pension of the few remaining soldiers of the Republic and the First Empire.

The Italian Court of Appeals, on April 24, decided to recommend the abolition of the death penalty.

Switzerland has requested Joseph Mazzini to go out of it; probably because the Italian

Government asked it to do so, and this was probably in consequence of Mazzini's connection with the movements for a republic, recently detected and broken up in Italy.

On April 2d, an attempt was made to assassinate the Viceroy of Egypt and his ministers, at the theatre in Cairo, by means of an infernal machine under his chair. Another, on April 18, was by a contrivance to cause a railroad accident to the train which he was on.

Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has become unopposed ruler of that country and of Cabul. He is a great admirer and friend of the English, who are treating him with great attention, glancing meanwhile over his shoulder, with ulterior views, across his mountains

northwestwardly towards Turkistan and St. Petersburg.

Admiral Rowan, writing from Hong Kong on Feb. 24, sends word that the civil war in Japan is over, the Mikado being acknowledged both temporal and spiritual ruler, Aidzu, the leader of the rebellion, being imprisoned for life, and other Daimios being deprived of their independent forces and confined to their castles.

In South Africa the long continued heats had so dried the country, that when, on Feb. 9, a fire broke out, it swept over a tract 400 miles long, and from 15 to 150 wide. A number of persons were burned to death, great misery caused, and much property destroyed.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE forty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design contains a very fair display of pictures. This is almost all that can be said in its favor,—if this be in its favor; for there is scarcely a single work on the walls of more than average merit. Take any department of art there represented, and it will be difficult to select either a portrait or landscape or genre picture that gives evidence of commanding talents, or even promise of future greatness. Among the four hundred paintings and drawings on the walls, there are many works that give quiet pleasure, many on which the eye loves to dwell, and which are to be desired for the parlor or the boudoir; but there is not one which draws your whole attention, makes you forget what is around it, and compels you to say, "the man who painted this is a great artist";—not one! And when this is said, the exhibition is condemned.

It is not pleasant for the critic,—whatever artists may think,—to say hard things about pictures; it would be a great deal pleasanter to write amiably about them, and to recognize Raphaels, Titians, Tintoretts, Claudes, Turners, Churches, Pages, &c., in the artists whose productions cover,—would we could say grace,—the Academy walls. But what can an honest critic do? He probably enters the Academy with a vivid remembrance of last season's exhibition at Paris, or Munich, or Dresden, and sees displayed on the line, and in the best positions, works which if sent to any first-class exhibition in Europe would either be instantly rejected, or crowded into obscure corners, or hoisted to the ceiling;

and he is forced to the conclusion that art in America is still in a very chaotic and unsettled state, and that hundreds of persons call themselves artists, and are allowed to exhibit pictures, who have scarcely mastered the lowest rudiments of art. This, indeed, is a great hindrance to the progress of art in this country, that mere students are allowed to present themselves in the Academy as accomplished artists. The Academy should be far more strict in regard to the admission of pictures. It is no kindness to a young artist,—or to an old one, for that matter,—to let him exhibit a bad picture, and certainly it is an insult to the public. Of the four hundred pictures in the Academy, two hundred at least could be spared to advantage. Artists and the public would benefit by the exclusion of inferior works. Were the rules in regard to the admission of pictures more strict, we might have fewer pictures, but the deficiency in numbers would be made up in quality. We should be spared, for example, such an atrocity as "Beulah," in the North Room, such a monstrosity as "Gettysburg," in the Sculpture Room, "The Death of Lincoln," in the North Room, and half a dozen others which we have happily forgotten, and wish we could be spared the pain of seeing again. It is surprising that any hanging committee should admit such a picture as "Beulah," and ten times more surprising that they should give it a place on the line. We might expect, with regret, to find such a composition in the parlor of a girls' boarding-school, or of a country parsonage, where the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the most sensational reading allowed,—but not in the halls of the

"National Academy of Design!" What could the committee have been thinking of, when they gave it such a prominent position?

While in the fault-finding mood, we must mention Beard's "Raining Cats and Dogs." Like his "Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe," it is a wretched subject for a picture. It might do for an illustration to a child's story-book, but for an artist of Beard's acknowledged talent and culture to elaborate the puerile fancy in a large oil-painting, was sheer waste of time. If Beard likes to squander his powers in this way, we don't know that any one has a right to find fault with him, though we may be sorry to see the waste; but when he thrusts his work before the public, and we are expected to admire it, we have the right to protest. Certainly, we have rarely seen a work in which more good work was utterly thrown away, than in this one; and when we consider what admirable humor BEARD is capable of, we regret all the more the misjudgment shown in the selection of his subject.

There are several very fine portraits in the exhibition. Of these the most noticeable is that of Henry Ward Beecher, by Page, which is admirable in drawing and color, and subtle in the expression of character. The contributions of Oliver Stone, though of a different school, attract attention by their many excellent qualities. Fagnani also has several fine portraits, which ought to have been better hung. Room might have been made for them on the line, without disturbing one valuable picture. Huntington is, of course, well represented as to number, in this department, though there is nothing very noticeable in the works that bear his name. There is a portrait of Elliott, by Guy, in the East Room, of which we cannot speak very favorably. "A Portrait" by H. P. Gray, in the same room, is simply a rather good-looking, meditative young woman, of no particular interest to the general public. Eastman Johnson's family group (No. 196) is a very fine specimen of his genius, no less admirable as to drawing and color than as to composition and management of the somewhat poor material with which he had to deal. The figures of the two elderly persons are rather stiff; but nothing could be more natural than the action of the little child laying its hand on grandpapa's arm to attract his attention from the newspaper.

We have already mentioned Lambdin's "Experienced Fisherman" (No. 125), and his "Amateur Circus," and we now have

space only to direct our readers' attention to them as pictures in which they will take great pleasure.

Dana's large sea-piece, "Moonrise after a Gale" (No. 329), is a picture that attracts and repels at once. There is a largeness and weight of movement in the waves which every one who has been to sea will recognize; but the color is, we think, too sombre, not to say inky. There is a lack of interest, too, in this dreary "waste of waters wide and deep," without ship, or wreck, or any indication of life; and after a short look, attracted chiefly by the strangeness of the subject, the visitor turns away to find something that comes nearer home to every-day thought and experience.

The department of landscape art is very full, and contains a few very choice works, and a good many passable ones. William Hart has two, neither of which is equal to the fine specimen of his power now to be seen at KNOEDLER's gallery. Kensett also has two, a "Lake George" and "Beverly Coast,"—the latter representing a fine stretch of beach, with a long wave just breaking and rolling up over the smooth expanse. Whittredge contributes a cool and pleasant picture called "Trout Brook at Milford." Bristol's "Mount Everett, Mass.," shows that this artist is developing in the right direction. The picture contains many excellent qualities of color and composition. Brevoort's "November comes with Wind and Rain" is the best work we remember to have seen from his hand. It is well conceived and forcibly executed.

W. T. Richards has several admirably painted landscapes in the exhibition, Pre-Raphaelite in finish and delicacy of detail, but displaying a finer sense of beauty than any Pre-Raphaelite work we have ever seen in this country. Mr. Richards lacks imagination, but he "paints what he sees" more truly and with better effect than almost any other artist of the Realistic school.

Samuel Colman's "Fort Lafayette" is a work of great merit. The spectator is supposed to stand on the Long Island side, a little below Fort Hamilton, and look across the water to Fort Lafayette in the middle distance and the hills of Staten Island in the extreme distance. There are fishing-boats near the Fort, steamers, ships and tug-boats passing up and down through the Narrows, and over all falls the light of an afternoon sun through a hazy atmosphere. The sea is slightly agitated by the wind, and breaks into sparkling

ripples over its whole surface. The cloud-painting in this picture is remarkable for force combined with delicacy of drawing and tone. Altogether it is by far the best picture that Colman has exhibited for several years.

H. D. Martin's "Morning on the Lake" (No. 230) is full of quietude and repose. The morning is just breaking on the lovely hills in the distance, while the lake in the foreground still lies in cool shadow. In the sedgy margin is moored a canoe. Not a breath of air disturbs the limpid surface of the lake, and there is no sign of life in all the picture. Neither man nor beast is yet stirring, and the repose of night still broods over the lonely scene.

There is a very pretty pastoral in the South Room, by C. C. Griswold (No. 300),—a stretch of green pasture gently swelling into a grassy hillside, a flock of sheep, a row of willows indicating the course of a stream, and in the distance the crests of purple hills. The air is full of warm sunlight and summer feeling.

"On the Coast of Maine" (No. 91), by B. Brown, represents a stormy sea dashing against a bold, rocky coast. The heavy gray sky has a cold and dreary appearance, and the only sign of life in the picture is a flight of gulls over the waste of waters.

We cannot say much for Winslow Homer's Manchester Coast (No. 187), though it has some fine qualities of color. It has an unfinished appearance, the drawing is sketchy and uncertain, and the handling by no means masterly.

Besides the "Summer Seas," already noticed in these pages, Hennessy has two smaller pictures in the exhibition, neither of which does full justice to his powers. Of the two, we much prefer "An Afternoon in December" (No. 242.)

A great deal of interest attaches to two landscapes, one in the North and one in the South room, signed "A. B. Durand"—a signature that a few years ago was more familiar to the public than it has been of late. Ten years back Mr. Durand's pictures were considered models of landscape art. He was President of the Academy; his membership in the society dated back to 1826; and his pictures were very popular. But younger artists, of the new school with which he had no sympathy, crowded him out of public favor. People grew tired of his everlasting

moonlight scenes, his very green forests and meadows, his tamely correct Academic style, and lost sight of the genuine feeling and sense of repose that pervaded most of his work; and of late years he has done little to attract attention. It is understood that he now contemplates retiring altogether from the practice of his art, and that the two pictures in the present exhibition constitute his farewell contribution to the Academy.

The lady artists are well represented in this exhibition, chiefly by fruit and flower pictures. Mrs. Eliza Greatorex exhibits several spirited pen-and-ink sketches of scenes close about home. The etchings of Henrietta Brown show a good deal of skill in the management of the material. Miss Mary L. Stone sends a very pretty series of drawings on wood, illustrating a Danish fairy tale. Miss C. W. Conant exhibits a fruit-piece, well composed and excellent in color. There are several very beautiful flower-pieces by Miss H. A. Granberry, and a fine cluster of "Morning-Glories" by Miss V. Granberry.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mr. Prang has recently published a chromolithograph of Brown's "Crown of New England"—a White Mountain picture that so took the fancy of the Prince of Wales, when that royal personage was on a visit to this country that he purchased it to grace his own private collection. The chromo is quite successful, as a copy of the original, and is equal to any of the landscapes yet published by Mr. Prang.

We have unintentionally overlooked a chromolithograph, sent us some time ago, called "Little Red-Riding-Hood." It was painted by Anton Dieffenbach, and chromolithographed by Colton, Zahn and Roberts, of this city.

Mr. Fagnani has just completed a very interesting series of pictures representing the nine Muses, each Muse being the unidealized portrait of an American young lady. He undertook the work for the purpose of showing that every type of classic beauty may be found in America, and he has therefore given literal portraits, changing only the costume from the modern to the classic style to suit the character of the Muses; yet he had no difficulty in finding a beautiful model for each one. This interesting series of pictures will be first exhibited at the grand Musical Festival at Boston, and afterward in this city.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART ABROAD.

Monthly Notes prepared for Putnam's Magazine.

Four important works by four French exiles are now in the course of publication: *La Création*, by Edgar Quinet; *L'Homme qui rit*, by Victor Hugo; *Etudes sur l'Angleterre*, by Louis Blanc; and *L'Emile du 19^{me} Siècle*, by Alphonse Esquirol. At the same time, two works by two other exiles are announced in Brussels: *Les Nouveaux Propos de Labienus*, by Rogeard, and *En Attendant*, by Henri Rochefort. The latter is said to be written in a very different style from the brief, epigrammatic fragments which made the *Lanterne* so famous.

Russian literature shows signs of renewed life. One of the last announcements is: *Revelations of St. Petersburg*, by W. Krestowski, a romance in four volumes.

Count Kanitz, of Königsberg, Prussia, has published a reply to Hepworth Dixon, entitled *Dixon's Spiritual Wives, and the Religious Trial at Königsberg*; but the court in that city has ordered his work to be destroyed, on the ground of its being "offensive to law."

A very important scientific work now in the course of publication in Italy is *The Birds of Lombardy*, by Oscar Dressler, a Saxon. The old, young, eggs and nests of the birds are given in chromotint, of the natural size. The price of the complete work, which is said to be the handsomest specimen of illustrated ornithology that has ever been published, is 350 francs.

The last literary sensation in Germany is a new work by Richard Wagner, the composer, published under the title of *Judaism in Music*. It is a strange and violent production, and appears to have given quite as much offence to Christians as to the sect which the author assails. He not only denies the genius of Jewish composers, but denounces the influence of Jews as being injurious to true Art in Music, as in Literature and Politics. When we remember that Wagner fought behind the barricades in Dresden, as the reddest of republicans, in 1849, it is curious to read this passage from his brochure: "When we advocated the emancipation of the Jews, we were rather, in reality, fighting for an abstract principle, not for a concrete case; even as all

our liberalism was a somewhat cloudy play of intellect—since we pronounced for 'the freedom of the people,' without knowledge of the people, indeed with repulsion for any actual contact with them!"

Prince Wladimir Odojewski, who died in Moscow in March, at an advanced age, was the last literary representative of the generation which produced the poets Puschkkin and Lermontoff. He was a man of taste rather than of genius—an elegant writer, but without much power or originality.

With this year commenced the publication—at Ghent, in Belgium—of a legal journal of a truly cosmopolitan character. It is called *La Revue de Droit international et de Législation comparée*. The editors are the Belgian lawyer, Rolin-Jacquemyns, the Dutch Professor, Asser, and Lord Westlake, in England. Contributions are announced from distinguished lawyers in France, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, the United States, Portugal, and South America.

The old Sanskrit drama of "Sakontala" has been rewritten for the modern stage by Alfred von Wolzogen, and is now performed at Breslau, with more success than could have been expected.

The *Europa*, in Leipzig, has the following, to which no comment is needed: "Shakespeare is the latest fashion in New-York. The various theatres of the great city emulate each other in producing his plays. But while, in Germany and England, the tragedies are preferred, the public in New-York desires to see only the comedies (!)"

A journal for the advocacy of "Women's Rights," with the title of *Vox Feminina*, has been established in Lisbon. The name of the editress is Senhora Francisca d'Assis Martinez Wood.

In the German journals it is gravely announced that the "Directors of the public schools in Philadelphia have banished all reading-books so far as their authority extends, and supplied their place with—newspapers! By this means the youth of the nation will be made early acquainted with do-

bates in Congress, political questions, accidents, fires and criminal trials. It is supposed that such subjects will better develop their minds than specimens of eloquence or pathetic stories."

Dr. Martin de Moussy died in April, in Paris, aged 59. At first physician and journalist, he went to Buenos Ayres in 1841, and remained there twenty years. For his *Description Géographique et Statistique de la Confédération Argentine*, and other services, the Argentine Government voted him a donation of \$30,000, shortly before his death.

The twenty-fourth part of Emil Littré's great *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* has just appeared. It embraces the words from *perdre* to *port*. The lexicographer commenced the publication of his work six years ago, and by his indefatigable industry and the efficiency of his co-laborers, is now so far advanced that the termination of the work may be foreseen. This, as a critic remarks, is a remarkable contrast to the progress of the *Dictionnaire historique*, commenced by the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Two numbers of the latter have appeared in twenty years, and it is estimated that, at the same rate, the work will be entirely completed 2,500 years hence!

Editions of Shakspeare's plays, separately in English text, with critical commentaries in German, are astonishingly popular in Germany. The Shakspeare of Prof. Delius, annotated in this manner, has already reached a third edition; Max Moltke has edited *Hamlet*, and Prof. Herrig *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Anthony and Cleopatra*. In all these editions the text is critically examined and compared, and obscure passages are elucidated by other passages from Shakspeare, thus making the poet his own best commentator.

Count Ermanno Lunzi, a native of Zante, has published in Milan a work upon the character of Primitive Christianity. The author belongs to the modern reform movement in Catholicism; he disclaims being a "free thinker," but admits that he is a "historically developed Christian."

One of Goethe's fragments is entitled "Shakspeare and No End." This phrase might be applied to a large class of the living authors and critics of Germany. The last publication of the school is "Shakspeare's Ideal of Women," by F. A. Leo, (published by Bartel, Halle).

Alphonso Royer has published the first and second volumes of his *Histoire Universelle du Théâtre* (A. Franck, Paris). The work is to be completed in five volumes; the first is devoted to the dramatic representations of the ancients, and the second terminates with the commencement of the seventeenth century—Lope de Vega, Corneille and Shakspeare.

Prof. Rinaldo Fulin has published at Venice "Studies in the Archives of the State Inquisition," a work which is said to throw new light on the proceedings of the secret tribunal of the Republic.

Among other announcements by Longmans, London, are "The Subjection of Woman" by Stuart Mill, and "Mopsa, the Fairy," by Jean Ingelow.

There are signs of epidemic poetry in England. The *Athenæum* of April 10th has notices of fifteen new volumes of rhyme, not one of which is heartily commended.

The Clarendon Press announces: "Selections from the Less-Known Latin Poets," by North Pinder, M. A.

"Old Town Folk," by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is published in London by Sampson, Low & Co., in three volumes.

The fourth and last part of Lobscheid's English and Chinese Dictionary, printed in Hong Kong, is announced to appear before the close of the present year. The first part was published in 1864. The entire work will contain between two and three thousand large quarto pages; it gives both the Puntí and Mandarin pronunciation of all Chinese words.

Prince Oscar of Sweden (brother of King Charles XV.), has just published a biographical sketch entitled: "Charles XII. as King, Soldier and Man," which is said to be a singular contrast to Voltaire's romantic and unreliable history. The style is simple, clear and stately, and the work throws quite a new light on many events of the famous monarch's reign. It also proves conclusively that his death at Fredericksshall was *not* the work of an assassin in his own ranks, as has hitherto been believed.

The new international copyright treaty between France and Belgium will break up the wholesale system of piracy, which has flourished in Brussels for the last thirty or forty years.

Heine's tragedy of "William Ratcliff" has been turned into an opera at St. Petersburg,

the text being translated almost literally into Russian, and the music composed by the Russian Colonel de Quy. In every respect it is pronounced a great success, and its popularity seems to increase with every repetition.

The hereditary prince, Bernhard, of Saxe-Meiningen, who is but 18 years old, and commencing his studies at Heidelberg, has written and privately printed a tragedy, "Kaiser Henry V."

Among the new poetical apparitions in Germany are: "Photography; a Humoresque in Ten Cantos, by Edward Paulus," and "Kynopædie; or the well-educated Dog," a Didactic Poem, by Sebastian Auf." The character of the former is indicated by its title; but the latter is meant to be a serious production! But—have we not had, in this country, Solymán Brown's epic on Dentistry and Dentifrices?

Mr. Hington, Artemas Ward's man of business, has given his experiences to the world under the title of "The Genial Showman; being Reminiscences of a Showman's Career in the Western World. 2 vols. 8vo, with numerous illustrations—published by Hotten, London.

A new flood of novels is poured upon the never-satiated English public. Among those which have just appeared or are announced, are the following: "Equal to Either Fortune;" "Under Lock and Key;" "Breaking a Butterfly;" "Paul Wynter's Sacrifice;" "Adventures of Mrs. Hardcastle;" "For Her Sake;" "Lorna Doone;" "Only an Earl;" "Madame Silva's Secret;" "The Lily of Lumley," and "Doubles and Quits."

A work, the like of which one cannot but wonder has not been written long ago, is "Egypt and the Books of Moses, an Exegetical Commentary on the Egyptian passages in Genesis and Exodus, by Dr. George Ebers," (Leipzig). The author is a young Egyptologist, a scholar of Lepsius, and the critics pronounce his work to be very carefully and conscientiously written.

SCIENCE, STATISTICS, EXPLORATION, ETC.

Munich already possesses a railway station larger, more luxurious, and more admirably arranged than any in the United States. This is now to be still further enlarged and improved, at an additional cost of nearly *two millions* of dollars! Munich has a population of less than 150,000; New-York claims to have more than a million.

Lieut. Warren, at Jerusalem, reports an interesting discovery near the pool (cistern) of Bethesda. In an adjoining garden he found three cisterns, with small openings at the surface of the earth. Two of these, on examination, were found to be ordinary water-tanks, but the third, ten feet below the soil, terminated in a small chamber, the floor of which was covered with water to the depth of three feet. On lighting a magnesium wire, Lieut. Warren found that this chamber communicated with an immense hall, whose hundreds of arches reminded him of the Cathedral of Cordova. It was a grand ancient reservoir, similar to those in Constantinople and at Baia. Further investigation showed that there was a direct communication between it and the pool of Bethesda.

At St. Gingolph, on the Lake of Geneva, a gold coin of the Empress Faustina has been found. The reverse is a warrior with helm, shield and lance.

An ancient Norse barrow has been opened near the city of Stralsund, and excites great interest, not only from the variety of the articles found in the graves, but also from their admirable state of preservation. Many experienced German antiquarians have flocked to the spot.

In digging the foundations for the enlarged railway station in Rome, near the Baths of Diocletian, a number of chambers, which are evidently the remains of private dwellings, have been discovered at a considerable depth. The walls are adorned with frescoes, the lively colors of which are still perfectly preserved. There is also a fine stone staircase. The buildings appear to belong to the earlier age of the city.

A new plant recently discovered in Nicaragua has reached London. It belongs to the family of *Aroidæ*, but not to any known genus. It has a single leaf, *fourteen feet* in length, upon a stalk ten feet high. The flower stem is one foot in circumference, and upholds a purple flower, two feet in length, with a strong, carrion-like smell.

The Kirghiz tribes of Central Asia have lately given a remarkable proof of their capacity for civilization. Some years ago they petitioned the Russian Government to allow a number of their women to be carefully educated in obstetric science, in order to act as experienced midwives for the tribes. The petition was granted, and they are so well satisfied with the result that they now apply

to have certain others of their women educated in all branches of medicine. An exception to the Russian law (which prohibits the study of medicine by women) was obtained with some difficulty, and the Kirghizes are at present paying the expenses of board and study in St. Petersburg for their future doc-tresses.

Mr. Palmer writes from the Peninsula of Sinai that he has succeeded in deciphering the inscription on the rocks of the Wady Mukatteb. He has discovered that the Sinaitic letters are intermediate between the Hebrew and the Cubic.

One of the earliest explorers of Petra has just died, at the age of sixty-two. M. de Laborde was but twenty years old when he made his journey to the East, in company with M. Linant (afterwards Linant Bey, in the Egyptian service). His work on Arabia Petraea was published immediately after his return. In 1847 he was appointed curator of the Museum of Antique Art at the Louvre, and in 1856 he became Director-General of the Archives of the Empire.

The British Admiralty have sanctioned a repetition of the deep-sea dredging expedition, by Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Thompson, to the north-west of the Faroe Islands, during the coming summer.

The new expedition of Sir Samuel Baker to Central Africa is to be upon a grand scale. He will command a large force, which the Viceroy of Egypt has placed at his disposal for the suppression of the slave trade in the equatorial regions. A small steamer, built in sections, will be put upon the White Nile, and afterwards transported to the Albert N'yanza, which will be thoroughly explored. The intrepid Lady Baker will again accompany her husband.

A Belgian bell-founder has cast a large church-bell of aluminium. The sound of the metal is astonishingly clear and penetrating, resembling that of a glass harmonica. The bell, moreover, notwithstanding its size, is so light, that it can be easily rung by a child.

Chinese seals, of white porcelain, continue to be found in Ireland. They are exactly similar in design to those still in use in China, in the province of Foo-chow. The inscriptions on them, also, are for the most part proverbs still current in China.

There is a probability of the green parrot becoming acclimated in England. For some

years past a pair has haunted the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, London, and last year they hatched out a brood of five young birds, which seem to have thoroughly accustomed themselves to the new climate.

The measurements of the Parthenon at Athens, by Stuart and Penrose, show that the ancient Greek foot was 12.149 English inches, which would give 18.224 inches for the Greek cubit. Herodotus says that the Egyptian cubit was the same as that of Samos. The measure has been recently applied to the great pyramid of Cheops, and the verification may be considered complete, as the difference was only two inches in 9,112—the length of a side of the pyramid.

The new German expedition towards the North Pole is arranged for this year on a scale which promises much more important results than the first attempt, last year. The steamer *Bienenkorb* (Beehive) left Bremen in February for the seal-fishery, with a crew of 55 men, and a naturalist, Dr. Dorst, on board. After securing a good cargo in the neighborhood of Jan Mayen's Land, her owner, Herr Rosenthal, of Bremerhafen, has directed that she shall cruise along the eastern coast of Greenland to as high a latitude as possible, and communicate with the exploring expedition. The latter, consisting of the steamer *Germania*, 120 tons, and the yacht *Greenland*, 80 tons, will sail about the 1st of June. It is expected that the former vessel will return in October, and the latter, if necessary to carry out the object of the expedition, will remain next winter in the Arctic ice.

ART.

At the celebrated bronze-casting establishment at Munich, the following works are in progress: A fountain, with fifteen figures, for Cincinnati; a monument for Michigan; a statue for Debreczin, (in Hungary); a fountain for the Central Park, New York; a statue for Hartford; a monument for Rhode Island, and a statue for London.

Richard Wagner's new opera "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," has been at last given at Carlsruhe, after 141 rehearsals! A German journalist exclaims: "If a poet could only receive one-tenth as much attention!"

The king of Württemberg has ordered the restoration of an almost unknown ruin, the Monastery of Bebenhausen, in a wooded val-

ley, near Tübingen. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of mediæval architecture in Southern Germany. The removal of the accumulated rubbish and careful cleansing of the walls has already revealed frescoes and carvings of great beauty.

On the 18th of March, Haydn's "Creation" was given at Rome for the first time, in the hall of the Capitol, by the members of the Society of St. Cecilia.

At a recent sale of water-color drawings in London, a classic landscape by Barrett brought £178, some pictures by Prout, £130 each, a landscape with cattle by Fielding, £168, and "Children beside a Brook," by Birket Foster, £152.

Cardinal Berardi, Minister of Commerce, Art, and Public Works for Pius IX. has published a statement of the artistic exports of Rome for the year 1868. The value of pictures by old masters was \$17,743; of the works of artists now living in Rome, \$334,811. The entire exportation of 1868 exceeded that of 1867 by \$8,652.

In the valley of San Nicola di Tolentino, in Rome, the statue of an Amazon, eight feet high, of Pentelican marble, has lately been unearthed. It is of Grecian workmanship, and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be quite equal to those Amazons in the museums of the Vatican and the Capitol, which are supposed to have been chiselled in rivalry by Phidias, Polycletes and Klesikao. The hands, feet and nose are wanting, but can be easily restored. The Secretary of the Archæological Institute, Dr. Helbig, has purchased the statue for 16,500 francs, for the Museum at Berlin.

The Russian sculptor, Mikechin, in St. Petersburg, has completed two colossal statues of Suwarow and Romanoff, which are intended to form a part of the grand monument to be erected to the Empress Catherine II. Five years have elapsed since the design of the monument was fixed, but the execution has been delayed from the lack of sufficient funds, which now, at last, have been collected.

The excavations at Ostia still continue to yield rich spoils. Since our last, colossal heads of Vespasian and Trajan have been discovered, together with the remains of a colonnade which inclosed the Field of Cybele, outside the ancient city.

The Theatre of Marcellus (on the Piazza Montenaro), at Rome, is to be excavated and restored by order of the Pope. This colossal structure, begun under Julius Caesar, and finished under Augustus, is one of the finest specimens of Roman architecture. It has hitherto been so built upon and against, that but a small portion of it is visible. The occupants of the shops and houses which encumber the lower arches have received notice to quit, and the work of removing the rubbish will be immediately commenced.

Luigi Calamatta, the famous engraver, died recently in Turin, at the age of sixty-seven. His "Cenci," "Francesca da Rimini," and Raphael's "Vision of Ezekiel" are well known in this country. He was engaged upon Raphael's "Disputa" at the time of his death. His daughter became the wife of Maurice Sand. Calamatta was so thorough an Italian, that after Lamartine had declared that Italy was dead, yet applied to him for some of his works, he wrote in answer: "As the son of a dead land, I can do nothing for you."

The London "Society of Female Artists" recently held their thirteenth annual exhibition, which included nearly five hundred paintings and drawings. Among the best artists were Mrs. Backhouse, Mrs. Ward, and Miss Landseer—a sister of Sir Edwin.

Holman Hunt's picture of "The Saviour in the Temple" is coming to the United States for exhibition.

Alma Tadema's new picture of "The Pyrrhic Dance" is much praised by the critics.

Mr. Woolner has completed a statue of "Ophelia," a companion to the "Elaine" which he exhibited last year.

Mackart, the Munich painter, whose "Plague in Florence" is the sensation of the season in Germany, has just completed a new picture representing the closing scene in Romeo and Juliet—the discovery of the bodies of the lovers in the sepulchral vault by torch-light. The first-named picture has been purchased by a Vienna dealer for \$10,000.

The sale of pictures in the Galerie Delessert, in Paris, realized in three days 1,886,300 francs. Among the gems of the collection were a Raphael, which brought 150,000 francs; a Teniers, 165,000 francs; a Cuyp, 95,000, and a De Hooze, 155,000 francs.

LITERATURE—AT HOME.

AN idea which President Grant set forth in his Inaugural—that there is no shorter way to effect the repeal of an obnoxious law than to rigidly enforce it—is receiving a kind of inverse illustration from the troubles which American publishers have brought upon themselves, through their refusal to promote the cause of International Copyright. It is true that certain of them, with a more far-seeing policy, have favored the movement—among these the house to which this magazine owes its management and name. Nevertheless, but for the opposition of certain influential firms, and the apathy of others, the Bill for the Protection of Authors long since would have become a law.

See, now, in what a quagmire of bad feeling and unprofitable competition our publishers are floundering! The border-line of "comity" has become more shadowy than ever, if not wholly faded away. Squatter sovereignty in books no longer obtains. Staking out a claim will not secure it. Even voluntary payment of copyright to foreign authors does not render a publisher's title inviolate. Since the appearance of the rival edition of Tennyson, in Boston, bitter antagonism has been the rule. Look at the competing editions of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade, at the unseemly correspondence between the great houses of Lippincott and Harper, and see if we have not ground for a prediction that the evils, which their own indifference to the rights of property in authorship has brought upon many of the guild, will soon lead to reaction of opinion and to legal reform.

At first sight, the public may seem a gainer by this unyielding rivalry; but it would require little space to prove that in the end literature is injured, rather than benefitted, by any form of commercial privateering.

The latest and most piquant quarrel affects the right of ownership in the brain-products of the great German novelist, Berthold Auerbach. His works, certainly, are marrow-bones of book-craft to the discerning palate, but as yet scarcely so appreciated by the general public, we should fancy, as to justify knowing dogs in fighting at too extreme cost. We are not precisely informed how Roberts Brothers stand upon the copyright question.

They are a young and progressing house, and likely, we should say, to be found upon the right side. But Leypoldt & Holt have been conspicuous leaders in the movement for international copyright, and one of the partners is an active and able member of the Executive Committee. We infer that they have done everything to make their title clear, in equity and comity, to the right of publishing Auerbach's *Villa on the Rhine*. From the printed correspondence which both sides have been at pains to give us, it appears that Roberts Brothers first introduced Auerbach to American readers by the publication of his masterpiece, *On the Heights*; but that this was done without previous conference with the author or adjustment of an *honorarium*. Subsequently, the novelist entered into a contract with Leypoldt & Holt for the production of his new work, and for a fixed consideration authorized them, and them only, to publish it. They are now rapidly issuing *The Villa on the Rhine*, translated from the author's advance sheets, in accordance with the aforesaid agreement; while Roberts Brothers are bringing out a cheap rival edition, translated from the *Vienna Presse*. We have received from the New York house the attractive volume, bound, containing the first half of this work, and the remaining portion of course will be published before the Boston house can complete its translation from *Die Presse*. The New York, or "author's" edition, contains a portrait of Auerbach, and a biographical sketch written by Bayard Taylor. At a future time we shall endeavor to say something of the genius of the man whose works have brought about—*hinc illa lachrymæ*—this internecine war, and who seems to us the most realistic, no less than the most philosophical and imaginative, of living novelists. At present, while observing that both parties to the fight for his standard have points in their favor, we shall content ourselves with a hearty recognition of the conclusion at which Mr. Holt arrives, viz.: that this unpleasant muddle is a telling illustration of the necessity for an international copyright law. Can publishers avoid seeing that any policy is better than no policy at all? Is it of less importance that this or that shall be done, than to know positively what will be

done, and to let affairs shape themselves accordingly? This is an established principle in matters of state, of finance and general economy, and no guild long can afford to ignore or gainsay its inevitable application.

After reading the concluding part of Robert Browning's great poem, *The Ring and the Book* (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.), we have little to say that would differ from our extended notice of the preceding volume. Here are the same defects, judged by a conventional standard—here is the same intellectual greatness, the same passion, the same indomitable power. Looking at the whole work it is impossible not to discover, although its colossal proportions are not to be measured at the first study, that it has a complete synthetic structure, and that, despite the loiterings of the author, his main purpose is followed steadily to the end. The poem is made as round and perfect as the ring by which he symbolizes it. In the second half there perhaps is no single division so impassioned as that speech of Caponsacchi before the tribunal, which closed the former volume. Yet the study of Pompilia is exquisitely pathetic, and her language is, we dare say, none too old for a woman matured by her strange and tragic experiences. The pleadings of the lawyers,—half English, half Latin,—which form two of the most grotesque books that Browning ever wrote, are a miracle of mastery over iambic-verse, but we do not see that they are anything more. It was unnecessary for Browning again to demonstrate that he can write such measures faster than others can understand them. But the soliloquy of the Pope is a grand conception, lifting us to the lonely and solemn height of a man who sits above all human hatred and companionship, as God's vicegerent and sovereign judge. The last appeal of Guido is distinguished for powerful analysis of the alternate struggle and despair of a guilty mind. The poet's summing up of his whole work seems to us rather tame and involved until the extreme peroration is reached. With the completion of this poem one is disposed, after wondering again at the wealth of barbaric pearl and gold therein displayed, to consider its length and purpose, and to ask the question: Is this indeed worth the while? It is the strong product of an untiring mind, but does not any one of Shakespeare's tragedies outvalue it? Beside *Lear*, or *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, it is as an unwrought, almost unsmelted, block of gold beside a sculptured and burnished salver. Still, where is there

another living writer whose imagination can serve even as a foil to that of him before whom every later poet must bow?

It has been rightly said that, no matter how arduous a man's daily task, a woman's work is never done. The wonder at such a book as Mrs. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL'S *Studies in General Science* is not that a woman, and an American woman, has written it,—but that much of this philosophical and thoroughly logical treatise, the part requiring completest mental abstraction, was the work of a woman performing the offices of a pastor of an orthodox church, of a public lecturer, of a leader in important movements of reform, and, withal, discharging still more sacred and engrossing duties as the mistress of a household and the mother of a group of children. In spite of such restrictions a woman is enabled to develop the ruling faculties of her mind, and to vie with the profound thinkers of our day in those fields of inquiry which men have occupied almost exclusively as their own.

In studying Mrs. Blackwell's *Essays*—for one finds that they require study—we speedily forget the author, and are absorbed in the strength and rational progress of her investigations. They are the work of a mind well disciplined and familiar with the advanced reaches of scientific discovery. Beginning with pure metaphysics, she reasons up, through perception, to the knowledge of life, development, and immortality. Her style is quiet and unartificial to an extreme degree, and is often so didactic as to seem dull after the scientific enthusiasm of Huxley or the broad and flowing philosophy of Herbert Spencer. But she does not hesitate to throw down the gauntlet to the most celebrated writers, whose theories seem to her too refined and imponderable for adoption. In trusting to her own perceptions, and maintaining that we are cognizant of the very substance of material objects, she obeys a womanly instinct, and it is well that such an element should have more frequent audience in the arena of philosophical discussion. One of her freshest and most interesting chapters is that upon "Different Types of Mind," and her argument for the sentence of plants is very beautiful. She arrives through reason at the result which the Greeks achieved through their poetical instincts, but limits the sensations of plants to a pure subjectivity, and illustrates her thesis from the studies of modern naturalists, and the analogies of the animal kingdom. Her essay upon Immortal-

ity more clearly states the argument from consciousness of personal being than we lately have seen it set forth. It is not strange that, at this period, Mrs. Blackwell fails to add much that is new to our stores of philosophical knowledge. Her mind, as we have intimated, is essentially didactic; but as a teacher and preacher of what she has gathered through her own studies, she has here performed an honorable and representative work. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.)

Once in a while a book is printed which is as welcome to everybody as the moss-covered bucket on a thirsty day. Gladly we turn from our pedantic professions, from the swelter of daily toil, to the splashing of trout streams, the coolness of lakes, the southing of winds through odorous mountain firs. The Rev. WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY, every inch a sportsman and boon comrade, author of *Adventures in the Wilderness*; or, *Camp Life in the Adirondacks*, has given to the lovers of our American wildwood "infinite riches in a little room." The great Northern Wilderness has seemed to most of its frequenters like one of those marvellous dreams which leave vivid impressions upon the mind, but which the after memory has no power to recover and describe; for although we have read many a volume upon life in that region, Mr. Murray's is positively the first which has at all reproduced the sentiment of the most healthful and fascinating experiences of our life. We, too, have been in Arcadia; have killed the deer and trout on which we lived for weeks; have been upon this preacher's paths, and can vouch for the letter and spirit of his—secular discourses. We could supply a name for "the nameless creek" whence a hundred trout, "varying from one quarter of a pound to two pounds and a half in weight," were taken, inside of forty minutes. But it shall be nameless still to you, Oh, neophytes! Gain the degree of master-sportsman, and seek it out for yourselves.

It makes one loathe his desk to read this stalwart Christian's book (all honor to his cloth!), it makes one's fingers tingle for the rifle and the rod. No racier descriptions of tours with the game Adirondack trout were ever given. In our pleasure we almost forget to be critical; yet could wish that the author had foregone certain legendary exaggerations to which we are treated in poorer books of backwoods life. The chapters entitled "The Ball" and "Phantom Falls," for example, are not to our taste; and some-

times Mr. Murray's idiomatic English degenerates into an affectation of slang. We could guess that he is no pedant, without the aid of such phrases as this, on page 74: "I have an indistinct recollection that I put myself outside of eleven trout, and that John managed to surround nine more." Lastly, while honoring a sportsman's enthusiasm for his favorite tackle, we doubt the policy of distinctions in favor of its makers in such a work as this.

But new pilgrims to the Adirondacks will here find brief and wise directions how to get into and "out of the wilderness," how to obtain the best guides, what routes to follow, and how and where to make camp life. The book is published, seasonably and elegantly, by Fields, Osgood & Co. The illustrations are suited to the text, and three of them are unusually fine specimens of drawing and engraving upon wood.

MR. ALFRED B. STREET, also, who has written so much about this Adirondack region, makes it the theme of a new summer volume, which comes to us from Hurd & Houghton, and is called *The Indian Pass*. The author has been through that famous cleft, and along by Lakes Henderson and Sandford to Mounts Marcy and Whiteface. While "in the body or out of the body" he listened to some of the most remarkable dialogues, between these and other Adirondack peaks, which it ever has been given to mortal man to hear and record. We congratulate Mr. Street upon his admission to such dramatic interludes, but are not disposed to compliment the mountains upon their progress in the rhetorical and imaginative use of our English tongue.

An American edition of HARRIET MARTINEAU's *Biographical Sketches* appears in a perfectly tasteful volume, with the imprint of Leypoldt & Holt. These papers have genuine interest as the works of one of the clearest and most skillful of English writers. They are memoirs, written from time to time for the London *Daily News*, upon the deaths of persons eminent in literature, politics, science, or social life. In other words, they are model "obituaries," conceived with a judgment and finished with a care that would astonish one who has not reflected upon the advance which modern journalism has attained. Miss Martineau's strong convictions, severity of style, masculine logic of treatment, and feminine trust in her own perceptions, are as evident in these sketches as in

any of her more sustained works. Among the most interesting are those of Professor Wilson, Samuel Rogers, and De Quincey. Her presentation of the "Opium Eater's" moral nature, just or unjust, is set forth in such phrases of seathing contempt as few men or women have the honesty and ability to put together. Her sketch of Landon is discriminating; that of Lady Byron is an eloquent and pathetic tribute. There is little curious information in this selection, yet it is a valuable contribution to literature, as a recent necrology of British worthies, and as a noteworthy series of essays by one of the foremost of those literary women for whom the Victorian Age is so distinguished.

Quite as significant illustrations of journalism, and requiring for their authorship a command of more varied and ready powers, are *The Tribune Essays*, by CHARLES T. CONGDON. These are leading articles, contributed to the *N. Y. Tribune*, from 1857 to 1863, and now issued by J. S. Redfield in one volume, with an introduction by Horace Greeley. Mr. Congdon's "leaders" have had a mighty audience, and have done their work; but we welcome this collection as a text-book for the journalist, and as a valuable part of the discussion connected with the origin and progress of our great war. We have sometimes estimated their author, within a certain range, and both by natural gift and culture, the ablest leader-writer in the States. He certainly was one of the first to study his profession as a fine art. His persiflage, if not so light and graceful as Mr. Hurlbut's, is no less brilliant, and from its deeper convictions involves a stronger irony and more enduring popular effect. The articles here before us are the series which put to scorn "the ethnologist proving four millions of men to be monkeys, the statesman demonstrating that the Constitution was framed expressly to sustain Slavery, the clergyman showing Human Bondage to be as necessary as Original Sin." Mr. Congdon's learning and mother-wit are at his pen's end. The titles of his articles are a whimsical delight. "A Church Going into Business," "Mr. Fillmore takes a View," "The Great Rogersville Flogging," "Saulsbury's Sentiments," "Mr. Davis proposes to Fast"—it will be long before the *Tribune* constituency forget the chuckle with which they greeted these suggestive headings within the columns of their morning guide.

Among issues of the present season is a volume of *Sermons* by the Rev. THOMAS

HOUSE TAYLOR, D.D., late Rector of Grace Church, New York. Dr. Taylor ranked highly as a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and was distinguished as a preacher and faithful minister in sacred things to a large and fashionable congregation. There are many New Yorkers who remember Dr. Taylor in his best and palmy days; and to such the present volume will prove an acceptable memento of one who has laid aside his armor and gone to his immortal rest. It does not appear to whom we are indebted for the selection of about thirty sermons, which make up the present volume; but that is of little consequence. The selection seems to be a good one, and includes in it some of Dr. Taylor's most characteristic discourses on topics of general and abiding interest; such as "Christ our Refuge," "Importance of Religion to the Young," "The Sin unto Death," "The Intermediate State," "The Immortality of the Soul." The reader will here find the earnest, persuasive and forcible teaching of a man of God, who was imbued with a deep sense of his responsibility, and always striving so to present the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel as to draw men to the Master whom he served.

The volume is excellently printed, on large paper, and adorned with a portrait of Dr. Taylor from a painting by Elliott. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.)

Last month we had something to say of the Norwegian idyllic-romancist, BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON, and of the prose-poem, "Arne," by which he first became known in England and America. Leypoldt & Holt now publish in a dainty little volume the latest work of this author, *The Fisher Maiden, A Norwegian Tale*. It was printed simultaneously in Norwegian and German, last year, and the present translation, by M. E. Niles, is well rendered from the author's German edition. "The Fisher Maiden" is a longer and more complete story than "Arne," and has a more distinct purpose, viz.: a plea for the career of those who follow the dramatic art. The history and education of a fisher-maiden is given, from her rude childhood in the streets of a herring-town, to her final adoption of the actress' profession from motives the most elevated and inspiring. In exquisite poetical fancy it is less noticeable than "Arne," but is equally characteristic in studies of common life, in its pictures of landscape, and in delicate analysis of the heart of youth. No lover of pure and simple beauty will read this tale without wishing

to know yet more of the sweet idyllic writer and his sea-girl North.

The manner in which *The Brawnville Papers* "got talked about,"—to use the easy colloquialism of their author, Professor MOSES COIT TYLER,—was by their serial appearance in our energetic contemporary, *The Herald of Health*. They have served a very good purpose in the columns of that journal. Collected into a book, from the press of Fields, Osgood & Co., they impress us with the feeling that their conception was better than their execution. The writer exhibits as many gymnastics in his language as he would have us all make an essential part of daily culture. His volume is prefaced by a formidable page of quotations, yet we fancy that, outside of Brawnville, the race of American youth,—now that our people are acclimated and have time for play—so stalwart, will whirl on the parallel bars and lift the dead-weights, without recking what Lord Bacon, Seneca, and even bluff Tom Hughes, have had to say about it.

The future historian will find no legendary period in the story of the growth of the American nation. Even the minute records of most of our thriving villages are preserved with patient care. One of the best "town histories" which latterly has been compiled is *The History of Pittsfield, Massachusetts*, from the year 1734 to the year 1800, made up by J. E. A. SMITH, under authority of the town. It is a large octavo, copious with the records of all the persons and places eminent in our knowledge of the fine old Berkshire town. Valuable light is thrown upon the character of Benedict Arnold, who passed through Western Massachusetts, while endeavoring to forestall Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga. Mr. Smith's volume reaches us from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston.

At a late day we receive from Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore, "Admiral" RAPHAEL SEMMES' *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States*. It is a large octavo, illustrated with chromo-tinted engravings and portraits on steel; including a likeness of the redoubtable author himself, with fierce apertunances of moustache, imperial and eyebrows. We may as well say at once that we have no patience with Admiral-Captain Semmes and his gasconading book. We can honor human daring and chivalry wherever they are found, no matter how foolish or desperate may be their cause. There was plenty of fervent blood wasted upon the Southern

side during the late unhappy war. Green be the turf above all heroes and let flowers of peace spring forth! But there never was a meaner, more ungallant enterprise than that of the ship-scuttling skipper of the British pirate Alabama. The style of his volume is that of a soldier who swears brave oaths and breaks them as bravely; in matter it is the shameless record of a most inglorious and deplorable career.

Without exception, the most philosophical treatise upon the radical principles involved in acquiring foreign tongues is C. MARCEL'S, *The Study of Languages*, recently issued by D. Appleton & Co. The author, whose English is faultless, endeavors to bring back this study to its true principles by teaching "the art of thinking in a foreign language." He shows plainly that nature's method must be followed, the ear be educated before the mouth, the grammar learned through the language, and not a language through its grammar. We have no space to notice this book as it deserves; but every practical thinker will at once acknowledge that a treatise written from the foregoing points, and written well—as this is—must be of unquestionable value.

Practical Floriculture is the title of a most useful work by PETER HENDERSON, from the press of Orange Judd & Co. At this season of the year, all who are so happy as to live in the country, or to possess even a rood of ground, will take profit from "a guide to the successful cultivation of florists' plants." There is a deal of practical, illustrated and systematized, information in this work, and we recommend it to the amateur and professional florist.

The Wreath of Eglantine, and other Poems, also published by Kelly, Piet & Co., is a volume of verses by "EGLANTINE," a poetess of the Shenandoah Valley, who wrote under that name. Her pieces exhibit the usual characteristics of the "gifted women" of her country and period. But in a long poem by Daniel Bedinger Lucas, the editor of the collection, we find genuine sensibility and some careful study of Keats and other good masters. It is entitled "St. Agnes of Guienne," and is written in what the classical reviewers of the college cucumber probably would call "six line iambic tetrameter,"—which measure and stanza are rather nicely handled. It is full enough of conceits and fantastical language, but is a finely romantic story, and in the main, poetically told.

Among educational books we receive, from D. Appleton & Co., Professor ALEXANDER BAIN'S *Moral Science: A Compendium of Ethics*,—a volume as well suited to the use of collegiate students as any ethical treatise hitherto prepared. It is a combination of the author's "Manual of Psychology and History of Philosophy," but here arranged as an independent work on the Ethical Doctrines and Systems.—From the same publishers, a *Théâtre Complet de Jean Racine*, with notes and a prefatory biography, for the use of students and of those who desire a cheap standard edition of the French tragic poet.—Leypoldt and Holt have issued Professor E. P. EVANS' *Abriß der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte*, a tersely-written handbook of German authors and literature from the earliest periods to the present time.—From Clark & Maynard we have a new treatise on the art of reading and speaking, by CHARLES A. WILEY, entitled *Elocution and Oratory*, and intended for the use of both students and professional speakers.

Five Weeks in a Balloon, by "WILLIAM LACKLAND," from the press of D. Appleton & Company, is one of the most entertaining extravagances that has appeared for a long time. It is a mock narration of "journeys and discoveries in Africa by three Englishmen." While intended as a satire upon English books of African travel, there is nothing in it which *might* not have happened under natural laws, and one almost believes the wonderful story of a balloon-voyage across a continent, beguiled by the *vraisemblance* of its geographical, topographical, ethnological and other "scientific" details.—Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore, send us a free translation of the Countess HAHN HAHN'S semi-classical story, *Eudoxia: a Picture of the Fifth Century*. This tale of the persecution of Chrysostom and his adherents, under the Empire of the East, is a highly dramatic study, and a good specimen of the best talent of Countess Ida.—Leypoldt & Holt publish *The Gain of a Loss* (by the author of "The Last of the Cavaliers"), an English reprint which is hardly up to the standard of this house, either in point of literary excellence or of interest to the fiction-reading community.—From *an Island*, the latest of Miss THACKERAY'S charming and artistic stories, is issued in pamphlet form by Loring, of Boston.—Loring also has published *Mark, the Match Boy*, the third story of the "Ragged Dick Series," by HORATIO ALGER, JR., a writer of favorite juvenile literature.

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D. Appleton & Company are rapidly completing their popular series. We receive CAREY'S edition of *Pope's Poetical Works*; the third bound volume of the cheap Waverley edition, containing *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Abbott*, *The Betrothed*, and *Peveril of the Peak*; also unbound copies of *Anne of Gierstein*, and of MARRYATT'S *Percival Keene*.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

Irish Odes, and other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. By Elias Polko. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Treatise on Light, Color, Electricity & Magnetism. By J. F. Jencken, M. D. Translated, &c., by H. D. Jencken. London: Trubner & Co.

Poems, Lyric and Idyllic. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. New Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War; With other Poems. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. New Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

George P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Dictionary. New York: George P. Rowell & Co.

Hans Breitmann's Party. With Other Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Principles of Psychology. Part I: The Data of Psychology. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Think and Act. A Series of Articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. By Virginia Penny. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Danish Islands: Are we Bound in Honor to Pay for them? By James Parton. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A New American Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Fenelon's Conversations with M. de Ramsai on the Truth of Religion. Translated from the French by A. E. Silliman.

Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide, for the Family or the Closet. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Sermons. By Charles Wadsworth, Minister of Calvary Church, San Francisco. New York and San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

Essays and Lectures on the Early History of Maryland, etc. By Richard McSherry, M. D. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

Leander; or, Secrets of the Priesthood. By Ernest Truman. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Ingham Papers. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Sacred and Constructive Art : Its Origin and Progress. By Calvin N. Oils, Architect. New York : G. P. Putnam & Son.

The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach.

Author's Edition. Part III. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.

Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's Edition. New York : Leypoldt & Holt.

TABLE-TALK.

AN article appeared in the *Nation*, a few weeks ago, in which the writer took the ground that, what used to be called, "The Natural Affections," are very much decayed of late; that parents do not love their children, nor children their parents, as they used in the old time; that brother and sister are no longer the potent spells to conjure up affection with, that they once were; that, in short, the proverb, "blood is thicker than water," is getting to be thought more sentimental than scientific, and, as a result of these changed views, society is adjusting its loves and likings on a rational basis of spiritual affinities to take the place of the old worn-out device of affection founded on kinship. These are not the words our contemporary uses, where we are writing we have it not at hand to quote from, but we believe this is the gist of its statement. Yet, with all our respect for the *Nation*, we cannot help thinking that something of its constitutional cynicism—and it is not "a little grain," but an overplus (if there can be such a thing) "of conscience makes it sour"—has distorted its vision while looking upon this particular field of human affairs. For our own part we have not been able, after looking steadily both at the *Nation's* instances and at our own little corner of private experience, to agree with this writer in his conclusions. For all we can see, the natural affections are in pretty much the same condition that they have been since Cain slew Abel, and Joseph forgave his brethren. The advocates of the opinion that the natural affections are decaying can find all the examples they need for illustration drawn from the histories of the earliest times; and the advocates of the opposite theory can furnish their armory with all the facts they need, by bringing forward, from the same source, all the illustrations that the other side does not find it convenient to use; but nothing is gained by this partial method of discussing an important topic. Looking over the families within our own narrow circle of acquaintance we see somewhere there prevails as clannish a spirit as was ever found in England or Scotland. There are others where a strong mutual affection binds the whole family together with a

flawless chain. Others, again, are more loosely tied together, and the family is lightly marked off into sets; while in others still, but these last certainly not more numerous than the first, there is no tie but the still potent conventional one, and brothers and sisters, if they do not say it, yet act it, that they care more for strangers than for one another. What is true of our smaller circle is, doubtless, true of larger ones, and what we should like to ask is, whether it has not always been so in all ages of the world and in all countries of which we have any knowledge. Certainly, we believe it, and, if we were talking of Providence, we should say it seems to us that, in the making of man, the centre-flying and centre-seeking forces were wisely commingled to the end that neither clans nor heritages should stand in the way of progress.

And, since we have mentioned the *Nation*, why should we not free our mind a little so far as to say that the successful establishment of a journal of such high character—and it is of very exceptional high character—here in the city of New York, seems to us a sign of promise cheerful enough to put to shame any number of croakers. We have read it regularly since it first appeared, and it stands with us as a model of sober, thoughtful, upright journalism. In the best sense its motto might be, "principles, not parties." It is loyal to truth and to liberty, and though its essentially critical attitude often makes it far from cheerful reading, we remember that the fault is not with the critic but with his subject; and how can an intelligent American who loves his country, and wishes to honor her, derive much cheerfulness from a frank survey of her present condition? Let us believe the sober truth to be the wholesomest diet, and not make faces at the honest hand that holds out the dish. We find the *Nation* sometimes heavy; we have hinted above, that it is, now-and-then, sour; but it is often sprightly, we relish its caustic humor, and how can we help liking its honesty, its temperance, and, above all, its hatred of humbug. Did not the *Nation* first show us the war-horse and make us see him for the ridiculous beast he is, and to have done this, to have

pushed the creature to the wall steadily, uncompromisingly, almost successfully, is a debt not easy to pay.

About three weeks before the day appointed for the ceremony, we received our cards of invitation, and we were not a little dismayed at finding in the same envelope with the conventional pieces of paste-board, an imaginary bit of paper on which was printed in invisible ink, the following startling question, "What do you intend to give the bride for a wedding present?" We have called the question a startling one, for the reason that it came upon us without the least preparation in the world. We had never once so much as thought of giving the bride a present of any sort, and now that we were forced to declare our intention, we couldn't for the life of us give a satisfactory answer. The difficulty lay just here. Without there being exactly a relationship between the bride and ourself, there was a close connection between our families, for her step-mother and our aunt had met the summer before at Newport, and while they were waiting one evening, or, one morning rather, for the german to come to an end, they discovered in the course of their sleepy chat that they had once been at school together. On this, there naturally sprang up a most delightful intimacy, so that before the week was out, and it came time to go to Saratoga and make other delightful acquaintances, each of the ladies knew all about the other's servants, and about the shocking way in which their respective dress-makers had treated them, and how saucy Fryart's clerks had been of late, and how terrible the cost of living is getting to be in New York, and how delightful it is in Paris, where one can live like a prince, have a carriage and an opera-box, and be introduced to that sweet woman the Empress, for hardly more than it costs in New York to keep one's self in solitary ear-rings. In short, they were soon in the midst of chat of that elegant, refined, intellectual sort, that makes New York society such a wonder to benighted foreigners. And nothing could have been more natural than that when Marie Adèle Taylieure (christened Mary Adeline Taylor), came to be married to that elegant fellow Smythe, all our family should be invited to the wedding. And the intimacy between Miss Taylieure's step-mother and our aunt was so excessive that there seemed to be no escape from the social duty of giving the bride a present on what is called, "the happy day." For, as our aunt said, "nobody is let

off now a-days; if you are invited to the wedding you are expected to come with a gift in your hand, 'tis the fashion, and there's no use in this world in setting your face against the fashion." And, on inquiry, we found that our worldly old aunt was right. Two days before the wedding-day, we strolled into Aurum's the jeweller, and asked as a near connection of the family, to be allowed to see Miss Taylieure's wedding-presents, at the same time presenting our own card, and the permit kindly furnished us by the sexton of the church who had charge of the ceremonies. Aurum was very polite. To put it in my dear old aunt's quaint way, "he was as polite as two Frenchmen." He led us to a good-sized room at the back of his glittering shop and showed us the splendid paraphernalia covering the tables and adorning the walls, the whole the shining evidence of the devotion of Miss Taylieure's friends. Dazzled as were our unaccustomed eyes by such magnificence, we should never have ventured to ask its value in currency, but Aurum felt that we ought, in justice to all parties, to know it. "Fifty-thousand dollars, my dear sir, is the worth of the silver alone! What the camel-hair shawls, there is three of 'em, as you perceive; and the lace shawls, them two in the corner is them; and the writing-desks, what she will do with fourteen I *don't* know; and the clocks, and the vases, and the candlesticks, and all the other things as are heaped up here, may be worth in cash I can't tell, I haven't calculated, though they did all come out of my establishment, but they wasn't got for nothing, you may believe. Which was your present, sir, may I ask?" It was then that we learned from an indisputable authority how peremptory was the necessity that we should give the bride a present. We made a feeble attempt to discuss the matter with Aurum on rational principles. It was of no use. The mind of society was made up, and Aurum was society's ally. We hinted a desire to be let off lightly. But Aurum knew his duty. He put us to the question. He obliged us to confess the relationship. There was no escape. We suggested that we might compromise on a pickle-fork or a napkin-ring, but Aurum smiled us down the wind. In the first place he said that Miss Taylieure had had no less than twenty-four pickle-forks presented already, and had succeeded in inducing eighteen of the givers to change them for something else. And it happened that all the eighteen had naturally taken refuge in napkin-rings as being next showy for the same money. Be-

sides, pickle-forks and napkin-rings were well enough for people who had only met the lady at parties, or been introduced to her in her box at the opera, or had eat next her at dinner—the pickle-fork had been invented to meet just such slight cases; it signified by its structure that there was a considerable distance between the parties; but, for an intimacy like ours, dating back so far—to our aunt's childhood, in fact—there really was nothing for it but to make a present of something substantial.

There was a time when the word "wedding-present" had a charm in it. When it meant something fresh, spontaneous, representative of the giver's affection, and when the giver was permitted, without creating a scandal, to proportion his gift to his means. But that was a good while ago. Now it is become a regular affair of business. There's neither love nor feeling in the matter. Not but that there are love and feeling still in the world in plenty, only, it would seem, they have taken to sanctifying other things than they used. A wedding-present now is a forced contribution, or a means of gratifying the giver's vanity or ostentation, or an investment made for the sake of getting a peg higher in "society." All the sentiment is gone clean out of it. It means, at the best, nothing more tender than "good-morning," is said as easily, and forgot as soon. That is, if the giver can forget it as easily. For, it is not to be disguised that the wedding-present has become a serious tax, and is only endured with patience by those who count on getting back the value of their gift when they themselves shall be married.

Those persons who enjoy seeing themselves as others see them, ought to be pleased with a little book which our friends the Japanese

have just printed, and of which the amiable author, acting through the agency of the enterprising publisher, has sent to us the whole edition for sale. The book consists of scenes from American life, with a description of each in Japanese, skilfully translated into English by the artist himself. We believe that this is the first book ever written and printed in Japan for the express use of foreigners, and the first, of which the whole edition has been exported. It is a very amusing production. We have said that it is skilfully translated. We mean, skilfully, if the author intended to be amusing. For it is ludicrously bad English. The celebrated Conversation Book by one Fonseca, prepared to teach Portuguese the use of English, is not much worse, and that is a masterpiece in the way of absurd grammatical constructions. Picture No. 8 represents two men in a boat attacked by a walrus. The action of the men is far from bad, and the author thus explains his design: "The ocean of the north pole the hippopotamus walk out in the great ocean and he upset the steamer and ship men perhaps will to be dead men." No. 3 is a really well-executed design. A fisherman sits by the seashore on a basket, with his little girl at his knee. In the distance is the seashore, and the town, and, nearer by, men busy with their boats, furling their sails. At the right is a woman leaning upon an ass, which is lightly laden with empty nets. All this is summarily described by the impetuous artist in these words: "And now He the fish put on a horse back and going to sell off but that is horse very small horse." We observe that though, as always in Japanese books, the native text and the picture follow from right to left, the English description follows the English order, from left to right. Altogether, apart from the amusement it will afford, this little book is not without value as showing the progress of innovation in Japanese ideas.

CLASSIFIED LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

The Prices in this List are for cloth lettered, unless otherwise expressed.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, etc.

- Alger, Wm. Rounseville.** A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. *New edition.* 8vo, pp. 700. N. Y. Widdleton. \$3.50.
- Barnes, Albert.** Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. (In 3 vols.; Vols. II., III.) 12mo, pp. 383, 343. N. Y. *Harper & Bros.* Each vol. \$1.50.
- *Life at Threescore and Ten; a Sermon.* 12mo, pp. 107. Phila. *H. B. Ashmead.* Pap. 50 cts.
- Beecher, H. W.** Sermons. *First series.* Plymouth Pulpit, 1868-69. With portr. 8vo, pp. 436. N. Y. *J. B. Ford & Co.* \$2.50.
- Blunt, Rev. John Henry.** The Reformation of the Church of England. Its History, Principles, and Results, 1514-1547. 8vo. (London) Phila. *Lippincott & Co.* \$6.00.
- Bourdillon, Rev. Francis (M.A.)** The Parables of Our Lord, Explained and Applied. 12mo, pp. 320. N. Y. *Am. Tr. Soc.* \$1.00.
- Bowes, Rev. G. S.** Illustrative Gatherings. *First series.* *New edition.* 12mo, pp. 500. Phila. *Perkinpine & Higgins.* \$1.75.
- Burke, Edm.** Complete Works. *Third ed.* 12 vols. Cr. 8vo, pp. 5914. Boston, *Little, Brown & Co.* \$18.00.
- Child, L. Maria.** The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages. *New edition.* 3 vols. crown 8vo, pp. 1394. N. Y. *C. S. Francis.* \$6.75.
- Coleman, Lyman (D.D.)** The Apostolic and Primitive Church Popular in its Government, Informal in its Worship. A Manual on Prelacy and Ritualism, carefully revised and adapted to these Discussions. 12mo, pp. 413. Phila. *Lippincott & Co.* \$2.00.
- CONSOLATION IN CONFLICT, SICKNESS, AND SORROW. 24mo, pp. 96. N. Y. *Broughton & Wyman.* 75 cts.
- Dewey, Orville (D.D.)** Works. *A new edition,* carefully revised by the author. 3 vols. 12mo, pp. 1188. N. Y. *C. S. Francis.* \$4.50.
- HYMNS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. 18mo. N. Y. *Pott & Amery.* 35 cts. *Same,* with tunes, 60 and 75 cts; with appendix, 50 cts; with music, \$1.00.
- Ker, Rev. J.** Day-Dawn and the Rain, and other Sermons. 12mo, pp. 460. N. Y. *Carter & Bros.* \$2.00.
- Le Boys des Guays.** Das neue Christenthum. From the French by Dr. Tafel. 12mo, pp. 225. Phila. *Boericke.* \$1.50.
- Liguori, Alphonso M. de,** Bishop of S. Agatha. Preparation for Death. From the Italian. Ed. by Rev. Orrey Shipley, M.A. Sq. cr. 8vo. (London.) Phila. *Lippincott & Co.* \$1.75.
- Linn, Rev. S. Pollock.** Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers. 12mo, pp. 400. Phila. *J. E. Potter & Co.* \$2.00.
- LIVING QUESTIONS (THE) OF THE AGE. By the author of "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," etc. 12mo, pp. 300. Chicago, *Clarke & Co.* \$1.50.
- Mattison, Rev. H.** The Resurrection of the Body. *New edition.* 12mo, pp. 391. Phila. *Perkinpine & Higgins.* \$1.50.
- McKenny, J. A. (D.D.)** The Devotional Guide for Youth. 32mo. Boston, *Dutton & Co.* 35 cts.
- Moore, T. W.** Views of Life; Addresses on the Social and Religious Questions of the Age. 16mo, pp. 352. Cincinnati, *Carroll & Co.* \$1.50.
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